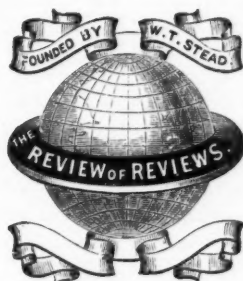


THE REVIEW OF REVIEWS.



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SEPTEMBER, 1903

THE PROGRESS OF THE WORLD.

LONDON, Sept. 1st, 1903.

An
Eventful Month.

The month of August, one of the wettest on record, is notable for three things—the death of Lord Salisbury, the election of a new Pope, and the approach of the Russian Black Sea fleet within striking distance of Constantinople. Frenchmen might be disposed to add as a fourth notable occurrence the trial and conviction of Madame Humbert and her confederates for swindling the public by the story of the Crawford millions; but that, although interesting—as a comic opera is interesting—has little bearing upon the progress of the world. Each of the other events are landmarks in history. The death of Lord Salisbury closes the Victorian epoch, the election of Pius X. begins a new chapter in the history of the Papacy, and the approach of the Russian fleet to the mouth of the Bosphorus casts the shadow of impending doom over the deathbed of the Sick Man of Stamboul.

The Passing
of
Lord Salisbury.

The death of Lord Salisbury, on the fiftieth anniversary of his *début* in public life followed soon upon his retirement from office. The tributes paid to his character in the Press have been characterised by great good feeling, and an honest desire to say the kindest things possible about the last historic figure of the Victorian era. That Lord Salisbury was a good man is beyond all question. Whether he was a great one is more open to doubt. He had many great qualities. His private life was flawless, his public career was, on the whole, with one terrible exception,

singularly free from blemish. He was a sincere patriot, and an earnest, although somewhat cynical, Christian. He was nothing of a demagogue, and he seldom or never played to the gallery. He was a fine type of the aristocrat of Elizabethan traditions, who spoke the thing he would, and played the lofty rôle to which he succeeded by right of birth with distinction from first to last. All these things may be admitted without reserve, and still his claim to be regarded as a great statesman may remain open to question.

The Blot
on
His Career.

The one great blot on his career was his acquiescence in the fatal policy of Lord Beaconsfield. For years no Tory statesman held Mr. Disraeli in more unconcealed aversion. "As for Disraeli," he is reported to have said, soon after taking office under him in 1874, "loathing is too mild a word to express my feeling towards him." Yet within four years he became the facile tool of the man whom he detested. It was a great apostasy. Lord Salisbury was the last man in the world who ought to have done Lord Beaconsfield's bidding at that crisis. Lord Salisbury was famous for his championship of the cause of the Eastern Christians. At Constantinople, in 1876, he had rivalled General Ignatieff in his advocacy of the Bulgarian cause. Yet when Lord Derby's resignation placed the Foreign Office within his grasp, he succumbed before the temptation, and consented to play the unworthy rôle of defender of the Turk. The hideous welter of bloody anarchy in Macedonia is the legacy which we inherited from Lord Salisbury's sub-

BULGARIAN INFANTRY IN ACTION.
Showing the nature of the country in which a war between Bulgaria and Turkey would take place.

servience to Lord Beaconsfield at the Congress of Berlin. To snatch a fleeting popularity at home he took part in the re-enslavement of Macedonia, which but for his action would have been part of free, self-governing Bulgaria. To thrust Christian populations back under the heel of the Turk was not work proper for a Cecil. But he did it. Nor was it the only price he had to pay for his alliance with Lord Beaconsfield. No one had exposed more clearly than he the suicidal folly of Afghan wars. But the year of his apostasy at Berlin did not close until he was compelled to acquiesce in the crime of another march upon Cabul.

**His Sin
of
Omission.**

If his betrayal of Bulgarian liberty was his greatest positive offence, the worst negative crime that lies at his door was his failure to check the policy of Mr. Chamberlain in South Africa. He was then an old man, and his mind may not have been sufficiently alert to grasp the bearings of the policy initiated by Lord Milner and championed by Mr. Chamberlain. Any Prime Minister in full possession of all his faculties would have compelled Mr. Chamberlain and Lord Lansdowne to keep step. He appears to have allowed them to go as they pleased. Hence Mr. Chamberlain was able to plunge the Empire into war before his colleague at the War Office had begun to prepare for the campaign. Lord Salisbury failed us badly in that critical time. He failed the peace party, which trusted in him to avert the war, and he failed the war party, which had a right to expect that he would keep the War Office in touch with the Colonial Secretary. Mr. Chamberlain was too many for his aged chief, and we are to-day reaping the consequences of Lord Salisbury's failure to assert his authority in his own Cabinet. There is reason to believe that Lord Salisbury realised this when it was too late. But to the last he entertained such an enthusiastic admiration for the Boers, that if his private utterances had been made in public he would have had his windows broken as a Pro-Boer.

**Personal
Reminiscences.**

Personally, I have nothing but the pleasantest and most grateful reminiscences of Lord Salisbury. We often corresponded, but I only had one interview with him. He was always singularly kind and courteous. When I was sent to gaol as an ordinary criminal convict for a single mistake, made in a campaign which had compelled his Cabinet to pass the Criminal Law Amendment Act, he was full of wrath, and insisted upon my being treated as a first-class misde-meanant, without even waiting to communicate with the

judge. He it was also who enabled me to achieve one of the greatest journalistic "scoops" that I made during the time I edited the *P.M.G.* When I came back from my first visit to the Tsar, he excused himself from seeing me on the ground that he did not think it expedient to meet persons on the other side of politics; but when I came back from my second visit he waived his objections, and I had a long hour's interview with him in Arlington Street. The South African War made no change in our relations, and I always reported to him the substance of my communications to the Boer leaders whom I met on the continent, from Mr. Kruger to Dr. Leyds. When I started the *REVIEW OF REVIEWS*, he gave me a cordial benediction. "I have little doubt," he wrote, "that the undertaking will be successful, and in a literary point of view very useful." It kept him posted in the contents of periodicals he had not leisure to read.

The New Pope.

The election of Cardinal Sarto—*Angelic Tailor*—formerly Patriarch of Venice, to the Papal throne, is an event which may be fraught with weighty consequences to the world at large, both within and without the Roman fold. The most notable fact about the Conclave was the sudden and unexpected assertion by the Austrian Ambassador of his right to veto the election of Cardinal Rampolla. The Secretary of State of Leo XIII. had headed the poll during the earlier ballotings. All precedent was against his election, but he had made friends of so many of the Cardinals that it seemed by no means improbable he would be chosen as the new Pope. At the critical moment the Austrian Ambassador intervened with his veto on Cardinal Rampolla's election. When the Pope was a temporal sovereign, three Catholic sovereigns had the right each to veto one candidate. When the Pope lost his temporalities, it was believed that this right of veto would never again be asserted. But the action of Austria shows that the Papacy, although shorn of its temporal power, is still begrudged complete spiritual independence. The Cardinals made a dignified protest, but at the subsequent ballotings it was not Rampolla, but Sarto, who headed the list, and he was ultimately elected by the requisite two-thirds majority.

The election of Cardinal Sarto was chiefly remarkable because it involved the defeat of Cardinal Rampolla. Both candidates were Italian: no non-Italian Cardinal has any chance of wearing the triple crown. Rampolla is the Italian, or

rather Sicilian, of the South, subtle, intriguing, political to his finger-tips. Sarto is the Italian of the North, democratic, popular, simple, and non-political, but shrewd and kindly, and sympathetic in his management of men. I have twice had the privilege of long and intimate conversation with Cardinal Rampolla; the first in 1889, and the second in 1898. On both occasions nothing could have been more demonstratively courteous than his welcome, which was all the more marked because of its contrast with the demeanour of Mocenni, who was then his Under-Secretary. But he gave me the impression of an excess of zeal in his obedience to the apostolic precept of being all things to all men, which led visitors to allow a considerable discount in estimating the value of his compliments. He was undoubtedly an able man—a politician rather than a saint. Unfortunately for his chances he had come to be on the black books of the Triple Alliance, and the Austrian veto gave the death-blow to his ambitions.

Pius X.

Everyone speaks well of the new Pope. He seems, from all accounts, to be a man more after the type of Pio Nono than of Leo XIII. The late Pope was a courtier and a diplomatist. His successor is an untravelled Italian from the North, who has sprung from the ranks of the people. His brother-in-law keeps a wine-shop, and his sisters are plain peasant folk who stick to the costumes of their class. Wherever he has been heretofore he has given satisfaction, and since his election to the Pontifical throne he has pleased everyone by his simplicity, his *bonhomie*, and his indifference to the pomps and splendours which surround the throne of the successor of the Fisherman. The world waits to see in what direction he will use his great influence. So far as can be judged from his record, he will be wary of antagonising any of the Great Powers, and will endeavour, so far as lieth in him, to live peaceably with all men. He will, it is hoped, revive the policy of Christian Socialism from which Leo recoiled in his later years, and endeavour to make the Roman Church the servant and helper of the people. If he would but live up to Leo's Encyclical on labour, he might do a good stroke for his Church, and one not less good for the working man.

The New Archbishop of Westminster.

Almost the first important act of the new Pontificate was the appointment of the Rev. Dr. Bourne, Bishop of Southwark, as Cardinal Vaughan's successor in the Archbishopric of Westminster. Archbishop Bourne is a young man to be an

Archbishop. He is only forty-two. He is a man of energy and of good sense, and his appointment has been generally approved. In social and civic movements he has co-operated cordially with Anglicans and Nonconformists. It remains to be seen whether he will revive the splendid traditions of Cardinal Manning, or content himself with the commonplace mediocrity of Cardinal Vaughan. So far as the outside public is concerned the new Archbishop is a dark horse. And it must never be forgotten that, from the Roman point of view, the outside public in



Photograph by

[Russell.]

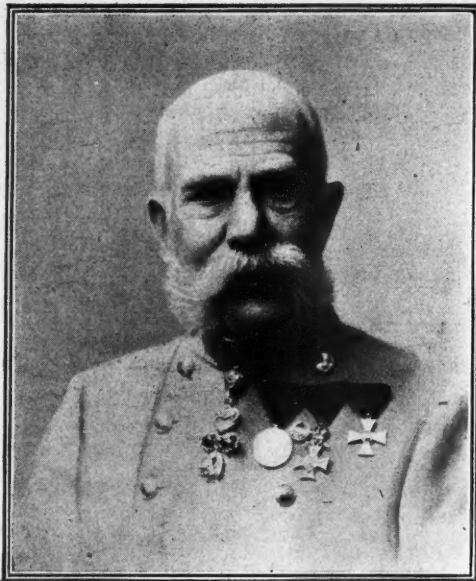
The New Archbishop of Westminster.

Formerly Bishop Bourne of Southwark.

England is much more important than the few who are within the fold.

The Movements of His Majesty.

The King is undergoing his cure at Marienbad, and in the first week of September will pay a visit to the Emperor Francis Joseph at Vienna. The Austrian capital will be visited this month by the German Emperor and the Russian Tsar. Nothing as yet has been settled as to the much-talked-of visit of the King to the United States; and as nothing is said concerning the visit of the Tsar to London, it is doubtful whether the King will be able to visit St. Petersburg next year. It is, however, arranged



The Emperor of Austria,

Who has entertained King Edward in Vienna, and who will visit England next year.

that the King and the Tsar are to meet at Copenhagen in a family gathering of the Danish King.

Mr. Chamberlain, finding the tide running hard against him last month, "in Extremis," formally declared that he believes a tax on raw materials, such as wool and cotton, to be entirely unnecessary for his purposes, which he defines as "a mutual preference with our Colonies, and for enabling us to bargain for better terms with our foreign competitors." But he sticks to his determination to tax bread and meat, which he sees clearly enough is essential to his scheme. The plaintive entreaties of the *Daily Mail*, which begs him to drop taxes on food and clap duties on foreign manufactures, fall on deaf ears. The essence of his fantastic notion is that of consolidating the Empire by bribing the Colonies to be loyal. To tax foreign manufactures imported into Great Britain would not affect the Colonies one way or the other. Not that the Colonies seem particularly keen about Mr. Chamberlain's preferences. Australia and New Zealand flatly refuse to lower their duties on British goods. The utmost they will promise is to surcharge foreign imports. At the Cape the scheme was only carried by a majority of one. In Canada, where there has been a great gathering of the representatives of the

Chambers of Commerce of the Empire at Montreal, there is more enthusiasm for the idea; but even there Sir Wilfrid Laurier was most emphatic in repudiating any desire to force their views upon Britain. Nothing that took place at Montreal affords even a shadow of confirmation to Mr. Chamberlain's astonishing theory that the Empire will go to pieces unless we grant a preference to the Colonies.

The
Real Peril
of
the Empire.

Sir Wilfrid Laurier's speech was a very notable utterance. The Duke of Devonshire had warned the Colonies that if a preferential system were established the Colonies would find that it limited their freedom of action in fiscal, commercial, and industrial legislation. To this the Canadian Premier replied that if this were so the whole deal was off. Canada wanted preference, but she would rather quit the Empire than purchase it at any such price. His exact words are as follows:—

If we are to obtain from the people of Great Britain a concession for which we would be prepared to give an equivalent, and if we are to obtain it also at the expense of the surrender of some of our political rights, for my part I would simply say let us go no further, for already we have come to the parting of the ways. Canada values too highly the system which made her what she is to consent willingly to part with any portion of it for whatever consideration, and, even for the maintenance of the British Empire, I think it would be a most evil thing if any of our Colonies were to consent to part with any of their legislative independence.



Photograph by

Freiherr Von Buriau.

New Austro-Hungarian Finance Minister.

[Strelisky.]

There is no doubt as to the meaning of that. The self-governing Colonies will be glad enough to take any preference we may give them, but if we ask them in return to accept the logical corollary of such preference, they declare they would rather quit the Empire altogether. Sir Wilfrid Laurier's speech is a plain warning to all Imperialists that the real peril to the Empire is the attempt to bind together communities which are far more passionately jealous of their independence than they are covetous of a favourable handicap upon their trade.

**What
will happen
in
the Cabinet?**

The Cabinet will have met, possibly for the last time, before these pages reach the eye of the reader. The odds are, however, that it will meet again, especially if it be true that the Duke of Devonshire—disappointed in the refusal of the Liberals to form a coalition Government on the basis of Free Trade—has decided that there must be no break-up until next Session. The Duke is implacable about Free Trade, but the instinct of self-preservation is strong, and as it is dead certain Mr. Chamberlain will be beaten out of hand, he may prefer to let the scrimmage go on all through the recess. Parliament rose without any formal debate on the subject—all discussion being ruled out by Mr. Gully, one among many other ample and adequate reasons why, when the new Parliament meets, the majority must provide itself with another Speaker. A Speaker should not be an extinguisher on free speech, but its champion and protector. Still less should he inspire the Opposition with the uneasy belief that the Chair is occupied by the handyman of the administration.

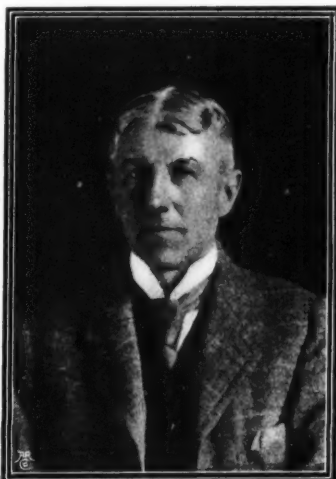
**The Doomed
Ministry.**

The result of rending the Unionist party in twain from top to bottom by the sudden introduction of the question of Protection is becoming every day more visible. The latest sign of the way the wind is blowing comes to us from Argyllshire. The last

member for that county was a Conservative, who polled 3,834 votes against 3,232, a majority of 602. Last month, at a by-election which was fought almost entirely upon the question of Free Trade *versus* Preferential Tariffs, the Liberal Free Trader, Mr. Ainsworth, swept in at the head of the poll with 4,826 votes, while the Conservative Inquirer only polled 2,740. The Tory majority of 602 was wiped out and replaced by a Liberal majority of 1,586. There is no mistaking the significance of these figures. In the constituencies the Protectionist Preferentialist Inquirers will not even get a look in.

**The Cry
from
Macedonia.**

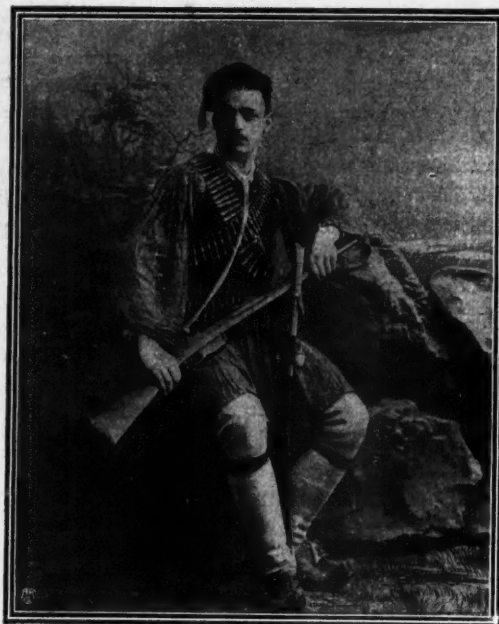
Things are going from bad to worse in Macedonia. Notwithstanding that the Turks have a force of 170,000 men in the hapless province, perhaps indeed because they have them there, the Bulgarian population appears to have risen in arms. The flame of insurrection has spread eastward to Adrianople and the shores of the Black Sea. So widespread is the revolt that the Turks are said to be even dreading an attack upon the outlying defences of their capital. "The balance of criminality," Mr. Balfour told the House of Commons, lay with the insurgents—a statement which so mightily delighted the Sultan that Sir Nicholas O'Connor had to explain in diplomatic language that Mr. Balfour was speaking with his tongue in his cheek and that he did not mean what he said. It was an infamous phrase to have used, and a humiliating explanation for a British Prime Minister to tender to Abdul the Damned. All the evidence goes to prove that the Turkish troops have got completely out of hand. They are hungry, unpaid, torn from home, and face to face with a population of more or less well-to-do Christian Giaours who are giving no end of trouble. So the Turk being Turk, and Moslem and soldier to boot, lets himself go, and is carrying out a policy of devastation even more atrocious than that which we carried out in the Transvaal. But being Asiatic he adds to the established "methods of barbarism"—such as the laying waste of farms and the burning of villages—the butchery of prisoners in cold blood, the practice of torture and the wholesale violation of women and children—crimes which even Mr. Balfour does not charge against the insurgents. The hideous welter is spreading, and there will be no end to it until there is a new Sultan at Constantinople, and a European commander in control of all armed forces in Macedonia.



Photograph by

[Elliot and Fry

Mr. J. S. Ainsworth, M.P.



Boris Sarafoff, Leader of the Macedonian Revolutionary Committee.

**England's
Responsibility
and Duty.**

For all this hideous inferno of bloodshed and bestiality Great Britain is primarily responsible. But for the action of the British Government in 1878, Macedonia would have remained part and parcel of emancipated Bulgaria. It was the English Tories and the Jingo mob, headed by Lord Beaconsfield and Lord Salisbury, who achieved Peace with Honour by thrusting back liberated Macedonia into the arms of the Turks. The re-enslavement of Macedonia was the crowning achievement of our Jingoism in 1878, and all the present Saturnalia of murder and outrage is directly due to their policy. What we should do now, first, is to confess our sins, and then, in proof of our repentance, to demand from the signatories of the Berlin Treaty that Russia and Austria, or Russia without Austria, should have a mandate to use whatever force may be necessary, up to and including, if necessary, the deposition of the Sultan, and the termination of Turkish authority in Europe, proffering at the same time a contribution of as many millions as may be needed to cover our fair share of the cost of the necessary operations of police. Russia freed Macedonia in 1878, Britain re-enslaved the luckless province; it would be

monstrous if we were to call upon Russia to repeat the emancipatory work at her own cost. We ought to pay our share of the expenditure necessitated by our great crime of 1878. If Rhadamanthus were to open his court in Europe to-day, he would probably debit us with the whole cost of the operations necessitated by the action of Lord Beaconsfield, although Austria ought also to be a contributory.

**The
Russian Fleet
in
Turkish Waters.**

The murder of the Russian Consul Rostkowsky at Monastir led the Tsar to dispatch the Black Sea fleet to Iniada, where it lay at anchor for some days within striking distance of Constantinople. The Sultan was terrified, and promptly promised to meet every one of Russia's demands for redress. Thereupon the fleet was recalled, and the Sultan breathed freely once more. The appearance of the Russian ironclads off the mouth of the Bosphorus is a portent foreshadowing things to come. No Power appears to have taken any exception to the Russian naval menace. This will encourage the Tsar next time to send his warships a little closer to the Sultan's palace than Iniada. It is at Constantinople, and only at Constantinople, that the Eastern question can be solved, and anything that removes obstacles from the advance of Russian force to Stamboul facilitates the settlement of the Macedonian question. What an irony of fate it will be if the supreme crime perpetrated by British statesmen at the Berlin Congress should lead directly to the Russian occupation of Constantinople!

**Russia's
Dilemma.**

If Russia were really dominated, as our Jingoism believe, by a consuming desire to seize Constantinople, she never before had so incomparable an opportunity. The Turks have no fleet. The British Mediterranean fleet is fighting sham battles in the Atlantic. France is Russia's ally. Austria is acting with Russia in Macedonia. There is no political, or military, or naval obstacle in the way of a sudden pounce upon the Turkish capital. Why, then, does the Russian not seize the chance? The answer, of course, is that Russia does not wish to seize Constantinople, and that she would regard with profound dismay so impolitic a move. Her interest is to keep the Sultan at Stamboul as her doorporter of the Black Sea. It is a thousand times more convenient to keep the Sultan in her pocket than to pocket Constantinople. Hence the reluctance of the Tsar to have resort to any measures which might leave him with Constantinople on his hands. All this is clear enough to-day, even to the man in the

street. Yet for fifty years our Jingoës have based the whole of their foreign policy upon the now exploded theory that the acquisition of Constantinople was the supreme end of Russian policy. Now, when the city lies within the hollow of her hand, she refuses to grasp it, and we are distracted by the difficulty of overcoming her objection to face a risk which may lead to annexation.

**Bulgaria's
Impulse.**

The strain on the Bulgarians who are free, to go to the rescue of their brethren whom England re-enslaved is enormous. A great mass meeting held in Sofia has demanded the intervention of the Powers, or, failing that, war. The Sultan has now 315,000 men under arms, and is buying smokeless powder in hot haste to supply them with cartridges. What is wanted in Macedonia is the system of government which Lord Dufferin, with the aid of a French army of occupation, established in Lebanon, where the Maronites and the Druses were as much given to mutual slaughter as Turk and Bulgarian in Macedonia. But who is to bell the cat? The Bulgarians could no more withstand alone the armies of the Sultan than did the Greeks in the last war. The moment the Turkish advance began, with its invariable accompaniments, the hand of Russia would be forced, and a sudden descent upon Constantinople would compel Europe to face in earnest the liquidation of the Sick Man's estate. It ought not to be necessary for Bulgaria to have to sacrifice the population south of the Balkans, as Servia did in 1876, in order to compel reluctant Europe to do its duty. Yet at present that seems to be the only way out.

**The Viceroy
of
the Far East.**

One result of our insensate policy of antagonism to Russia in the Balkans was to drive her eastwards into Asia. As we refused to allow her to settle the Near Eastern question, she has created for us a Far Eastern problem which is only one degree less menacing than the question of Macedonia. Admiral Alexieff has been appointed Viceroy of the Far East, with sovereignty over the valley of the Amur, the Manchurian Railway, and all the territorial dependencies of Russia as far as the Pacific. Unlike the British Viceroy of India, he will have a strong fleet at his disposal, as well as a large army, and everyone is wondering whether or not the creation of the new post points more to peace or to war in the Far East. About Manchuria there will be no war. But about Korea? The Russians are fussing about concessions at the mouth of the Yalu, the Japanese are fuming, and from time to time there are out-



Admiral Alexieff.

Russia's New Viceroy in the Far East.

bursts of temper on the part of the Press of both countries. But the odds are heavy that the Viceroy of the Far East, who knows the strength of the Japanese fleet, will not precipitate a quarrel which, so far as Russia is concerned, had much better come later than sooner. If Japan can financially and industrially absorb Korea, Russia will acquiesce ruefully in the operation.

**The Chances
of
Peace or War.**

There is not much danger of war so far as England is concerned, if it were not for the great temptation which the situation offers to the King's present advisers to embroil this country, if not in a war, then at least in a certain theatrical menace of war. It is the time-honoured expedient of Tory Ministers to pick a quarrel abroad to enable them to overcome their difficulties at home. Even Unionists as staunch as the *Standard* ruefully recognise that Mr. Chamberlain's anxiety to draw a red herring across the trail of the war, in the shape of a roaring agitation in favour of Protection, has utterly dished the party. But if Ministers could discover that British interests were in danger at Constantinople, for instance, or at the mouth of the Yalu river, the mustering of battalions and the movements of the Fleet would soon blot out all thought of Mr. Chamberlain's folly. Of course no one imagines that they would be mad enough to contemplate actual war with any of



Britannia.]

[Aug. 1893.]

Questions Regarding Alaska.

CANADIAN (reads): "If our Commissioners come back without the full extent of our claims, they need not show their faces in our country again." JONATHAN (sharply): "Which of your raggy prints that, Davie Macdonald?" (Sees title and whistles.) "Darned if it ain't one of our New Yorkers!"

the Great Powers. This Government thinks out nothing. But they might try it on, and, for the sake of improving their electoral chances at home, venture upon a policy of bravado and bluff abroad. And as recent painful experience proves, that is a very dangerous game, especially when played by an Empire without a brain.

The Alaskan Boundary.

If Ministers wished to flaunt the flag and make the British lion roar in defence of the Colonies, they have an opportunity ready to their hand in the Alaskan frontier question. Ministers, wilfully or otherwise, deceived the nation by describing as an arbitral tribunal the Joint Commission which was arranged for the purpose of enabling Great Britain to give away the Canadian contention as to the frontier. That was the avowed understanding at Washington, without which the Senate would never have let the Commission come into being. But suppose the British Cabinet does not decide to give away the case of

Canada, what then? Why then, it is said, President Roosevelt will, on November 2nd, meet Congress with a formal and imperative demand for means whereby he may take immediate possession of all the territory in dispute. Arbitrate he will not. And if John Bull will not take advantage of the open door offered him for the purpose of making a timely and expeditious retreat, then he will have to make up his mind to back down and out or fight. Of course, we shall not fight. We have long since ceased to be an independent Power, so far as the United States is concerned, and we shall have to give in. But, before climbing down, Ministers might make the British lion roar. It would do the Americans no harm, and it might help the electors to forget all the nonsense talked about the Preferential Tariff.

In the last days of the Session Ministers were compelled to admit that the scandalous attempt to charge half the cost of the South African garrison upon India had miscarried. Anglo-Indians, from Lord Curzon and Lord Kitchener down to the editors of the Anglo-Indian Press, were unanimous in denouncing the infamy of the demand which the Cabinet had sanctioned as the easiest way of reconciling the antagonistic demands of Mr. Chamberlain and Mr. Brodrick. It should not be forgotten, however, that but for the protest of Lord Curzon, the starving peasantry of India would, with the assent of the Unionist Cabinet, have been saddled with half the cost of the garrison which the war has rendered it necessary to maintain in South Africa.

South African Affairs.

Lord Milner is on his way home from South Africa, and if Mr. Chamberlain has to leave the Cabinet it is reported that the High Commissioner may go to the Colonial Office. In Cape Town Sir Gordon Sprigg has been defeated in the House on a motion demanding the appointment of a Supreme Court Judge to investigate the administration of martial law and the inadequate payment of compensation for war losses. He is, therefore, about to wind up the Session and appeal to the country without delay. Opinion is much divided as to the result of the appeal to the country. But for the disfranchisement of rebels the Afrianders would win easily. Even as it is, they are by no means despondent. In the Transvaal there is great distress, and thousands of the farming population will have to be kept alive by charity—one result of Mr. Chamberlain's failure to discharge our obligations to pay compensation for all private property

destroyed by the operations of war. The opinion of the mine owners is steadily crystallising in favour of the introduction of Chinese labour for working the Rand. No one but the yellow man can extract the

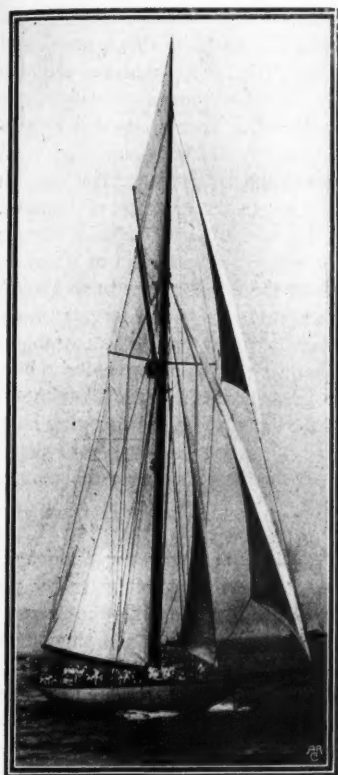
yellow metal cheap enough to make it worth while to work the mines. The same logic will lead ere long to the importation of Celestials to develop the low-grade, gold-bearing rocks of Wales.

**Fighting
in
Northern
Nigeria.**

We have had a narrow escape from a great disaster in Nigeria, where at the end of last July we were fighting for our lives against a great rally of the native population, headed by the ex-Sultan of Sokoto and most

against an unpopular law, the passive resistance campaign must excite universal admiration. By the simple expedient of refusing to pay a rate, the police-courts of the country are converted into halls for the holding of what are virtually indignation meetings, in which the most respected members of the Nonconformist community launch harangues against the Education Act in the shape of pleas from the dock addressed to magistrates, who in every case have to listen to a statement of conscientious objection to the payment of the new Church Rate. The novelty of the proceedings and the spectacle of seeing ministers of religion in the dock, creates a maximum of sensation at minimum cost. In all cases distress warrants are issued, and then another opportunity for effective and dramatic protest is afforded by the auction-sale of the goods which have been seized. As these are always bought in by the friends of the passive resisters and restored to their original owners, no harm is done to anybody; but another splendid advertisement is secured for an indignation meeting, which is usually held in the market-place, and with this the proceedings close. The whole proceedings are characteristically English. It is a very mild form of martyrdom, but there is no doubt as to its efficacy.

The blood of the martyrs has always been the seed of the Church, and a mild form of martyrdom will undoubtedly increase the determination of the Nonconformists to turn out the present Ministry. The Liberal leaders have pledged themselves to reform the Education Act, and a Free Church party is being formed in every constituency to see to it that no Protectionist red herring shall be allowed to divert the attention of the electorate from the issue that is raised by the Education Act.



Photograph by

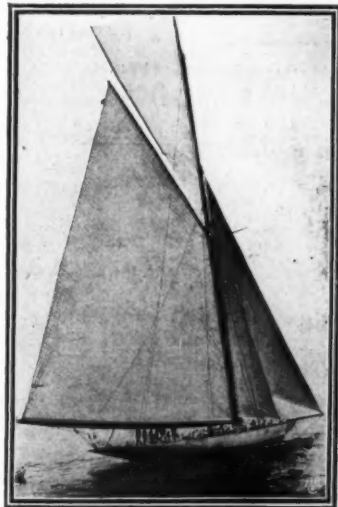
"Shamrock III."

Sir Thomas Lipton's Challenger for the America Cup.

[Bain.]

of his chiefs, who seemed to have a not unnatural objection to being converted by force into British subjects. The town of Burmi was carried by assault on July 27th, with the loss of 11 killed and 72 wounded. The ex-Sultan and most of his chiefs and 700 of his followers were slain, and so for a time peace reigns in Northern Nigeria. Nothing seems to be doing at the present moment in Somaliland, on the other side of Africa, but it is to be feared we have only a respite, and we are very far from being out of our troubles in that desert region.

The Passive Resistance Campaign. The campaign of passive resistance on the part of the English Nonconformists against the Education Act is spreading. As a method of protest



Photograph by

The "Reliance."

American Defender of the America Cup.

[Bain.]



John Bull.]

Wiping Out the Past.

(1066 and 1903.)

WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR: "Well, this seems a more friendly invasion than the one I personally conducted!"

["The French representatives of the Souvenir Normand have been received at Hastings with the most fraternal greetings by their English colleagues."—*Daily Paper.*]

The Motor Act.

Where there is a will there is a way, and no matter how pressed the House of Commons may be for time, it can always pass a Bill in which its members are keenly interested. Of this the latest illustration was the passage, at the eleventh hour, of the Bill for regulating the use of motor-cars on the high road. Motoring is one of the things which really interest Mr. Balfour, and so it came to pass that while many other Bills were sacrificed, the measure which legalises, after New Year's Day, a speed of twenty miles an hour outside towns, and compels the magistrates to take into account not merely the actual speed of a car, but also the risk of accident arising from the speed at which it is being driven, has received the royal assent.

International Junketings.

It would really seem as if, thanks to the initiative of Baron D'Estournelles and the French Deputies who visited Westminster in July, the habit of international picknicking were going to spread. Several score of English Members of Parliament are going to pay a return visit to Paris this autumn, and similar trips are talked of to other capitals. Another international picnic—not of legislators, but of citizens—took place last month, when several hundred Frenchmen from Normandy came to Hastings and were taken over Battle Abbey and the battlefield of Hastings, on which the Normans began the conquest of England. If things go on at this rate, we may expect a friendly excursion of Frenchmen to the battlefield of Waterloo, or an invitation from the local mayor to an English party of tourists to visit the fields of Crecy and Agincourt. It would be a pleasant paradoxical change if the battlefields which have for so many centuries been used for the purpose of stirring up national animosity should be utilised for the purpose of cementing international friendship. German representatives of philanthropic societies are to visit London for the purpose of studying social questions. This is all to the good.

Peace and Arbitration Prospects.

The inter-Parliamentary Conference meets at Vienna on September 7th, when Mr. Cremer will bring forward his suggestion for underpinning the Hague High Court by recommending the constitution of Courts of First Instance, in which cases in dispute between two nations may be heard by a subordinate tribunal constituted solely of representatives of the disputing Governments and an umpire who may be appointed by the Hague Court. As in all cases the right of appeal will lie from such a Court of First Instance to the International High Court, it is difficult



Photograph by]

The Souvenir Normand at St. Leonards.

[F. J. Parsons.

to see what objection could be taken to such a scheme, which is intended to extend and develop the practice of arbitration and to increase the prestige of the Hague Tribunal by making it the Supreme Court of the nations, to which appeals could be taken from subordinate courts constituted under its aegis. The urgent need of providing the Hague Tribunal with an adequate court-house is likely to be very permanently brought home to the representatives of half-a-dozen nations, by the Venezuelan Arbitration Case which opened on September 1st. This Tribunal is to decide as to the priority of the claim of Great Britain, Germany, and Italy to the 30 per cent. of the Venezuelan import duties, which are set apart for the satisfaction of the demands of the various Powers who are creditors of Venezuela. The Tsar nominated the judges—Professor Matzen, of Denmark; Mr. Mouravieff, Russian Secretary of State; and Dr. Lardy, Swiss Minister in Paris. Unfortunately, both Denmark and Switzerland have claims against Venezuela and Professor Matzen and Dr. Lardy having declined to serve, the Court meets only to adjourn until the vacant places are filled. As Great Britain, Germany and Italy are each to be represented by agents and legal advisers (the Attorney-General and Mr. Cohen, K.C., acting on behalf of Great Britain), the accommodation in the present building is likely to be found very inadequate. The sooner Mr. Carnegie's gift is utilised in erecting a proper Palace of Justice the better.

**The
Conviction
of
the Humberts.**

The great sensation in Paris last month was the trial of Madame Humbert and her accomplices for the great swindle which was known as that of the Crawford millions. Madame Humbert, it will be remembered, lived in luxury for many years by the simple but audacious expedient of declaring that two American brothers of the name of Crawford had left her a gigantic fortune, which was known as the Crawford millions, which were locked up in a famous safe. The contents of this safe no one ever saw, but on the strength of these mythical millions Madame Humbert and her family lived in state, borrowed money right and left, and imposed upon all sorts and conditions of men and women in Paris. At last, when the safe was opened, it was found to be empty, and Madame Humbert, her husband, and two other accomplices were found guilty. As the jury allowed them the benefit of extenuating circumstances in all four cases, the two principals received a sentence of only five years' solitary confinement, and the two Daurignacs received



Photograph by

[Nouvelles, Paris.]

Madame Humbert and Maitre Labori in Court.

respectively sentences of two and three years. They have appealed against the sentence, but Madame Humbert herself probably entertains little hope that the sentence will be reversed. Maitre Labori, M. Zola's advocate, did his best to save his clients by

admitting that there were no such persons as the Crawfords; that the asserted millions existed, but as they were associated with the name of Regnier, who was an accomplice in the treason of Marshal Bazaine, it was necessary to invent some name less detested by the French public.

**Zionism
in
East Africa.**

On the 23rd of last month the sixth Zionist Congress opened at Basle, under the presidency of Dr. Herzl. The sensation of the gathering was the communication of a formal offer by the British Government to make the grant of a considerable area of land in British East Africa, in which a Jewish colony might be founded, enjoying home rule in all religious and purely domestic matters, subject to the right of His Majesty's Government to exercise general control. This scheme, warmly advocated by Dr. Herzl, was opposed by the Russian Jews, who apparently took the point of view of M. de Plehve, who declared that the Russian Government was favourable to Zionism, so long as its objects were limited to the creation of an independent State in Palestine, to be fed by emigration from Russia. He promised it moral and material support if it would adopt any means that might serve to diminish the Jewish population in Russia. After a long debate, the Congress, by a majority of 295 to 177, decided to send a Committee to East Africa to report upon the suitability of the territory for Jewish colonisation. Dr. Herzl announced that the proposal for founding a colony in the Sinaitic Peninsula had to be abandoned. While everyone must hope that the proposed Jewish colony in British East Africa may prosper, all the glamour of Zionism will disappear the moment the objective is shifted from the Holy Land. To restore the Jews to their ancient heritage would excite the sympathy and enthusiasm of Christendom. To establish them in British East Africa will only interest the humanitarian minority. But if East Africa is only a stepping stone to Jerusalem—all right.

**Jupiter Pluvius
Overworked.**

The weather last month has been phenomenally bad, and the harvest has suffered accordingly. The rain was not only so persistent as to render it almost impossible to garner the harvest, but the downpour was so heavy as to inflict very serious injury, not only upon crops, but also upon low-lying lands. The price of bread has been rising, and as this has followed the repeal of the shilling duty on corn, we suppose the Protectionists will point to it as a proof that the repeal of a tax has no effect upon the

prices of the commodity. Prices, however, are governed by many things besides tariffs, and if there ever had been any doubt as to the response of the country to Mr. Chamberlain's appeal, the wet harvest would have settled the matter. In the old days, when corn was excluded by legislation from the British market, a wet harvest was regarded as a national calamity. At present, thanks to free imports, it is only an annoying inconvenience. We have to pay more for our bread, no doubt, but the thought that the supply of corn would absolutely run short is unthinkable by the present generation. It was very different in olden times.

**The Danger
of
Twopenny Tubes.**

Dwellers in cities are driven more and more to burrow underground, and the use of electricity as a means of rapid transit becomes every day more general. The necessity is so great that not even the holocaust which took place in the Paris Underground Electric Railway last month can check the rage for underground travel. After many warnings from their engine-drivers, which were unfortunately unheeded by a company zealous for dividends, an electric motor caught fire near the Couronnes station, and the flames spreading to the cars, the tunnel was speedily filled with asphyxiating smoke. No fewer than eighty-four victims perished in all. There was, of course, a great outcry, and for the moment the number of passengers in the Paris tube dropped, but in a very short time it will be forgotten, and the cars will be as full as ever. There are certain risks that have got to be taken just as you have got to take the risk of drowning whenever you go to sea. Everything should be done, however, to minimise such risks, and one of the most obvious proposals is to insist that all cars used on underground railways should be rendered unflamable. Otherwise a similar disaster to that of Paris may occur any day in any of the twopenny tubes which are becoming so indispensable a necessity of civilisation.

**The Verdict
of
Sir Thomas Lipton.**

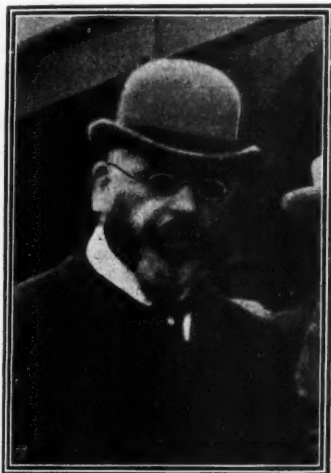
Sir Thomas Lipton has this year for the third and apparently the last time contested with the Americans for the possession of the *America* Cup. He has been for the third time beaten, and beaten so decisively, that he is reported to have said that it is not worth while to try again. His remarks upon the ascendancy of the United States, although somewhat melancholy reading for Englishmen, but confirm the conviction which has been repeatedly expressed in these pages.

DIARY FOR AUGUST.

CHIEF EVENTS OF THE MONTH.

August 1.—The King and Queen conclude their Irish tour at Cork and return in their yacht to Cowes ... Lord Iveagh gives the King £50,000 for the Dublin hospitals in commemoration of their Majesties' visit to Ireland ... Mr. Burns, M.P., formally opens a number of working-class houses on the Latchmere estate erected by the Battersea Borough Council ... Lord Curzon protests against the proposal to charge India with the cost of the increased garrison in South Africa.

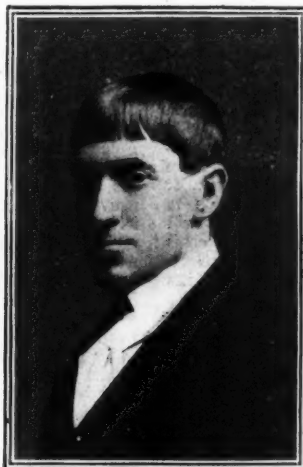
August 3.—Torpedo manœuvres begin in the Irish Sea and St. George's Channel ... Three workmen are killed at the Fairfield Shipbuilding Yard on the Clyde by the fall of a propeller shaft ... Sir E. Barton telegraphs to Mr. Chamberlain that he has no objection to the publication of the minutes of the preferential trade discussion at the London Conference last year.



Photograph by

[E. Hulton.

Mr. Whitaker Wright.



Photograph by

[Russell and Sons.

The Late Phil May.



Photograph by

[Russell and Sons.

Lord Northcote.

Next Governor-General of Australia.

August 4.—Cardinal Sarto, Patriarch of Venice, is elected Pope in succession to Leo XIII. with the name of Pius X. ... Lord Curzon announces at the Viceregal Council of Simla that he decides to accept the offer of the Home Government for an extension of his term of office ... An international conference on wireless telegraphy opens at Berlin ... The King opens Osborne College, naming it the Royal Naval College ... Baron d'Estournelles de Constant addresses an important letter to M. Delcassé, French Minister of Foreign Affairs, on the effects he hopes from the co-operation of the French and British Parliaments in favour of Peace.

August 5.—A list of honours conferred in connection with the recent Royal visit to Ireland is issued ... Mr. Andrew Carnegie intimates his intention of giving to his native town of Dunfermline half a million sterling to maintain the estate of Pittencreeff, near Dunfermline, as a public pleasure ground, and other advantages to the neighbourhood ... Strike disturbances near Lorient, in France, continue to be serious.

August 6.—An agreement between the Admiralty and the Board of Trade on the one part, and the International Mercantile Marine Company and its constituent companies on the other.

part, is published as a Parliamentary paper ... Count Khuen Hedervary, Premier of Hungary, arrives at Ischl to acquaint the Emperor of Austria with the political situation ... The trial of Signor Casale and Signor Summonte at Naples for municipal frauds concludes; they are both found guilty and sentenced.

August 7.—Sir E. Barton announces changes in the Commonwealth Cabinet owing to the resignation of Mr. Kingston, Minister of Trade and Customs ... Labour disturbances in South Russia continue to be of a serious character; upwards of 45,000 men take part in the strike ... Mr. Whitaker Wright is released on bail ... Baron Speck von Sternburg presents his credentials as German Ambassador to the United States ... Five members of the Chinese reform party are arrested at Peking ... M. Axel Moeller, Vice-Secretary of the province of Vasa, in Finland, is removed from his post by order from St. Petersburg ... The Russian Consul at Monastir, in Macedonia, is murdered by a Turkish gendarme.

August 8.—The trial of the Humbert family for fraud begins at Paris ... The torpedo manœuvres are brought to a close at Kingstown, Ireland ... The annual report of the Postmaster-General is issued. The postal revenue is £15,004,938, and the expenditure £10,818,066 ... The Peru Senate passes a measure reducing the import duty on sugar, thus enabling Peru to be a party to the Brussels Convention ... The Victorian Women's Political Association announce the candidature of their lady president for the Senate at the approaching election for the Federal Parliament ... The Emperor of Austria accepts the resignation of Count Hedervary's Hungarian Cabinet.

August 9.—The Coronation of Pope Pius X. takes place at St. Peter's, Rome.

August 10.—President Roosevelt addresses a strong and thoughtful letter to Mr. Durbin, Governor of Indiana, on the grave results to the United States of the increase of lynching ... The Bill incorporating the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway Company is passed in the Canadian House of Commons ... In the Lower House of the Hungarian Diet, Count Hedervary moves the adjournment of the House until the formation of a new Cabinet.

August 11.—A terrible accident occurs on the Paris Underground Electric Railway; about 84 persons are killed and many more sustain injuries ... A violent shock of earthquake is felt in Athens and throughout Greece ... The Natal Government, being defeated in Committee of Supply, resigns ... A hurricane sweeps over the eastern side of Jamaica. The damage done is enormous, all the banana area being affected.

August 12.—At a special meeting of the Calcutta Corporation a resolution is carried expressing satisfaction at Lord Curzon's extension of his term of office ... The Lower House of the Dutch Parliament receives a Socialist proposal for revising the Constitution, which is to be introduced after the recess ... Peru joins the Brussels Sugar Convention ... Sir Ernest Satow arrives at Shanghai ... An Order in Council is published in the *London Gazette* prohibiting the importation into the United Kingdom of sugar from Denmark, Russia, and the Argentine Republic from September 1st ... Mr. Whitaker Wright surrenders to his bail at the Guildhall Police Court.

August 13.—In the Cape House of Assembly, Mr. Merriman, Mr. Sauer, and Dr. Smart urge the adoption of active measures to prevent the immigration of Asiatics ... South Australian Budget shows a surplus of £78,000 ... Kieff still presents the appearance of a town in a state of siege ... The Postmaster-General appoints a Committee to inquire into the adequacy of the wages paid to certain classes of postal servants.

August 14.—Lord Salisbury is gravely ill ... The Governor of Jamaica asks Mr. Chamberlain to open a relief fund for the island; the damage done is estimated at a million sterling, and the banana trade will be at a standstill for nine months ... The International Conference on wireless telegraphy at Berlin closes.

August 15.—The Russian Fleet is ordered to Turkish waters ... About 1,000 Dutch Socialists arrive in Brussels, and are welcomed by the members of the Belgian Socialist Party ... It is announced that Mr. Mosely's Educational Commission to inquire into the educational methods of the United States will start for that country on October 3rd. The Commission is composed of about thirty prominent educationalists in Great Britain ... A resolution in opposition to Mr. Chamberlain's fiscal proposals is carried at a Lancashire Co-operative Conference held at Manchester ... A "send-off meeting" to the British delegates to the Zionist Congress to be held at Basle takes place at the Great Assembly Hall, Mile End ... Mr. Pulitzer, of New York, gives a sum of money to establish a School of Journalism.

August 17.—The Panama Canal Treaty is rejected by the Colombian Senate ... The Chinese Government agrees to sign a commercial treaty with the United States ... The fifth Congress of Chambers of Commerce of the Empire opens at Montreal under the presidency of Lord Brassey ... The hearing of evidence in the Humbert trial comes to a close ... Mr. S. Woods, secretary of the Trade Union Congress, declines to give evidence before the Royal Commission on Trade Disputes on the ground that the Commission is unfairly constituted.

August 18.—Sir W. Harcourt addresses a letter to the public on the "Chamberlain Policy" ... A Blue Book is issued containing reports of His Majesty's inspectors of elementary schools and training colleges for 1902 ... The first report of the Royal Commission on the Coal Supplies is issued as a Parliamentary paper ... Mr. Reid, the Free Trade leader in New South Wales, resigns his seat in the Federal House of Representatives, as a protest against the Federal Government in rejecting a scheme for the redistribution of Federal electorates in New South Wales ... Fighting between the Turks and Macedonians still continues ... The Indian Irrigation Commission issues its report; it proposes an outlay of forty-four crores of rupees, extending over twenty years, on protective works ... The Congress of the Chambers of Commerce of the Empire, sitting at Montreal, proposes a Fiscal Commission composed of Great Britain, the Colonies, and India to study the whole question.

August 19.—The British Government protest against certain features in the administration of the Congo State ... M. de Pressensé writes a letter to M. Delcassé urging the formation of a commission of European control as the only effective remedy for the Macedonian trouble ... Mr. Whitaker Wright again appears at the Guildhall.

August 20.—A Progressive Congress opens at Cape Town ... The Turkish Foreign Minister visits the Russian Ambassador in Turkey and states that all Russia's demands are accepted, and begs for the withdrawal of the squadron ... Lord Salisbury's illness takes an unfavourable turn.

August 21.—A Parliamentary paper is issued which contains correspondence relating to the proposed publication of the report of the proceedings of the Colonial Conference of 1902 ... Lord Peel, at Cardiff, decides that the case of the masters to reduce the South Wales coal miners' wages by 8½ per cent, is not made out; he therefore decides against the reduction ... The Emperor-King grants audiences to several Hungarian statesmen at Budapest ... M. Labori concludes his address for the defence in the Humbert trial in Paris ... Sir E. Satow returns to Peking ... The United States Treaty Commission meets again at Shanghai ... Mr. Roosevelt defines his labour policy by means of the publication of his secretary's letter of the 22nd inst.

August 22.—The trial of M. and Mme. Humbert concludes; they are found guilty of forgery and swindling ... A Government steamer, the *Neptune*, sails from Halifax, Canada, on an Arctic expedition ... The first race for the America Cup between *Shamrock* and *Reliance* is sailed, in which *Reliance* wins by 7 mins. 3 secs. ... The Progressive Congress of Cape Colony closes; it declares itself opposed to the introduction of Chinese labour ... The Russian squadron leaves Turkish waters, as the Porte promises to fulfil the demands made by Russia ... Baron Von Thielman resigns and is succeeded by Baron Von Stengel as Imperial Secretary to the German Treasury ... The Zionist Congress opens at Basle.

August 24.—Counsel for the prosecution open the case against Mr. Whitaker Wright at the Guildhall Police Court ... The Foreign Office issues a report on the economic condition of Japan ... A Parliamentary paper is issued containing a return of the statistics of mortality, sickness and desertion among the native workers on the Rand ... The Yellow River in China bursts its banks in Shan-tung; much damage is the result ... The Roman Catholic Bishop of Southwark is chosen as the new R.C. Archbishop of Westminster.

August 25.—The Report of the Royal Commission on the South African War is published ... The charges against Mr. Whitaker Wright are further investigated ... The Commonwealth Senate at Melbourne passes the Naval Agreement Bill, which provides for a colonial contribution of £200,000 a year for ten years to the Imperial Navy ... The Cape Colony Government is defeated on a motion which they opposed for the appointment of a Supreme Court to investigate sentences passed under martial law ... Mr. Taft accepts the Secretaryship of War in the United States Government in place of Mr. Root, retired ... The Argentine Budget describes the country as prosperous, and announces reductions in taxation.

August 26.—Sir Gordon Sprigg declares in the Cape Parliament that he means to appeal to the country as soon as the Appropriation Bill is passed, in consequence of his Government's defeat yesterday ... Further rains fall in the Broken Hill district of New South Wales ... In order to deal with the Brussels Convention, the German sugar refiners form a trust in order not to sell sugar under trust prices ... The Chinese Government decide to open Mukden and Ta-tung-Kan to foreign trade in October ... The Zionist Congress resolve to send a committee to South Africa to investigate the suitability of the territory offered for Jewish Colonisation by the British Government ... Lord Lamington is appointed Governor of Bombay in succession to Lord Northcote ... An express train from Vienna is blown up by dynamite at Kuleli Burgas, half way between Adrianople and Constantinople.

August 27.—In the Cape House of Assembly Sir J. Gordon Sprigg moves the second reading of the Appropriation Bill. Mr. Sauer moves the adjournment of the debate, which is carried by 38 votes against 33. The adjournment of the House is immediately agreed to ... News arrives that the United States Vice-Consul at Beirut, Turkey, was assassinated last Sunday.

August 28.—Three volumes of evidence given before the War Commission are published ... The Admiralty issues a circular on the training of bands for the Fleet; the whole of the Naval band

service is to be transferred to the Royal Marines ... The United States Navy Department desires Admiral Cotton to proceed at once with the European Squadron to Beirut ... The American Government instructs its representatives in China that the Shanghai journalists may not be given up for punishment outside the Settlement ... The Cape House of Assembly is again adjourned, a proposal of the Premier being defeated.

August 29.—Mr. Chamberlain replies unfavourably to the request of a loan to assist the planters who have suffered by the recent cyclone in Jamaica ... It is now ascertained that the United States Vice-Consul is not murdered at Beirut, though there was an attempt made to murder him. Owing to the unrest in Turkey, the American war ships are to proceed as announced to Turkish waters ... There is a political deadlock at the Cape ... The Zionist Congress at Basle closes ... Dr. Krause is liberated from Pentonville Prison ... M. Witte, the Russian Minister of Finance, is appointed President of the Committee of Ministers.

August 31.—The funeral of Lord Salisbury takes place at Hatfield; a memorial service is held in Westminster Abbey ... The King leaves Marienbad and arrives at Vienna on a visit to the Emperor Francis Joseph ... Sir H. A. Blake, Governor of Hong Kong, is appointed to succeed Sir West Ridgeway as Governor of Ceylon ... The abolition of the sugar bounties comes into force.

By-Election.

August 26.—Owing to the death of Mr. D. N. Nicol a vacancy takes place in the representation of Argyllshire. An election is held, with the following result:—

Mr. J. S. Ainsworth (L.)	4,326
Mr. C. Stewart	2,740

Liberal majority..... 1,586

In 1900 the Conservatives won the seat with a majority of 600.

PARLIAMENTARY.

House of Lords.

August 3.—The Irish Land Bill is read a second time.

August 4.—Licensing Act (Scotland) Bill passes through Committee ... London Education Bill passes report stage.

August 5.—Third reading of the London Education Bill ... Other Bills advanced in different stages.

August 6.—The Irish Land Bill is considered in Committee; progress is reported.

August 7.—The Irish Land Bill is considered in Committee, passed and reported with amendments to the House ... Second reading of the Employment of Children Bill.

August 10.—Sugar Convention Bill; speeches by Lord Lansdowne and Lord Spencer. The Bill passes report stage, and is ordered for third reading ... Naval Works Bill passes third reading ... The Employment of Children Bill passes through Committee ... Other Bills are read a third time.

August 11.—The Royal Assent is given by commission to the Sugar Convention Bill, the Naval Acts, and other Bills ... Third reading of the Irish Land Bill ... Third reading of the Employment of Children Bill.

August 12.—The Commons' amendments to the Motor-Car Bill are considered. The House agrees to the Commons' amendments ... The South African Loan Bill passes through Committee and is read a third time ... Other Bills are disposed of.

August 13.—Affairs in Macedonia, speech by Lord Lansdowne ... On the motion of the Duke of Devonshire the Commons' amendments to the Irish Land Bill are agreed to ... Bills are advanced a stage.

August 14.—The Appropriation Bill passes through all its stages ... The Speaker and the House of Commons having been summoned to the bar of the Upper House, the Royal Assent is given by Commission to sixty-two public and private Acts ... The Lord Chancellor reads the King's Speech, and Parliament is duly prorogued until Monday, November 2nd.

House of Commons.

August 3.—Supply: Army Estimates; Mr. Redmond calls attention to the waste of £80,000 in canned rations destroyed

at Pretoria. Lord Stanley replies that the facts are being inquired into.

August 4.—Second reading of the Motor-Car Bill without a division; speeches by Mr. Long, Mr. W. McArthur, and Sir P. Muntz ... Committee on Sugar Convention Bill; speeches by Mr. Buxton, Mr. Gerald Balfour, and Sir Charles Dilke.

August 5.—The consideration of the Sugar Convention Bill is resumed. The Bill passes through Committee without amendment.

August 6.—Mr. Balfour and the licensing question ... Irish Estimates in Committee of Supply: close of Supply ... The Sugar Convention Bill is read a third time.

August 7.—The Motor-Car Bill is considered in Committee.

August 10.—Mr. Balfour announces that the Port of London Bill will not be proceeded with this Session, but will be carried over to next year ... Supply on report ... Closure of Supply business is carried by large majorities ... First reading of the Appropriation Bill ... Other Bills are passed through Committee.

August 11.—Second reading of the Appropriation Bill ... Motor-Car Bill on report is read a third time.

August 12.—The Lords' amendments to the Irish Land Bill are considered; speeches by Mr. Wyndham, Mr. Redmond, Mr. Healy: a committee is appointed to record the reasons for the rejection of some of the alterations which the Lords made in the Bill ... The Appropriation Bill passes through Committee without discussion ... Cunard Agreement ... Port of London Bill is passed over to next Session.

August 13.—The Indian Budget.

August 14.—The Appropriation Bill; the Bill is read a third time ... The House is prorogued.

SPEECHES.

August 1.—Mr. Choate, at Oxford, on University Education and University Extension in the United States.

August 3.—Mr. Long, at Devizes, on the Government's fiscal policy.

August 7.—Sir E. Reid, at Sanquhar, criticises Mr. Chamberlain's fiscal proposals.

August 12.—Mr. Brodrick, at Peper Harrow, defends the Government in every particular, especially his own Army re-organisation ... Lord Goschen, at Oxford, on Public Libraries and the University Extension Movement.

August 20.—Lord Minto, at Montreal, on the discussion going on at present to place the new fiscal proposals before the public in a practical light.

August 21.—Lord Brassey, at Montreal, on the difficulties attending the fiscal question ... Sir Wilfrid Laurier, at Montreal, on the preferential trade question, says that Canada cannot surrender any of her political independence for any consideration.

August 22.—The Bishop of Hereford, at Oxford, on sport, betting and gambling.

August 24.—Sir Alfred Jones, at Liverpool, on the fiscal system of this country ... Mr. G. H. Reid, at Sydney, New South Wales, condemns the policy of the Federal Government on the electoral question.

August 25.—The Archbishop of Canterbury, at Dover, in praise of the Education Act ... Mr. Lloyd-George, at Carnarvon, in praise of Lord Salisbury.

August 30.—Sir Edmund Barton, at Melbourne, on preferential trade between the Colonies and Great Britain ... Mr. Ross, at Toronto, on Canada and preferential trade with Great Britain.

OBITUARY.

August 3.—Right Rev. Dr. Webber, Bishop of Brisbane, 66.

August 5.—Mr. Phil May, 39.

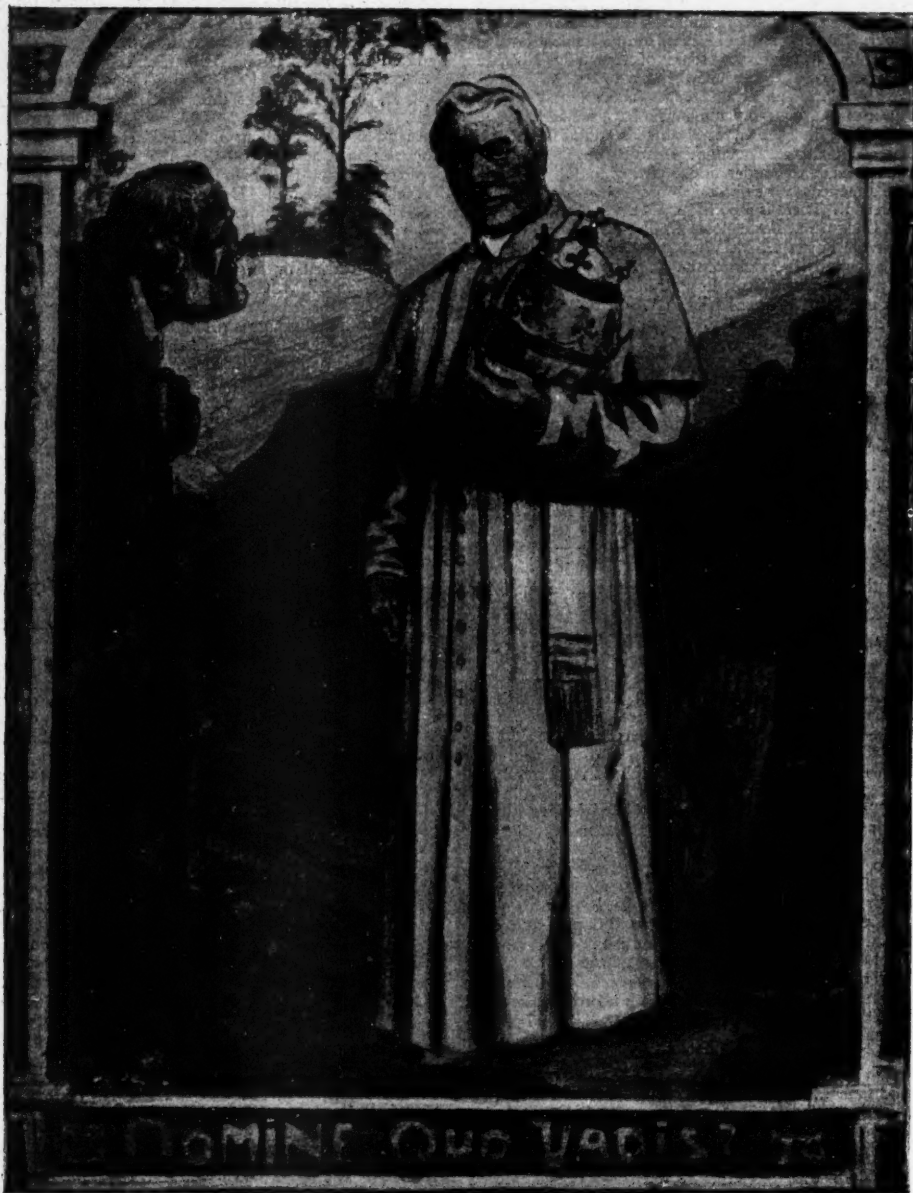
August 13.—Dr. W. S. Playfair, 66.

August 15.—The Very Rev. John Pryce, Dean of Bangor, 72; Rear-Admiral Bogle.

August 17.—Prof. Hans Gude (landscape painter), 78.

August 22.—Lord Salisbury, 73; Signor Menotti Gari-baldi, 58.

August 31.—Mr. J. L. Carew, M.P., 49.



Lustige Blätter.

[No. 34.]

An Old Question for the New Pope.

Will he return to the Dark Ages? Will he follow the Road to Light?

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CURRENT HISTORY IN CARICATURE.

"O wad some power the giftie gie us,
To see ourselves as ithers see us."—BURNS.

THE election of the new Pope and the defeat of Cardinal Rampolla naturally suggested many cartoons to the Continental press. In England the subject was left alone. The striking cartoon printed in colours in the *Lustige Blätter*, which I reproduce in black and white, represents the serious method of handling this grave subject. The discomfiture and the submission of Cardinal Rampolla are handled in a vein of greater levity.



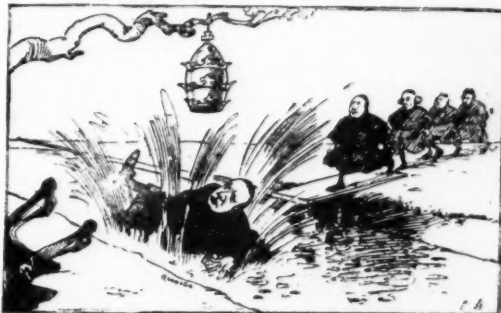
Neue Glühlichter.

Too Friendly.

[August 28.]

Pius X. is supposed to be so friendly to the Triple Alliance that he proposes to unite these three Powers indissolubly.

The attitude of the new Pope towards the Triple Alliance, to the intervention of which he owes his election, is naturally the source of many cartoons. The one which I reproduce from the *Neue Glühlichter* shows the unwilling three Powers bound together by the Pope's rosary, and their union blessed by a plentiful shower of holy water. All the cartoons of the new Pope are marked by astonishing re-



Kladderadatsch.

[August 7.]

"Next time better, Eminence Rampolla."

straint on the part of the German caricaturists, being in striking contrast to the treatment meted out to other sovereigns and princes. By way of contrast it is of interest to reproduce the *Kladderadatsch* cartoon of King Edward.

Last month I drew special attention to the prominent position given to personal caricatures in the German press. I reproduced the cartoons of President Roosevelt and Mr. Chamberlain from the two leading comic papers of Berlin. The same artist who caricatured the American President has now tried his hand upon His Majesty Edward the Seventh. The German law against *Resc-*

Die Fuldigung.
Rampolla (für sich) das
halte ich mir eigentlich
umgekehrt vorgestellt.

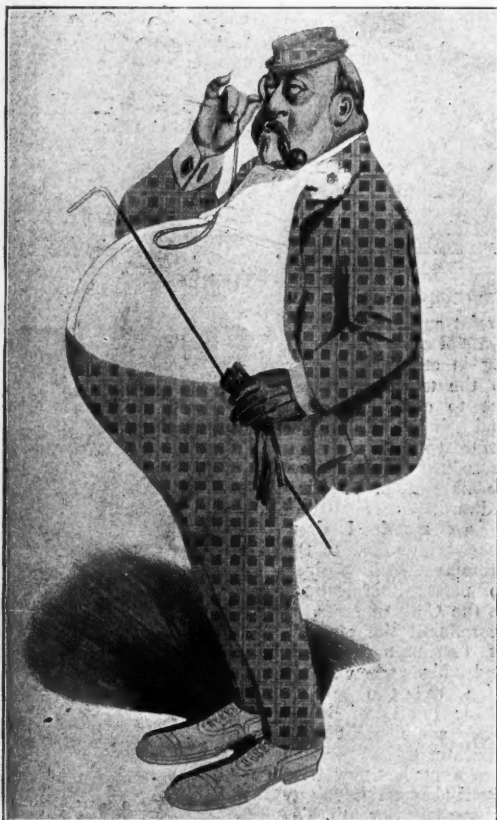
Lustige Blätter.



[No. 34.]

majesté does not apply to the kinsmen of the Kaiser. The cartoon is as offensive as that of President Roosevelt, but as it is one of a series appearing in the leading satirical journal of Berlin it must be noticed, if only as a specimen of the liberties German caricaturists take sometimes with Royalties who enjoy the hospitality of Continental watering places.

Pierpont Morgan attracts almost as much attention in Germany as the King of England. Both the leading



[Kladderatsch.]

Edouard der Dicke.

[August 9.]

Berlin comic journals have dealt with him this month, and both assume that things are going hard with him.

Another millionaire who is much noticed in Germany is young Mr. Vanderbilt. I reproduce elsewhere some of the caricatures of American "kings." From an American source I take an exceedingly clever caricature of Mr. Rockefeller and the Standard Oil Trust, under which is the following legend:—

A Jungle Book for Little Common People—The Boa.

The boa is a greedy snake, he eats both day and night;

He bolts his food and doesn't have to chew.

He cheerfully will swallow any earthly thing in sight—

Children, look out! Don't let him swallow you!



[Lustige Blätter.]

Pierpont Morgan.

[No. 34.]



[New York American.]

[August 11.]



[17k.]

[July 31.]

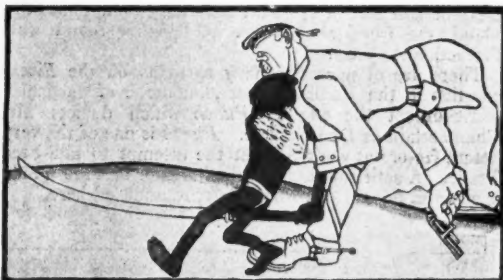
A Coat-of-Arms for Karageorgevitch.

Another aspect of the same question is represented by another German artist.

The German cartoonists seem to be quite ready to spread abroad the impression that the Anglo-Japanese Alliance is of no value save to

England, and that the British are encouraging their Japanese allies to rush into a single-handed conflict with

Russia. Whether this mistaken impression is due to the ignorance of the German newspapers or to some more mischievous reason cannot of course be determined.



[Simplicissimus.]

Faithful Allies.

[No. 20.]

The English-Japanese Alliance put to the test for the first time in Manchuria.



[Kladderadatsch.]

[August 23.]



[Jugend.]

[No. 32.]

The Manchurian Question.



[Westminster Gazette.]

Only an Inquiry.

[August 5.]

JOE: "Look here, guv'nor—don't you want to be Protected?"
MR. BULL: "Yes—against you!"



[Westminster Gazette.]

The Exchequer Guard.

[August 12.]

Chancellors all waiting for "Mr. Chamberlain and his associates."

[It is a significant fact that the present Chancellor of the Exchequer and his three living predecessors in that office—Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, Lord Goschen, and Sir William Harcourt—are all staunch defenders of the Free Trade flag.]



[South African News.]

The Preferential Highwaymen.

[August 5.]

LORD MILNER: "Now remember, guv'nor, you gave it of your own free will."

MR. C.: "And if you say you didn't you'll get one over the head with this 'ere jimmy."

Mr. Gould has been taking a well-earned holiday last month, and the number of cartoons from his facile pencil are few. We are, however, not altogether left without our F. C. G. cartoons, and reproduce two—one with a particularly ugly J. C., and the other with the four Chancellors all on guard against the threatened attack of the Protectionist.

The bulldozing method by which the Preferential Tariff was forced through the two Houses of the Cape Parliament is happily hit off by the cartoonist of the *South African News*.



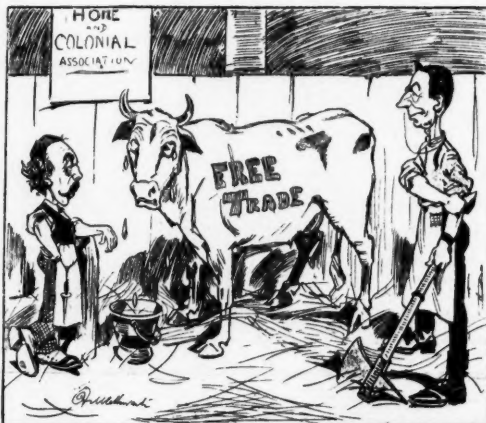
[Le Grelot.]

Splendid Isolation.

[August 9.]

The French caricaturist in *Le Grelot* has a rather clever idea roughly worked out in the cartoon, in which Mr. Chamberlain sits in splendid isolation on our tight little island, the frontier of which he has set round with Protectionist spikes.

There are of necessity many cartoons on the Fiscal question in the English papers, but none of particular merit except the one in *Punch* which depicts Mr. Chamberlain as Don Quixote. *Punch* is one of the very potent factors at work against the attempt to kill Free Trade. A satirical view of this slaughter of Free Trade is given in the cartoon from *Judy*, reproduced here.



[Judy.]

[August 5.]

BALFY: "I say, Joe! it's getting a fearful bore, knocking these kind of things on the head, don'tcherknow."



Hindi Punch.]

The Military Vampire.

[August 2.]

[India, which has been groaning under the heavy burden of taxation for years past, felt relieved somewhat when the Income Tax and the Salt Tax were remitted in March last. But the relief was short-lived. Now another heavy burden in the shape of military expenditure is ready to pounce on the taxpayer, who shall have to pay about two crores of rupees more in the near future as his contribution to the cost of keeping an army of 25,000 men in South Africa, and for the increased pay of the white troops in India.]

The Italian artist in *Il Papagallo* has a very effective cartoon of Europe in her bath, which I reproduce, not merely because of its appropriateness, but because of the attempt made by the artist to give us a symbolical figure of Europe.

The rapid growth in the Federal expenditure of Australia provokes the *Melbourne Punch* to remonstrate in a rough but vigorous cartoon.

For other cartoons see the *Progress of the World* and the *Caricature* pages interleaved with the advertisements.

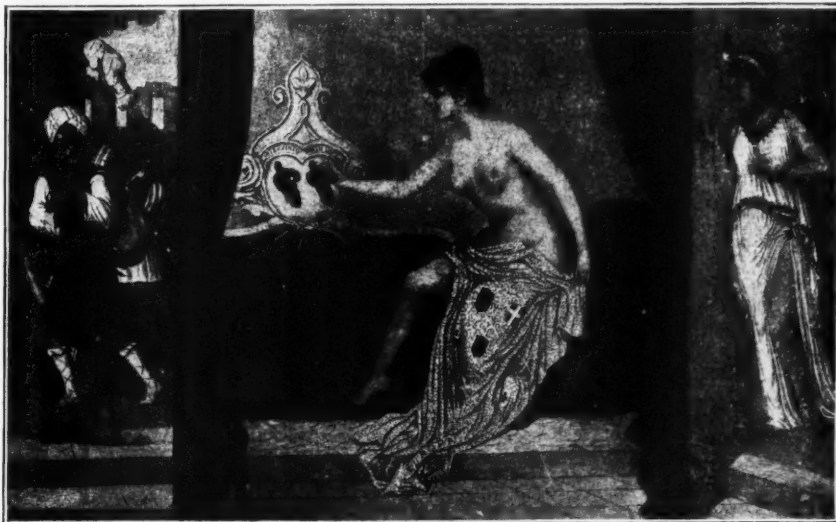


Melbourne Punch.]

Thoroughly Scared.

[“The country, already overridden by a State Public Service that had become a sort of Frankenstein, views with alarm the creation of still another vast Public Service—more lofty and magnificent.”—*Age*.]

AUSTRALIA: “Let me out!”



Il Papagallo.]

[August 23.]

How many wickedness among the Balcani! Always horrible things that are often repented. To-day that the Europe strong and powerful might range every thing, she is refused to defend the Statuquo, whilst with the water of the intervention a bath of pacification might be enjoy. What import that the Civility Knocks the door if it is not listened!



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CHARACTER SKETCH.

THE NEW POPE, PIUS X.

PIUS X. sits on the throne of Leo XIII., and all the world is asking what manner of man is he who has been elected by the vote of his peers to the loftiest position in Christendom. "Art thou for us, or for our adversaries?" is the challenge which all the leaders of the progressive forces of the world address to the new occupant of the Papal See. Whether it is the German Socialist, the French Freethinker, or the Liberal leaders in Britain and the United States, the challenge is ever the same. With right hand on sword-hilt they stand confronting the prelate who, from being a mere Italian patriarch, has suddenly flashed upon the world as "Pontifex Maximus, Sacerdos Magnus." Yet it is in no spirit of inveterate hostility that the question is asked, for even the most protestant of Protestants and the most anti-clerical of Freethinkers would rejoice if, from his palace in the Vatican, the new Pontiff were to answer, as did the angel of Joshua, "Nay, but as captain of the host of the Lord am I now come."

For the moment there is no definite response to the challenge of the world, and the ear is filled with conflicting rumours. One day telegrams assure us that the new Pope is the most uncompromising of the blacks, who adopted the name of Pius in order to emphasise his entire acceptance of the absolute *non possumus* of Pio Nono, while, on the other hand, we are assured that the King of Italy is delighted with his election, and that we may confidently look forward to a *rapprochement* between the Vatican and the Quirinal. Still more important and bewildering were the conflicting reports as to his attitude in relation to the "Christian Democratic" movement, from which so much is hoped by the Liberal Catholics of Italy and elsewhere. At first it was regarded as the one fixed point about him that he was a Catholic Socialist of Cardinal Manning's type; but hardly had we made up our minds to accept this version than a clerical organ in Rome declares that he is the resolute opponent of the "Christian democracy." The same conflict of evidence prevails as to the significance of his election. One day we are told that his majority over Cardinal Rampolla represents the ascendancy of the Triple Alliance which, through Austria, imposed its veto upon the election of Cardinal Rampolla. No sooner has this version obtained acceptance, than we are

assured with equal emphasis that the selection of Sarto was equivalent to a defiance of the Triple Alliance; that Sarto, if he did not exactly represent the Italian Irredenta, nevertheless represented that portion of Italy which was in the most violent opposition to Austria.

We may, however, dismiss all these conflicting stories—pairing one off against the other, the result is zero—and endeavour with such material as is available to picture to ourselves the new figure, stately and commanding, which has emerged from comparative obscurity, and is now seated on the loftiest throne in the centre of a halo or aureole formed by the traditional glories of two thousand years.

There was something peculiarly impressive in the reports which appeared of the ancient and stately ceremonial by which, in accordance with long established usage, the latest successor of St. Peter was chosen to wear the triple crown. It is on such occasions that the Roman Church is enabled to make that appeal to the imaginations of mankind to which humanity, both civilised and uncivilised, has ever made ready response. The walling up of the conclave in which the sixty-two Cardinals and Princes of the Church were voluntarily imprisoned, shut off from all influences of the outer world in order that they might devote themselves to the solemn task of electing the vicegerent of the Almighty, powerfully impressed even the least reflective and most indifferent of men. Of course there are the usual sneers at the intrigues of the wirepullers of the Vatican, but it is not well to scrutinise too closely the machinery by which the effects are produced. No one can deny that the whole proceedings were characterised by a dignity worthy of the occasion. After all, one need not be a Roman Catholic to appreciate the way in which a great function has been observed. The Catholic Church is one of the assets of humanity, and it is satisfactory to find that in the ease and dignity, the splendour and efficiency of its work, it shows no sign of being impaired by age. Neither can it be denied that if we judge the conclave as any other human institution devised by mankind for the purpose of attaining a given result, it has vindicated itself by the election of Pius X. Infallibility does not reside in conclaves, and Cardinals, like other men, may



[Photograph by]

[Alfieri and Lacroix.]

The House where the new Pope was born, at Riese, from the Street.

make mistakes; but neither a Republican nor a Democratic Convention in America, meeting together for the choice of a Presidential candidate, could have shown more good sense or a truer instinct or held a freer election than did the Cardinals who were walled up in the conclave.

There were sixty-two of them, old men for the most part, and an immense majority natives of Italy. Among these Cardinals France, Austria, Germany, Poland, Spain, Portugal and Belgium were all represented. The only Anglo-Saxon in their midst was Cardinal Gibbons. It is rather significant that no British subject was present in the conclave, and that the only representative of the English-speaking race who took part—and a leading part—in the election of Pius X. was Cardinal Gibbons, the Archbishop of Baltimore. Since the Hague Conference broke up four years ago there has been no international assembly which so much deserved to be regarded as representative of the world as the electoral college at Rome. For the constituents of the great electors of the red-hatted Princes of the Church are scattered over the whole world, and divided up into the 1,200 bishoprics into which the world is mapped out by the successor of the Fisherman.

The great surprise of the conclave to the outside world, and also to many who believed themselves to be of the inner Council of the Roman Catholic Church, was the extraordinary strength of Cardinal Rampolla. It has been regarded hitherto as part of the unwritten law of the Church that the Secretary of State of one Pope is never allowed to succeed directly to the Papal chair. Cardinal Rampolla for a long time had held that high office, and had directed the foreign policy of Leo XIII. It was my good fortune on two occasions to have lengthy interviews with the great Cardinal. He is a southern Italian, a Sicilian, adroit,

subtle, a diplomatist to his finger-tips, quick to flatter and ready to seize and take advantage of all openings in debate or discussion. It was known for some time past that he had entertained the hope that one day he might become Pope; but no one was prepared to find his name heading the poll the first four votes of the conclave, nor to see that in the fourth ballot he came within three votes of obtaining an absolute majority of the conclave. That he did not succeed in carrying the election is popularly attributed to the direct intervention of the representatives of Germany and Austria, who, despite the denials which emanate from Vienna, are said to have intimated that they objected to the election of Cardinal Rampolla on account of his notorious leanings towards France. Austria in old times was one of the Catholic Powers which had a right of veto upon the appointment of any candidate who, in the opinion of the Austrian Emperor, was unfit to sit in the chair of St. Peter; but the use of the veto has fallen into desuetude of late years, and it seems somewhat of an anachronism since the Pope has ceased to be a temporal sovereign. At the same time, although the Pope may still choose to remain a prisoner at the Vatican, he is more potent in European politics than he was in the days when he was permitted to misrule the States of the Church. There seems to be no doubt that the intimation of the Austrian Emperor carried great weight with the conclave. The Cardinals protested that they would take no account of the prohibition, and treated the intimation as an infringement of their independence. Cardinal Rampolla himself, while declaring that he would on no account accept the burden of the Pontificate, which he believed himself to be incapable of bearing, strongly protested against the undue interference of Austria; but it was not until after

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this intimation that the choice of Sarto became a certainty.

In the first two ballots he had not even been second in the running. In the first he had five votes, in the second ten, in the third twenty-one, in the fourth twenty-four, in the fifth he headed the poll with twenty-seven, and on Monday evening he secured a majority of the whole conclave of thirty-five. I say "secured," but this expression must not be held to imply that Cardinal Sarto in any way sought election. The evidence is tolerably conclusive on the point that, despite his having been, according to popular report, first singled out by Leo XIII. as his successor, he had no ambition to become Pope. When he left Venice, he mildly expostulated with those of his friends who came to bid him farewell; he declared that he would soon be back again, as he had taken a return ticket. It appears, says the *Times* correspondent at Rome, that the most strenuous opponent of the election of Pius X. was Cardinal Sarto himself. When the ballots began to turn in his favour he was filled with a most unfeigned dismay. On Monday morning he broke down altogether, and implored the Cardinals to find some other candidate, as he neither could nor would accept the tiara. It needed the most urgent insistence on the part of Cardinal Ferrara before he could be induced to say that he would not make the *gran rifiuto*. But even then he seemed a broken man, until the moment when he went out to deliver the public benediction. When, after his

faithful to the end to Cardinal Rampolla, and two to Cardinal Gotti. After the final ballot nothing remained to be done but for the Pope to be presented to the people in the ancient, time-honoured formula:—"Annuntio vobis gaudium magnum; habemus Pontificem eminentissimum Cardinalem Josephum Sarto, qui sibi nomen imposuit Pium Decimum."

And what kind of man is he whom we have as Pope? Those who caught the first glimpse of the tall, white figure who faced the cheering crowd in the first hour after his election, report that the features of the new Pontiff gave them the impression of a tall and decidedly pleasant and good-looking face. Few Cardinals were so little known as he in Rome. According to Raffaele di Cesare, the historian of the conclave of 1878, Cardinal Sarto had come to Rome as seldom as possible, and stayed there as short a time as possible. His whole career had been passed outside Rome, but entirely inside Italy. His predecessor had been Nuncio in Belgium, had travelled much, and was familiar with Courts and Cabinets long before he became Pope. Cardinal Sarto, as he pathetically reminded the Cardinals of the conclave, had never strayed beyond his parish or his diocese. He does not speak any foreign language, and not even his own with ease. His Italian is mixed with a Venetian *patois*; his German is as imperfect as his French; of English he knows nothing. Di Cesare, whom I have already quoted, declares that in breadth of education he is one of the most respected members of the Sacred



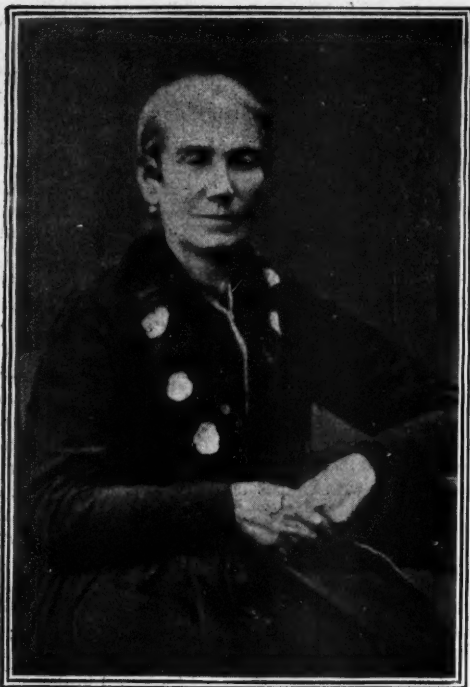
Photogr. ph by]

The Pope's birthplace at Riese, from the Garden.

[Alfieri and Lacroix.

election, Cardinal Rampolla came to kiss his hand, the newly-elected Pontiff clasped his late rival in the conclave to his breast, and addressed him with great emotion, while tears streamed down the cheeks of both. Despite his reluctance, however, he was elected at the final ballot by fifty votes, ten times as many as those with which he started, while ten remained

College. His learning, however, will conduce less to his popularity with mankind at large than the more genial traits which render him kin to all of us. He is a peasant, and the son of a peasant; his sisters, who kept his house when he was Bishop of Mantua and Patriarch of Venice, still wear the peasants' costume familiar to the Western world on



Photograph by

[Alfieri and Lacroix.

The Mother of Pope Pius X.

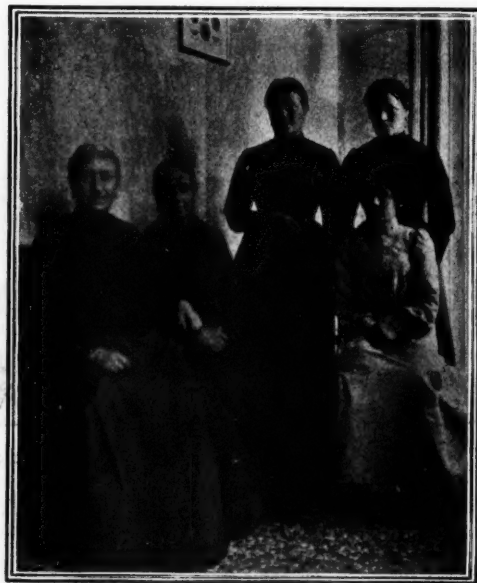
(Who died some ten years ago).

the shoulders of humble organ-grinders. He is the first Pope for a century and a half who is of plebeian origin. Leo XIII., like Pius IX., sprang from a noble family. Sarto sprang as much from the common people as Abraham Lincoln himself. His brother is an innkeeper in Mantua. One of his sisters married a tobacconist, and the other a sacristan of the church in which the present Pope had officiated for ten years as parish priest. His manner of life is frugal, nor did he when Prince of the Church forsake the simplicity which was natural to a peasant. But although of the common people, he is one of Nature's gentlemen, and among the few books that have been mentioned as proceeding from his pen is a "Manual of Politeness," which he wrote for the benefit of his parish clergy. The papers abound with stories of his geniality and humour. Unlike many of his brothers, he does not disdain the use of tobacco; he is passionately fond of music, and is himself a musician who, with the aid of his close friend, the famous composer Perosi, may be expected to effect considerable revival of Church music.

They say of him also that he was always the devoted son of an affectionate mother, and that he liked nothing so much, when his administrative duties were over at Venice, as to sit down with three cronies (who were often members of the Venetian Municipality)

to a four-cornered card game of tresette, at which he would recuperate his energies, his old mother the while sitting with her needlework in a corner of the room, enjoying the merry talk of her distinguished son. Of the many personal descriptions which have come to hand, all seem to speak of his splendid presence, his handsome face, his bright and merry eye, and the rippling humour which plays around his lips. He is a tremendous worker, keeps his clergy in good order, and was distinctly a rigid disciplinarian.

Joseph Sarto, who will be known in history as Pius X., was born at Riese, in the Venetian province of Treviso, on June 2nd, 1835. Being a promising scholar, he was sent from the village school to the college at Castel Franco, from whence he passed to the central seminary at Padua, where he graduated with much distinction, and was ordained priest in the cathedral of Castel Franco on September 18th, 1858. He was then twenty-three years of age. Until he was thirty-one he was employed as country curate. When he was thirty-two he was appointed parish priest. Eight years later the Bishop of Treviso, recognising his ability, made him not only a canon of the cathedral and chancellor of the diocese, but the spiritual director of the college. From these posts he passed by an easy transition to be dean of the chapter, and after serving in an interregnum as vicar-general, was appointed suffragan by the new bishop. His eloquence, his piety, his energy marked him out for further promotion, and in 1884 he became



Photograph by

[Alfieri and Lacroix.

Sisters of the Pope and other members of the Sarto family.

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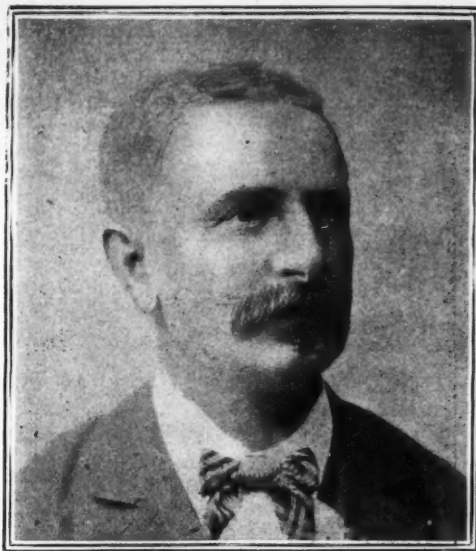


Photo

Bishop of Mantua. There was a hitch about his appointment. The Mantuans claimed that they ought to have been consulted as to his nomination, but the ecclesiastical authorities prevailed, and as soon as Sarto had established himself in the episcopal palace at Mantua he disarmed all opposition by his winning tact, his urbanity and his kindly humour.

As he had been a model parish priest, so at Mantua he became a model bishop. His diocese came to be regarded as a standard up to which other bishops were exhorted to bring theirs. After nine years Leo made him a cardinal, and almost immediately afterwards created him Patriarch of Venice. In the hierarchy of the Church of Rome a patriarch is higher than an archbishop. At the head of all stands the Pope; then come the patriarchs, of whom there are three—the Patriarch of the Indies, the Patriarch of Lisbon, and the Patriarch of Venice. Under the patriarch comes the Primate, and after the Primate, Archbishops, Bishops and Suffragans. In the same way as Sarto's nomination to the Bishopric of Mantua was contested by the Mantuans on the ground that they had not been consulted, his appointment to the patriarchate of Venice was opposed by the Italian Government on similar grounds. It was only when the historians and antiquarians had been able to demonstrate that the patriarchate of Venice was antecedent to the ancient Republic of Venice, which had only enjoyed the right of nomination as a temporary privilege which it could not bequeath to its successor, the Kingdom of Italy, that the Italian Government gave way, and Sarto was free to achieve as great a success in Venice as he had already won in Mantua.

His task was not an easy one. In 1894 there was considerable anti-clerical agitation going on in Italy, of which Venice was the hot-bed. The Bishop, however, was not long in rallying round the patriarchal throne men of all classes in Venice, especially those among whom the revolutionary atheists had made their chief propaganda. According to all the accounts



Photograph by

[Alfieri and Lacroix.]

The Brother of Pius X.

which reached this country since the election, he promises to be a kind of Italian Cardinal Manning. Living in homely style, meeting and putting on a footing of perfect equality men of all ranks, he was soon recognised as a much more genuine and earnest democrat than most of the Liberal leaders. A correspondent says:—

"He took an almost passionate interest in social questions, and threw himself heart and soul into all enterprises for the amelioration of the lot of the very poor. He lent his aid to the institution of rural banks, co-operative societies, benevolent associations—to any scheme, in fact, for the improvement of the condition of the working classes. He did not even fear to come forward himself in person in disputes between capital and labour, and it was thanks to his good offices that a serious strike of cigar-makers in Venice was brought to a satisfactory conclusion. And at the same time he succeeded in so winning the confidence of the official world that no word has ever been said against the influence which he exercised upon the people at large. His great aim, the object which he had most at heart, was to make Venice a religious city. How far he succeeded it is difficult to say, but at least he had all the semblance of success, and in the battle which he fought with the Socialists on their own ground he was not worsted."

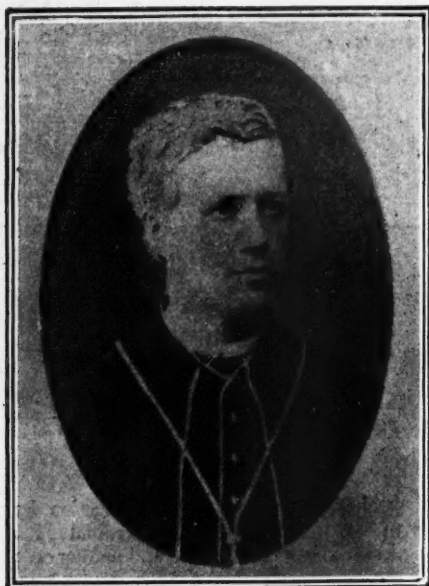


Photograph by

[Alfieri and Lacroix.]

The Inn, at Riese, belonging to the brother of Pius X.

Whatever may be his views as to the great feud on which are divided the occupants and followers of the Quirinal and those of the Vatican, there is no question as to the tact and good feeling which he has displayed in his relations with the Italian authorities at Venice.



Photograph by

[Alfieri and Lacroix.

An early Portrait of Pius X.

The Italian Government at Venice is, of course, a very different thing in the eyes of the Vatican from the Italian King in Rome. Nevertheless, the fact that he was prompt to wait upon the Italian King on his visit to Venice is remembered in his favour, even by those who note with some alarm the fact that he did not notify his election to the King of Italy, and that therefore all State officials were forbidden to take any part in the popular rejoicings which invariably accompany the election of a new Pope in Italy. When the King of Italy visited Venice, the patriarch simply took his place in the ante-chamber with the rest of the public. When the King sent him an apology for keeping him waiting, he replied that he had no wish except to take his turn in audience with the others who had come for the same purpose. The significance of this action on his part was emphasised by the report current in those days that Cardinal Rampolla had given him a free hint that he should not do honour to the usurper. If such

a hint were given it fell upon deaf ears. Cardinal Sarto not only visited the King, but took part with the Italian Minister of Public Instruction in the ceremony when the foundation-stone of the new Campanile was laid last April.

It must be admitted that his record is wholly in his favour. All who know him speak warmly of his sincerity, his generosity, and his sympathy with the people. He was a Rosminian, but he was too obedient a son of the Church to refuse to submit when Leo XIII. condemned some forty propositions of Rosmini. Once a Rosminian, however, always a Rosminian, and the Jesuits naturally looked somewhat askance at the advent of Cardinal Sarto to the supreme place in the Catholic Church. They have, however, ways and means of their own for reducing recalcitrant Popes to obedience, and they envisage the situation with considerable fortitude.

Cardinal Sarto is said to be no politician in the ordinary sense of the word; but if politics consist in the application of common-sense to the management of human affairs, he seems to have displayed no little political ability in past years. He is a good man—as to that all are agreed—and the report is persistent that the late Pope told him shortly before his death that he would succeed him as Pope, and that he felt sure the interests of the Church would be safe in his hands. Since his accession to the Papacy he has displayed great simplicity of manners, and the artists who came to model his bust were astonished to find that he refused to allow them to kneel; and that the successor to the Apostles, who is also the heir to the Cæsars, noted the time by drawing from his



Photograph by

[Alfieri and Lacroix.

Courtyard of the Seminary at Treviso.

(Where the Pope received his education).

pocket a nickel watch with a very shabby watch-guard.

In his first speech, when receiving the diplomatic

representatives accredited to the Vatican, he declared that it was his earnest desire to see the peace of the world strengthened, and it would ever be his endeavour to bring about that end. The Pope, of course, according to his theory, is the natural head of the supreme tribunal constituted for the preservation of the peace of the world. But he is himself excluded from the Hague Court, and it is to be hoped that he will work outside with zeal in the propaganda of peace, and that he will do his utmost to free the Papacy from the reproach of being prejudiced in its consideration of international disputes by its devotion to its lost temporal power.

The most remarkable utterance, however, which has been reported in the early days of his Papacy was the remark which he is said to have made to Cardinal Gibbons, who waited upon him with a deputation of American pilgrims. The Pope is said to have declared that he shared the belief of his visitors in the great destiny of their nation. He added this remarkable expression of his own belief, that the light which came from the United States would rejuvenate Europe. It



[Photograph by]

[Alfieri and Lacroix.]

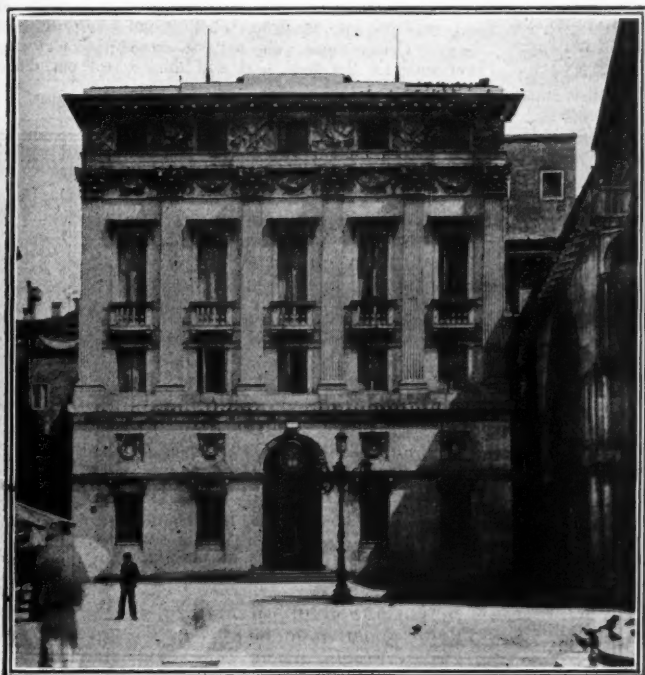
The Church at Tombolo, where Pius X. was Priest.

is singular that the first utterance of the new Pontiff should have been so emphatic a declaration of his belief in the Americanisation of the world. It would seem that Pius X. will be at least as American in his sympathies as his predecessor. Meantime, one of the first appeals that has been made to the new Pontiff reaches him from the Negro Editors Association in the Southern States, begging him to intercede on behalf of the twenty-nine millions of American Roman Catholics. The appeal is significant, both of the influence and the limitations of the Papacy in the modern world.

Of Sarto's early life many interesting details are to be learnt from an article contributed by Count Grabinski to *Le Correspondant*.

While wishing everyone to know that his was but a humble family, Sarto was far from boasting of his origin. "He had not the pride of the plebeian parvenu": he never posed. When Bishop of Mantua, two of his unmarried sisters came to live with him. "They made no change in their costume, and at Mantua, as later on at Venice, the prelate's sisters were distinguished by the simplicity of their dress, which was that of well-to-do peasants. They never wore hats, covering their heads with the traditional veil of the lower class of Venetians."

Sarto evidently from the first impressed all who had to do with him as a boy who would make the most of any advantages put in his way. The curé of his birthplace was the first to remark him; and he sent him to a



[Photograph by]

[Alfieri and Lacroix.]

The Patriarch's House in Venice.



Photograph by

[Alfieri and Lacroix.

The Study of the new Pope when Patriarch of Venice.

gymnasium at Castelfranco, where he had to walk every day and back, a long tramp, especially in the bitter Venetian winters. His success here was remarkable enough to attract the attention of a Cardinal, a compatriot of Sarto's family and of the Bishop of Treviso, who saw that the youth was sent to Padua. Investigation of the register of Sarto's seminary shows that he was always first in his class of thirty-nine pupils.

When very young he had all the impulsiveness often associated with youth. There is a story of his finding some young men quarrelling in the streets of Tombolo. One of them uttered a curse. Promptly he felt a smart box on the ear. It was Abbé Sarto, blazing with wrath to find his teachings taking so little effect. With all his early impulsiveness, however, he seems to have been everyone's friend.

His liberality verged on prodigality. Count Grabinski says of him, when appointed to the important parish of Salzano:—

The thought that a single poor person might be in want of bread was so much on his mind that he denied himself the least comfort. His table was as frugal as that of the peasants. He even ran into debt so as to have more money to help his needy parishioners. To pay his debts he was obliged to sell a lean little horse which he used for riding long distances. Another time he sent his parochial ring to a Treviso pawnshop, to get the means to help a family of distressed peasants. . . . Those about him, and even his servants (says a Liberal journalist), have to keep a watch on him, and his secretary has to allowance him like an extravagant child. At the beginning

of every month he hands over to [the Cardinal] the sum he can spend on his charities. His Eminence thinks it insufficient. The secretary invokes practical reasons of economy. The Cardinal cannot contradict him, but on the third day of the month there is not a penny left.

Yet another story is told of the time when Sarto was Bishop of Mantua:—

One of his sisters who looked after the kitchen noticed one day that the *pot-au-feu* had disappeared. Much disturbed, she went into the Monseigneur's study, and told him that she had just been robbed of the chief dish of the day's dinner.

"Well, my dear sister," replied the Cardinal, in the charming Venetian dialect that he was so fond of using; "you must not trouble about that. The author of the misdeed that is worrying you is certainly the cat—"

"The cat!" exclaimed Mlle. Sarto; "but it cannot be. The pot has disappeared, too. And besides, I did not know that cats—"

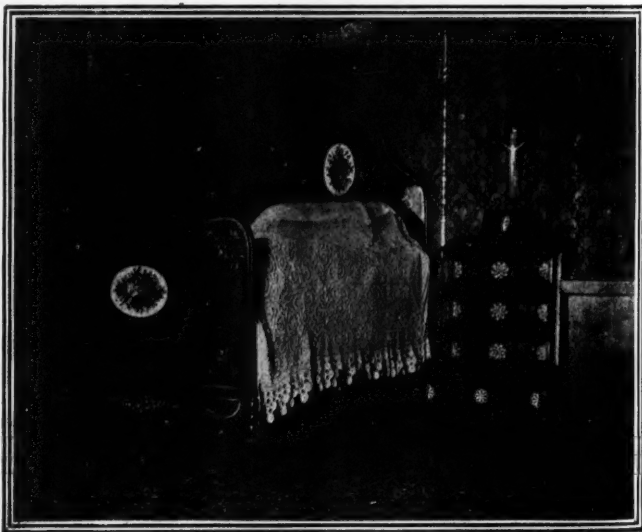
"Well, my dear sister, it seems to me that you don't look after the house very much. Do you really want to know who stole the *pot-au-feu*!—

I did!"

"Bah!"

"Yes, I did. What would you have me do? A poor man came to see me. He told me his wife was ill in bed and that he had no money to get her broth, so I gave him some all ready made!"

As Mlle. Sarto was leaving the room, evidently not altogether pleased, Monseigneur called after her, to soothe her: "Come, come, do not be vexed; don't worry any more, for the good God will think about our dinner, too."



Photograph by

[Alfieri and Lacroix.

The Bedroom of the new Pope when in Venice.

SOUTH AFRICA.*

(PART II.)

As seen by an English Visitor a Year after the Signature of Peace.

V.—THE ORANGE FREE STATE.

BOER leaders in the Orange River Colony are afraid that the old Free State is going to become a mere appanage of the Transvaal. The conquest of their country has not extinguished their passion for separate identity. With an instinct that does them credit they believe that Lord Milner intends a process of merging. The Free State was a pattern for the Transvaal, and it is like the bitterness of death to them to contemplate that they may have to play second fiddle to the North, if, indeed, they are to have any fiddle at all. It is a hard saying, but painfully true, that the time to think of that was when the defensive treaty was made between Bloemfontein and Pretoria.

The culmination of sorrow for the little republic was when it elected to stand or fall with the Transvaal. It fell after a struggle, which, as a Jingo editor said to me, consecrated their political ideal and gained them high renown throughout the world. They like membership in a big firm as little as some houses would like to be swallowed by Pierpont Morgan. But the invincible logic of events is against them. It's money that makes the mare to go; and for weal or woe the Rand is going to set the pace for South Africa. There is more red tape between the Orange River and the Zambesi than ever was known before. It is an expensive luxury, for which the mines will have to pay. The South African Constabulary, in its reduced numbers, costs more in the Orange River Colony than the whole of the civil and military administration of the Free State under President Steyn.

Near Bloemfontein are huge horse camps which signify military occupation. A more unnatural state of things never existed in a pastoral country. Though in hundreds of farms south of the Vaal mineral speculators have obtained options for which they are paying considerable yearly tribute, the Rand for some time must be the first basis of the Orange River Colony's paying capacity. It will take much longer to put the Orange River Colony back to where it was, than it will to put the Transvaal far ahead of where it used to be.

BEFORE THE WAR.

If prosperity returns to the farmers within two or three years, and if the governing functionaries of the Colony are heaven-sent administrators, the country and its people will for many years mourn the old style of life, when their interior troubles were few and they were thankful every morning that they were neither Transvaalers nor Cape Colonists. The Government was a long way off perfection; but it was

very much nearer infallibility than any other Government in the world. Complaining was scarcely ever heard in the streets; and the illimitable veldt yielded increase for man and beast. Planting of trees and cultivation of fruit gardens gave an idyllic touch to farm life, which it lacked in the earliest days when the bullock waggon was the principal chariot of progress. Flocks and herds multiplied, and stores of gold grew with comforting steadiness. Bronze currency was practically unknown. The Boer, whom Jingoism incontinently abused four years ago, kept his Sunday house in town, from which he might proceed without haste to worship God in the company of his fellows. Education and refinement were spreading their beneficent influences over the land, and giving opportunities to youth and maiden to show that solitude is a goodly estate in which to raise intellectual stalwarts. With a fine respect for law and order, there was an easy familiarity with all whom the people had put in authority over them.

They were one of the most honourable communities in the world, and they knew it. The Kaffir they held to be in godly subjection; to the white man from every region they gave unaffected welcome. They were not warlike, but their elders were accustomed to fighting. The rich, wheat-growing country nearest Basutoland was always called "the conquered territory."

And now? The Free State is conquered territory; the Kaffir, from godly subjection, has been transformed into a galling scourge of insolence. Pence and halfpence have come to proclaim, in every trivial exchange of the market-place, the supremacy of the invader from over the sea. When eyes are turned to the seats of temporal power, the gloom of the disinherited falls upon the countenance. Flocks and herds are far to seek, and a thousand blackened heaps and broken walls testify to the march of a civilisation which almost completely disguised itself. And, where once every (white) son of Adam was free to go where he chose, and might count on bed and board without stint—the stranger's room was an integral part of many households—you are within measurable distance of the irritating reminder that the earth isn't the Lord's, and that trespassers will be prosecuted.

The wiping out of the little Republic was one of the painfulest tragedies in history. They must have a stupendous capacity for belief who still think that the Bloemfontein statesmen nourished their ambitions on dreams of dominion extending to the Indian and Atlantic oceans. The country was becoming Anglicised. No sane being has ever complained that injustice was meted out to English speakers in any quarter of the State. The fateful treaty with President

* The first part of this article appeared in the August number.

Kruger ought never to have been made. But, having been made, it was religiously observed.

TRANSVAAL TREATY.

Two explanations of it are given you. One is that the old Dopper, being ignorant, unreasonable, deadly suspicious of the new-comer, was in need of restraint from the extreme practice of his own Toryism, and that the Free State could the more effectively keep him within bounds if it bore part of the risks of national extinction which inspired his sublimely fatuous acts of retrogression. The other is that the treaty was believed to secure profitable privileges in the Johannesburg market. Neither wild Boers nor "hand-uppers" can be induced to confess that military expansion was in their heads. They concede a monopoly of that species of ambition to European nations. I would not refer to this aspect of their history were it not that so many Britishers seem bent on regarding their late adversaries as half fools, half knaves, who may still be treated as an inferior stock.

"The English in Bloemfontein," said a high representative of the King to me, "had nothing to complain of in the old Government, and, to tell you the truth, I think they would rather have it than ours." If that idea has reached exalted officials, what do you suppose is the language of the man in the street? The only people who are supposed to have no liberty to criticise are the famous men who, though they are taunted with being "mushroom generals," taught the finest products of British military culture and experience something about modern warfare.

Sir Lewis Michell marvels that the British people do not yet understand that one of the greatest lessons of the war is that militarism must be prevented from repeating within the Empire the feats which have made the British in South Africa such bitter critics of the army officer. To put young subalterns in supreme arbitrary control of civil communities, the Chairman of De Beers thinks, is the negating of everything our Imperial system stands for. South African experience has shown that to make a soldier prosecutor and judge too, without any check by experienced judicial officers, is a crime against the commonwealth. The Cape Assembly may not persist in the demand for a Martial Law Commission. But if the King's regulations are not altered in the light of South African experience, we shall be a more foolish people than our enemies suppose us to be. The War Commission, whose findings are being awaited, ought to have taken special evidence—not a scrap need have come from Dutch sources—as to the administration of martial law. If one-fiftieth of the stories one hears about General Tucker's *régime* at Bloemfontein are true, the case for revision of the regulations is easily established. General Tucker has made a name for himself that will live in South Africa. His exploits might be turned to good account, and he would thereby secure a fairly agreeable fame.

VI.—THE BIRTH OF A NEW NATION.

It is futile to cry overmuch against readjustments which are inevitable results of war. You must look elsewhere for compensation for disturbance. You must turn your healthy sentiment into fresh channels. It will cut you like a knife to do it. But do it you must, if you would vindicate a modest claim to insight and statesmanship. South Africa must be a country of long views as well as of long distances. He has a lien upon its future who can throw his mind ahead of to-day, grasp clearly the thing which ought to be, and can show his fellows the way to attain it.

WANTED—THE MAN!

Mr. Chamberlain and Olive Schreiner agree that the war was the gestation time of the South African nation. I looked everywhere in South Africa for a man big enough to nourish the infant nationality and make it strong. Everywhere I was told he was not to be found. Nobody would predict his advent. But almost everybody waits for the disclosure of his presence. His instrument of concord will be Federation, the most difficult instrument from which harmony may be extracted; so difficult indeed that only genius can manipulate it successfully. The measure of South African political risks is the measure of the noble deeds to be accomplished. Sublime courage, unflinching skill, giant strength, paternal tenderness—these things may win for some man the imperishable title of Father of United South Africa.

THE TESTING TIME.

Possibly the existence of the British half of the English-speaking world may depend upon the winning of that name among a white population not so numerous as the citizens of Liverpool. The real testing-time for South Africa began with the peace of Vereeniging. To think that the much-negotiated terms which sealed the fatuity of the demand for unconditional surrender that was dictated to Lord Roberts, finally secured the objects for which war was upheld in England, is to make the mistake of foolish lovers who think that marriage disposes of the toilsomeness of life. Marriage only discloses the complexities and difficulties of human existence. The love on which marriage is founded provides the inspiration for overcoming the things which conspire to wreck domestic peace. The Anglo-Boer union which was declared through the mouth of the bachelor General and the bachelor High Commissioner was arranged in the midst of an appalling wreckage of domestic peace which will never be effaced from the memories of scores of thousands of living people.

RACHEL WEEPING FOR HER CHILDREN.

It is hard for Rachel, weeping for her children, to show herself friendly. When you try to see clearly the new political perspective which Vereeniging opened out, you must not allow your eyes to be clouded by the dew of human sympathy with men and women in whom the doleful history of the concentration camps

has begotten an impulse to repeat: "I will repay, saith the Lord." But your views about South Africa's future are about as valuable as chaff if they are not "trued" by an appreciation of facts which cannot be ignored because they are part of the unforgettable tragedy which almost destroyed the possibility of amity between two peoples of matchless virility.

You can spin your theories about by-gones, about fusion, about political machinery, and so convince yourself that the compensations of the war are as big as the war itself. But when you begin to believe that all is calm and bright, you meet some mother of sturdy youngsters who is unalterably certain that your country, of malice aforethought, gave itself over to an orgy of injustice and cruelty to women and children because she could neither conquer nor frighten the men. She tells you that God will see injustice righted, and she will gladly bear, as often as nature will permit her, the pains of maternity, so that she may breed a race that will some day vindicate its honour among the haughty people who despised it and trod it under foot.

"The women," say the light-hearted, "the women are a jolly sight worse than the men."

They are. I wonder what Mr. Brodrick would say if he were confronted with one who told him that she and the three-year-old on her knee were put on half-rations in Brandfort Camp because her husband was said to be on commando what time he was a prisoner in St. Helena.

"TIME THE SOLE HEALER."

There is no royal road to contentment in South Africa. Time, after all, must be the divine healer—time and new ideas. There is a future to think about, as well as a past to reflect over. Occasionally one fears the future; very often one is filled with hope for it. The boom which was predicted as the first-fruits of the war hasn't come. Providence was too kind to Africa to allow intoxication to follow hot-foot on fever and devastation. Business is quiet and people have time to think. They agree as to what they desire the future to bring forth, though their aspirations haven't yet found voices equally tuneful to everybody. They want a South Africa as free, as independent, as saucy as Canada and Australia—and no interference from Home.

LOCAL PARTICULARISMS.

What Lord Milner calls local particularisms as between the British are exceedingly difficult to adjust in South Africa. Cape Colony and Natal are in keen competition for the Rand carrying trade. Both dread rapid development of the Delagoa Bay route to Johannesburg. How can rivalries like these be subordinated to an ambition common to the whole country? There is not much prospect of the greater being joyfully allowed to absorb the less until a common South African sentiment can be evoked which will ripen into a national patriotism similar in kind, and not markedly different in degree, to that which has produced the Commonwealth of Australia. Citizens with

the South Africa instinct will probably come together first because of their aversion to that strange element in the community which, while it talks loudly about what should be done for British supremacy, is all the time getting ready to clear out of the country as soon as bank balances will allow.

THE BIRDS OF PASSAGE.

The mere sojourner often enough tries to offset the brevity of his residence by the vociferousness of his politics. He hangs on to the skirts of the Progressives, who say his numerical strength is grossly overestimated by the other side. But he is there. Sometimes he compiles blue books. Here is a specimen of his wisdom:—"There will never be peace and contentment in South Africa so long as the Dutch have a newspaper which they call *Ons Land—Our Land*. What right have they to call it their land? It's ours as much as theirs. I've been in the Government service here for twenty-eight years, and my pension begins in 1906. I sha'n't stay in this blooming country twenty-four hours after I am entitled to it." Just so; absentee landlordism without any land. What would be said to a gentleman like this in Ottawa or in Melbourne?

WANTED—MORE PROVINCIALISM.

Mr. Chamberlain scolded Cape Colonists for being too provincial. Learned Colonists reply that their real trouble is that they are not provincial enough. Wherein is no deadly opposition. "Provincial" is a fearful word. Mr. Chamberlain is not such an ass as to suppose that South Africa ought to be glad to take its time from the English Metropolis. If the Quebec "provincial" did that he would be in danger of sinking to the level of the Cockney. If the South African did it he would be in rags and tatters before the decade is out. If Mr. Chamberlain means that the Cape, or Natal, or the Transvaal thinks it is South Africa, and would subordinate the progress of the whole to the immediate interests of itself, he is nearer the truth than he often is. He cannot mean that the South African must judge everything primarily by its potential contribution to the pride of these little islands. If so he went to South Africa for nothing.

BE SOUTH AFRICAN FIRST,—

Sir Wilfrid Laurier is a Canadian first and a Britisher afterwards. It is no sin against the Empire to be a South African first and a Britisher afterwards. The way for South Africa to strengthen the Empire is to strengthen itself. It is as silly to blame the South African for excessive devotion to his country as it would be to curse me because I conceive it to be my duty to support my family before I go on the stump for the socialisation of the means of production and distribution. When you found your public duty on your experience of home, you know that the strength of Imperialism rests on enlightened provincialism. A good South African is a good Imperialist, often in spite of the Imperialists.

—AND AS PROUD AS CANADIANS.

I could find plenty of English people across the Atlantic to whom the greatest compliment is to be told that they are Canadians. It won't be long before that blessed form of patriotism will extend to South Africa. The *soi-disant* racial trouble is political before it is racial. The only sane supremacy is South African supremacy. South Africans have never been so stupid as to long for a splendid isolation from the rest of the world. They saw their natural destiny was in the British connection.

THE COMING CAPE ELECTIONS.

The highway to a Federal South Africa is being cleared for such as wish to walk in it. The sectionals are worrying about their sections, as becomes them. But greater than they will arise in due time. They hold the field in the Cape—both fields, if you like, for there doesn't seem a penny to choose between them. They have got to win the general election—if they can—and the work is congenial to their tastes, and commensurate with their capacity for statesmanship. They truly think that on the result of the polling the most momentous issues hang. It is their sincere belief that the conflict in which a hundred thousand votes will be cast means as much to the country as the struggle in which sixty thousand human beings gave up the ghost. Some say that British supremacy will really be decided in November. If the Progressives win they will pass a Redistribution Bill which will secure a pro-English majority for the next generation, and then all will be well. Let the disaffected rage, but he can then only imagine a vain thing. They don't want to gerrymander the constituencies, they only desire finally to teach the Dutch their lesson, as a prelude to the era of equality which we fought for.

THE HOPE OF THE PROGRESSIVES.

They admit that if ten thousand rebels had not lost the franchise British supremacy could not be obtained. They base their calculations for the future triumph of British ideals on a temporary piece of luck which would not have come if Africa had not been torn by political differences in which blood was made to call to blood, and in which men thought little of risking the franchise because they freely risked their lives. I tried hard to be convinced that a sovereign balm for South Africa's wounds is a Redistribution Bill. I am a fairly credulous man, but that was beyond my powers of belief.

It isn't in Redistribution Bills in Cape Colony that the hope of South Africa lies. Such legislative devices will not re-establish the whole country in amity and well-doing. Human nature, after all, is a more magnificent creation than any amount of political mechanism, and when a redistribution scheme is proclaimed as the sole Open Sesame to an agreeable future you may be pretty sure that from that gospel the high artificer of South Africa will not be produced. It is well that this should be the case, for it shows how grievous the

dearth of great South Africans is. One who has refused office more than once told me there isn't a statesman in South African politics. I won't set up as a judge, but I found plenty of agreement with his view.

DR. JAMESON'S LEADERSHIP.

Look at the Cape Progressive party. Dr. Jameson has been elected its leader. Dr. Jameson is more of a bogey than he will be six months hence. He is one of the men who are best liked by those who know them best. Neither the Raid nor his connection with the capitalists irretrievably damns him. He may become a powerful factor for good in South Africa, heavy though the odds are against him. He was not anxious for Parliamentary headship. He knows its risks, and is too big a man to be afraid of taking risks. Neither in his past nor in his present company is there any inevitable bar to conspicuous service to South Africa. I would be very glad to congratulate him on a notable justification of his colleagues' choice.

But the inevitability of his leadership is a most melancholy confession of the poverty of the Progressives. It may not be too much to be asked to believe that he is the Chosen Instrument to set the seal of peaceful British supremacy upon a distracted province; that the conspirator and revolutionist of to-day is the bulwark of constitutionalism to-morrow; that, generally, he has shown skill as a conspirator; and that his rise to legitimate power has been the reward of sagacity in wielding illegitimate influence. But the remarkable thing about Dr. Jameson is that as a partner in a conspiracy he was the most amazing failure of modern times. He invaded the Transvaal against the repeated instructions of his leaders. His intentions by them were right enough. But what about his judgment? He lost his head. What expectation is there that in difficult times, if he be clothed with the authority of Premiership, he won't repeat the blunder? A captain who heedlessly wrecks one ship never gets promoted to the command of a bigger vessel.

NOT A MASTER OF ASSEMBLIES.

But the elevation of Dr. Jameson, honest tribute to his personal qualities and public capacity though it be, is doubly a gamble. He has been elected leader of a Parliamentary party, in the most difficult political situation, having the least Parliamentary experience of any responsible politician in the Empire. His most ardent friends who accept gaily the inevitability of his chieftaincy agree that as a Parliamentarian he has everything to win and nothing to lose, while he is opposed by a compact and cleverly dominated host. Could the poverty of the Progressives be more strikingly confessed? Dr. Jameson is popular in the towns. But his vehement applauders think lightly of the precedent they are setting.

I would like to speak confidently of Dr. Jameson's prospects as leader of the Opposition. The proceedings of the House of Assembly while I was in

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Cape Town were unexpectedly trivial—wrangling over the appointment of committees and so on, for as the Session may last ninety days, and members draw about £1 16s. per day, there is no hurry to get to serious business, and no excessive desire for promptitude and despatch when serious affairs are in the handling. From what little I did see and hear I did not receive the impression that Dr. Jameson is cut out for the Senate. Dr. Jameson has not the manner of a Master of Assemblies. He may, indeed I am confident he will, become less and less a bogey to his opponents, because of his personal charm. But that is scarcely reason enough for regarding him as the embodiment of so mighty a thing as British supremacy in all that pertains to Parliamentary institutions.

MR. HOFMEYR.

Neither side is confident of victory in the November elections. The balance of hope, perhaps, is on the South African Party's side. But what an anomalous position is that Party in! It acts solidly, but has neither whips nor a leader. Mr. Merriman and Mr. Sauer sit together, and perform the functions of twin guiders of the Party. They are first-rate personal friends, and never dream of definite separation. If their side wins one of them will be Prime Minister. But Mr. Hofmeyr, in public estimation, is the real chief of the South African Party. The popular belief on his own side and on the other is that he gets all the hard nuts to crack, and, indeed, has more power in his little finger than there is in the Sauer and Merriman loins. This is scarcely the healthiest possible state of things. Mr. Hofmeyr's health has not been good for some years. When he was in Parliament he refused the Premiership. He is a long-headed gentleman of rare experience. But lion-hearted courage is not commonly numbered among his attributes. His most earnest admirers say he is distinguished by a curious kind of timidity. His more candid friends, instead of "curious kind of timidity," say "moral cowardice." Whatever it be, an outsider feels instinctively that powerful men should be either in politics or out. The South African Party will never take its just place so long as it is without an acknowledged chief.

NATAL AND ITS PROBLEMS.

In Natal, too, things are at sixes and sevens. There is a Government and an Opposition of almost equal strength. But the Colony has never had party Government as the Old Country knows it. No broad, deep line of principle separates the antagonistic elements which have come to the top in Natal politics. The question upon which the late elections were mainly fought was whether there ought to be a new single railway to the Transvaal or a doubling of the existing line. The elections settled nothing; and though Sir Albert Hime may not be Premier much longer, he will not retire from office as the result of vital divergences of policy.

The white population of Natal could be comfortably

housed in Bury. Two Houses of Parliament, a Lieutenant-Governor, and all the paraphernalia of administration which begets a knight or baronet at almost every distribution of the Royal honours, gives so small a population an extended bulkiness in the Imperial perspective. Durban, the most progressive municipality in Africa, has been made by the Rand. The rise of land values has made more fortunes in Durban in the last fifteen years than were made aforesaid in ordinary commerce since Durban began. But Natal natives may not be induced to develop the Rand as their brethren in Portuguese East Africa do. If something is not done to turn the muscles of the numerically predominating Kaffir to better account, Natal's native problem will soon be more than it can deal with.

RHODESIA.

I have not been in Rhodesia. Those who were there recently do not give rosy accounts of its prosperity. Abundant wealth is there; but the Raid, the London speculators, and the war have postponed the realisation of it. Companies which obtained land from the Chartered Corporation, and held it for rises, have been Rhodesia's bane. The white population is about ten thousand. The pessimists among them believe in emigration. The optimists wait patiently for the Rand overflow. Revenue is below expenditure. When cattle are free from rinderpest they are victimised by red water. But all will come right if only you say "Rhodesia's a great country" long enough. Its Government is paternal rather than democratic. There is quite as much of it as the people like.

FEDERATION AND AN EDITOR.

That is the case all over South Africa. Five Governments for eight hundred thousand whites is a pretty liberal allowance. There is convenience about the arrangement, but not much more necessity than there is for a Kaffir to have five wives. It is infinitely easier to increase Governments than to diminish them. Let a borough council try to absorb two or three neighbouring councils, and see what the operation means. Local particularisms are bad enough when the Local Government Board has to adjust them. But when "local" means anything up to territory five or six hundred miles square, who is sufficient for a readjuster and a federator?

Nobody is sufficient—yet. Before a little action there must be an infinitude of wearisome discussion. About the only man who can speak in the ears of all South Africans is Lord Milner. But he is not a permanency. Besides, he cannot lead debate, for he represents the King. The printed word will be the first medium of the necessary exchange and sifting of views and schemes. There isn't a South African journal which counts for much over the whole of the country. Probably the advent of such a periodical will be the best sign that federation is at hand. The editor is the natural forerunner of the statesman.

ARTHUR HAWKES.

A Defence of the Psychical Research Society.

An Open Letter to Mr. W. T. Stead by the President, Sir Oliver Lodge.

MY DEAR SIR,—You have expressed yourself as hotly displeased with the standard of evidence required by the Society for Psychical Research. As a matter of fact the standard differs according to the kind of circumstances to be dealt with; and if you have been informed that we are accustomed to apply the same rules to simple contemporaneous observation as to deferred or complex phenomena, you have been misinformed. But do you really think that the possibility of clairvoyant power of prediction can be satisfactorily and permanently established by means of any standard of rigour below the highest? It is a most difficult thing to prove anyhow, most difficult to disentangle and discriminate from inference or deduction from wide knowledge of the present, even in a case where the details are all correct and the record unimpeachable.*

For instance, taking your presentation of the Servian case in your July issue, and supposing that everything occurred in accordance with the most favourable hypothesis, what would it establish? Simply that vague, semi-conscious anxiety in the Servian Minister's mind on behalf of his Royal Master reflected and focussed itself in the utterance of the sensitive.† This is no new thing in psychical science, and moderate evidence might be held to lend support to a particular instance of its occurrence; but to effectively establish real predictive power—a quite unrecognised novelty in science—evidence of moderate quality is impotent. Scientific discoveries are seldom made with consummate ease. To prove that a man committed a burglary, or stood on his head at a specified time, or performed any other recognised action, the verbal evidence of a couple of bystanders may suffice. To prove that a man floated in air, or extracted coins from a constantly locked safe, evidence of a totally different character is essential. And that is the kind of evidence required to substantiate a case of real prediction.

The evidence for a prediction must be recorded in full detail beforehand. Wisdom after the event is too liable to be deceptive. Utterances, "of which the importance is not recognised till afterwards," will not do. If a number of predictions are made, they ought all to be recorded. Everything that is intended to *count*, if it comes off, should be taken equal note of. We must know not only the few that succeed, but also the many which fail, assuming for the moment that that is the proportion. The only way to avoid this dire necessity for statistics in the matter is for the details to be so numerous and precise that chance is out of the question.

You surely do not hold that in the case of the

Servian prediction the details were either numerous or precise. I take your own account in the July number, and have no need to inquire further. The case as presented by yourself is a weak one. I trust that there is nothing offensive in stating this as my opinion.

It is not quite clear what your ground of complaint against the Society for Psychical Research is. If they had pretended to investigate it, and published the result of that investigation without hearing all you had to say, and without reducing the evidence of all the witnesses to writing, you might indeed feel aggrieved; but it is not so; they did not investigate at all, they did not consider that a *prima facie* case had been made out. Refraining from investigation is surely no heinous offence. A very few flaws in evidence are sufficient to make it useless for the purpose of effectively establishing an unrecognised human faculty.

Why are you at loggerheads with us? Is it quite reasonable? We do not scoff at predictions and say they are impossible; we are willing to examine cases of reported prediction if we can find one of which the evidence is inexpugnable. You say that we shall never find such a case. Perhaps not; but in that case we must be satisfied with less sensational inquiries.

It would be easy to hold up to ridicule some of your utterances in August, but it would be unseemly. In this instance I happen to be on the popular side, and you on the unpopular; it behoves me to be specially cautious and courteous in criticism, for to be anything else would be too cheap and easy. I admire your desire to make the most of small opportunities and to emphasise to the uttermost the importance of certain facts, no matter how hostile the public are to them; but, if you will allow me to say so, you seem to me to weaken your position by overpressing the cogency of evidence which all the time is really weak.

I do not say that the prediction did not occur; all I say is (1) That the evidence for the asserted prediction is not strong, because it made no particular stir till after the event, and had been forgotten by some present.

(2) That the prediction, if made, could be alternately accounted for by telepathy and clairvoyance of the present, so that no clear perception of the future, beyond inference, is deducible.

(3) That the details of the prediction do not sufficiently correspond with fact as to successfully eliminate coincidence.

You cannot surely think that it gives me pleasure to detect flaws in the record of a prediction. It is immense trouble to make a record unexceptionable;

* Cf., for instance, a paper of mine in the Proceedings S. P. R. for 1894, vol. x., p. 14.

† FOOTNOTE BY EDITOR.—The Servian Minister, by the way, was not present when the prediction was made.

but if, as you believe, and as I am beginning to think possible, some faculty of prevision does exist, then we must hope that someone some day will take the necessary trouble, and that the circumstances will be such as to compel belief, and so add to our real knowledge immensely, and perhaps revolutionise some of our ideas concerning "time."

With high regard for your strength and sincerity of purpose, while differing from you greatly in your estimate of what is judicious and crucial, I have the honour to be, yours faithfully,

OLIVER LODGE,

President of the Society for Psychical Research.

Mr. Stead's Rejoinder.

I GLADLY publish the letter from Sir Oliver Lodge, the esteemed President of the Society of Psychical Research. I regret, however, to find in it no appreciation of the nature of the indictment which I brought against the present conduct of the Society's investigations. I made no complaint as to the reluctance of the Society to accept the hypothesis of the possibility of clairvoyant prevision. I only objected to their refusal to investigate the facts of an alleged case of prevision which had attracted world-wide attention. All that I ventured to protest against was a refusal to ascertain the facts, and the pretexts on which such a refusal was based. In other words, that a Society, constituted expressly for the purpose of investigation, refused to investigate.

I appreciate the loyalty which leads Dr. Lodge to endeavour to shield the unfortunate Mr. Piddington, whose methods of "investigation" it was my painful duty to gibbet before the world. But if I may venture to criticise his performance, I think it may be remarked that it would have been more effective if Dr. Lodge had taken the trouble to ascertain the facts. "The evidence for a prediction," says Dr. Lodge, "must be recorded in full detail beforehand." Agreed. The first question, therefore, for Mr. Piddington to have ascertained when he began his "investigation" was whether the evidence in this particular case was recorded in full detail beforehand. The prediction was made in the hearing of a dozen witnesses on March 20th. The assassination took place on June 11th. Now the facts of the prediction were entered in full detail in the Servian Minister's journal of March 24th, where they may still be seen. On March 28th a registered letter, warning the King of his danger, was despatched to Belgrade, the post office receipt for which is at the Servian Legation this day. What more can Dr. Lodge want?

What Dr. Lodge says as to the importance of recording the total number of predictions made, both true and false, is sound enough if we were asking for an estimate of the qualitative value of such predictions, or were calculating the chances that any particular prediction would be fulfilled. But that is not the point in dispute. His remark would be rele-

vant, if anyone had asked the Psychical Research Society to report in favour of the hypothesis that Mrs. Burchell, or any other clairvoyante, could always, or even one time in ten, foresee what was to happen. But no such demand has been made upon the Researchers.

"To refrain from investigation," says Dr. Lodge, "is surely no heinous offence." If this is the ethical standard of the president of a society formed for the express purpose of investigation, it is not surprising that Mr. Piddington should consider the Society perfectly justified in refusing to investigate anything. And as those who never investigate never make any discoveries, we need not be surprised at the barrenness of the S.P.R.

Finally, Dr. Lodge points out under three heads what we may take it for granted is the last word that can be alleged in mitigation of judgment. He tells us (1) that "the evidence for the asserted prediction is not strong"; and if he had stopped there his assertion might have carried weight. But when he goes on to say that it is weak (1) because it made no particular stir till after the event, and (2) because it had been forgotten by some present, he gives away his case. Since when has it been laid down that the value of evidence depends upon the stir it makes at the time? But in this case it is proved that it made so much "stir" as to move the Servian Minister to investigate the matter, to enter the facts in his journal at the time, and afterwards to make them the subject of a warning letter to the King more than two months before the assassination. What more "stir" would Dr. Lodge have?

Equally extraordinary is the assumption that because two persons—both admittedly prejudiced against all things psychic—say that they do not remember what was said, the evidence of twelve other persons present counts for nothing. But the substantial evidence of the prediction having been made rests on written record at the Servian Legation, and no amount of forgetfulness on the part of a couple of witnesses can obscure that fact.

The second excuse is beside the mark. No one has asked the Psychical Research Society to deduce anything from the fact that the prediction was made. Its first duty was to ascertain the fact. Explanations come later.

The third statement that the details of the prediction do not sufficiently coincide with fact to eliminate coincidence is also a matter for discussion after the facts of the prediction itself had been authenticated and placed on record. The essential points in the vision and in the subsequent assassination correspond at least as closely as any report by an eye-witness of the tumultuous scene could correspond with the actual occurrence.

Behind all these lame and halting excuses lies the assumption that no evidence is worth investigating unless it is on the face of it absolutely "inexpugnable," and that no psychic fact is worth ascertaining unless it is certain that it will afford conclusive support to some particular theory.

The Union Jack Club.

A SOLDIERS' and Sailors' Club, managed by soldiers and sailors for themselves, where the thousands of men of both services passing through London shall be able to find a resting-place, as warm and as attractive as a public-house, and without any of the drawbacks of many of the existing established soldiers' and sailors' homes. To Miss McCaul belongs the credit of having suggested the practical carrying out of an idea which fills a long-felt want. From her energy in carrying out this idea it comes that the Union Jack Club is on a fair way to complete success, and has gained the approval and support of all possible authority. The idea was so logical and withal so well worked out by Miss McCaul, before ever she started to interest others in it, that it could not very well fail. The fact that some £23,000 have been collected and promised towards the club before any public appeal is issued or site selected is in itself an overwhelming testimony to the soundness of the scheme and a hopeful guarantee that the £60,000 needed will be subscribed. In its earlier stages the movement received especial impetus from the hearty support of Sir Frederic Treves, who was one of the first to recognise the excellence of Miss McCaul's idea. Following in his wake have come all the leaders of the Navy, the Army, and of the worlds of society and finance. It is a work which must appeal to all. Even those who are opposed to the Army system or to militarism in any form must admit the wisdom of making the best of an existing state of affairs, while those who favour universal military training cannot but be rejoiced to see such an experiment made before the number of soldiers and sailors grows too great and unmanageable. Major-General Oliphant, commanding the Home District, spoke in no half-hearted way when he said that, in his opinion, had such a club existed in the past, many offences for which soldiers have been punished would never have been committed.

WHAT IS THE UNION JACK CLUB?

That it is a serious concern is certain, since a perusal of the many names of well-known persons on the General Committee, and the fact that the permanent Under-Secretary of the War Office is the chairman of the Executive Committee, cannot but give confidence. Since it is probable that so excellent an idea will attract still wider interest, it is well to give some description of its main details. Such may be found in a speech made by Sir Edward Ward at the Mansion House, of which some extracts follow here:—

The object is to present to the two services a club as a national recognition of their work. The Club is to be purely undenominational, and is to supply to the soldier and sailor all the comforts which a well-conducted residential club should provide. In addition to a large dining-room where he can obtain all things necessary for his inner man, it is proposed to

provide him with a library, reading and writing rooms, and a billiard room. One of the leading features of this club will be the large number of bedrooms which the men can obtain at a very reasonable cost. The management will be in the hands of the Executive Committee, which will, however, be assisted by a sub-committee elected by the members. Lockers will be provided, where the men can stow away such spare articles of kit as they may bring with them, and a safe in which they can deposit their valuables. We are in negotiations for a site near Waterloo Station, a position which we consider essential for the success of the Club.

WHY WATERLOO STATION SHOULD BE CHOSEN?

That Waterloo Station is the ideal spot for such a club is evident, seeing that no less than 160,000 soldiers and 60,000 sailors pass through this station alone in a year. In Lord Roberts' words:—

It always seemed to me essential that this building should be in proximity to one of our most important railway stations, the Waterloo Railway Station for choice, because it is by the London and South Western line that the majority of our soldiers, whether they are bound for India, for South Africa, or for any other foreign station, have to travel, or when they make shorter journeys from and to Aldershot, Portsmouth, and other places. The site which we hope to secure is in close proximity to Waterloo Station.

WHAT IS NEEDED?

It is a very strange phase of modern conditions that it has come to be considered in England that no care need be taken of the soldiers and sailors who police the Empire, when they come to the heart of that Empire. The few homes and institutes which kindly individuals have opened smack too much of charity and religion for the taste of the independent soldier. Charity is out of the question, and while they probably have no objections to religion, it seems a little hard to them that they cannot play a game of billiards or eat a meal in an institute, without the accompaniment of texts and exhortations to be saved. In the same way as these elements nullify the existing institutions, to a certain extent, so does the fact of their being strictly temperance fail to counteract the effect of the public-houses. If a soldier wants beer, he naturally does not go to the temperance institute, and so falls prey to all the temptations of the streets and the public-house. The Union Jack Club will be conducted on strict lines, but if the men want beer with their meals they may have it. The question of texts and religious elements will be in the hands of the members of the Club—that is, of the men themselves. Should a majority of these wish it, texts could be introduced, just as they might be into any officers' club in London did the members desire it. What is wanted is a club embracing as its members all the men of both services, but as liberally conducted as any club in Pall Mall, and as self-governing. True, the executive committee, which as at present constituted is composed of civilians, sailors, soldiers and marines, is the controlling factor; but all the details and practical working will, as far as possible, be in the hands of the men themselves.

A FRIENDLY HAND TO THE SAILOR AND SOLDIER.

It is a Club, says Sir Frederic Treves, which holds out the hand of friendship to the British soldier and sailor. It offers him a genial hospitality; it declines to consider him a sort of outcast. It professes to look after all his interests, it concerns itself in everything that concerns him, and it in truth extends to these gallant men the grip of a warm hand. A Club with such an object must deserve the support of every person who is proud of the name of Englishman. Up to the present it must be owned that the hospitality that the greatest city in the world offers to the soldier and sailor is uncommonly poor. Indeed, it does little more than offer him the hospitality of the street and the public-house, and when we realise the enormous number of men who pass through London every year, it is a little astonishing that in a city like this so little concern is shown for the man to whom we owe so much.

LORD CHARLES BERESFORD'S VIEWS.

Lord Charles Beresford, speaking on behalf of the Navy at the Mansion House meeting, said:—

This Club is not meant to be an institute; it is not meant to be a home of any sort or kind; it is really meant to put the soldier and the sailor in the same condition as an ordinary citizen of the country is in who can afford to start a club and keep it going. What we want to do is to start this Club, and the soldiers and sailors will keep it going themselves. Now, what will be the advantages of this UNION JACK CLUB? We all know very well what an immense advantage it would be for the soldier or the sailor to have somewhere to put his kit and his valuables, and to get a good meal at a moderate price, also somewhere he can get a good bed, and be able to talk in a rational way over the events of his life and other matters. That is what can be done in this Club. Do look at it as a national enterprise. Do think what it will do for all these 160,000 men referred to by Lord Roberts. I think something like 60,000 sailors pass through Waterloo Station every year. Fancy the comfort and convenience it would be to them if we could start a club that they can manage themselves—a club that they can go into as they pass through this great City.

A CASE IN POINT.

Only quite recently an example was afforded of the necessity for such an institution. A well-built, splendid specimen of a sailor was brought up for sleeping on a doorstep, and his examination brought a pitiful tale to light. He had arrived a few days before at Waterloo with a good sum of money in his pocket, fresh from paying-off at Portsmouth. By a stranger professing friendship, he was taken to a public-house, where he was delivered over into the clutches of some accommodating friends, who relieved him not only of all his money and kit, but of his ticket to the North and his papers. He came back to the streets without a penny and helpless. The Union Jack Club proposes to be so near to the station, that such a sailor would be able to enter its friendly portals, and be safely and comfortably at home until it was time for him to leave for the North. For every case that comes to this amount of publicity there must be hundreds or thousands of men who fall a prey to the dangers of the Waterloo Station district. The clergymen who work in the neighbourhood have a sad tale to tell of the adventures of the

sailors and soldiers arriving at Waterloo. To nobody can it appear sound sense to thrust a man, returning from long years, perhaps, of discipline with his pockets full of money, into the midst of the most terrible temptations, practically without warning.

AS ATTRACTIVE AS A PUBLIC-HOUSE AND SELF-SUPPORTING.

The Club will aim to be as attractive and as comfortable as the most gorgeous gin-palace in London, and will present the great attraction of being run by the sailors and soldiers themselves and without any "charity" at all. "It is intended," says Sir Edward Ward, "to make the club a free gift from their countrymen and countrywomen to our soldiers and sailors, and we anticipate that with the aid of subscriptions from the canteens of ships and regiments it will soon be self-supporting." There will be no feeling of obligation, however much there may be of gratitude, any more than members of Parliament feel a sense of obligation to those who built Westminster for them. Once established as a national memorial or as a national duty to the nation's defenders, the sailors and soldiers will run the Club themselves.

THE ARRANGEMENT OF THE CLUB.

Every member of the two services will, *ipso facto*, be a member of the Union Jack Club, without any initial payment. The members will pay for things in the Club just as any club members do, but the cost of things will be reduced to a minimum. Of course, it is early yet to expect any very definite plans as to the arrangement of the Club, but the broad lines are fixed. There will be on the ground floor large general rooms, dining-room, billiard-rooms, smoking-rooms, and so on; it is also hoped that a well-stocked library may be provided. Above all it is considered necessary that these general rooms should be lofty and spacious rooms, as different as possible from barracks. Above these general rooms will come tiers of bedrooms of comfortable size and suitably furnished. These bedrooms will afford the most complete privacy for the members, and can be locked up at will. A sum of £100 will provide a bedroom named after the donor, or allow that some special portion of the building may be furnished at the request of the donors, according to the amount subscribed. The scheme of construction will be so arranged as to allow for the addition of further storeys when necessary.

THOSE WHO SUPPORT THE SCHEME.

On the general committee there are no fewer than nine dukes, three marquises, sixteen earls, and three viscounts. The services are represented by eight admirals, three field-marshal, two generals, and thirty-one lieutenant-generals and major-generals. Their Majesties have already shown their approbation by attending the grand concert given in the Albert Hall, which brought nearly £2,000 into the Club's treasury. Everything is on a most businesslike footing, and every information may be obtained at the Pall Mall Deposit, Carlton Street, Regent Street, S.W.

A. S.

LEADING ARTICLES IN THE REVIEWS.

THE CRY FROM MACEDONIA.

THE POLICY OF RUSSIA AND AUSTRIA.

DR. E. J. DILLON contributes to the *Contemporary Review*, under the heading of "Foreign Affairs" and the pessimistic sub-heading "Finis Macedoniæ?" a very gloomy and sardonic account of the state of affairs in the Balkan Peninsula. The gist of his article is that the present insurrection, being merely local, cannot succeed; and that Russia and Austria have determined not to interfere, or to let others interfere, but to allow the question to be settled practically by the extermination of the insurgents. When the conspiracy which prefaced the present revolt was being hatched, Russia and Austria warned the Porte and exhorted it to take time by the forelock. When M. Rostoffsky was murdered, the Russian Government, in spite of the clamour of the Press, refused to take coercive measures, and demanded merely an expiation of the offence:—

Aided by the moral sympathy of Catholic Austria and Orthodox Russia, the Shadow of God will, perhaps, ultimately thwart this supreme effort of the Slav Christians to gain their independence, and will uproot the Christian population as well, and then the Macedonian Question, and with it the Near Eastern problem, may be consigned to the archives for a time. To open it up to-day would certainly—say the statesmen who make history there—lead to diplomatic misunderstandings and possibly even to war. And neither Muscovy nor Austria is prepared to run any such risks. Russia's policy is to gain her ends at the green table of diplomacy rather than on the costly field of battle. And what she has accomplished in the case of Manchuria she can certainly effect in Macedonia. In a few years Austria's position may, nay must, change, and with it her ability to make good her present exorbitant claims to a share in the heritage of the Sultan. The lion's share will then fall to Russia, whose only rivals will be the helpless little States of the Balkans, whom she can feed with fine words. Austria is even far less prepared for international unpleasantness than her northern neighbour. Her present internal ailments are as much as she can possibly bear, and even they may yet bring about disastrous consequences without any diplomatic troubles or armed intervention in the Balkans. Sleeping dogs had, therefore, best be left undisturbed. Consequently, come what may, the two Christian Powers are determined to keep the peace and guarantee perfect liberty to the Turk to deal with the Christian in his own traditional manner. Hence the murder of all the Muscovite Consuls in Macedonia would not cause the Tsar to swerve one hair's breadth from the policy of interest which his advisers have drawn up, just as the massacre of all the Christians would not move Catholic Austria to raise a finger against the Ottoman Empire.

Russia and Austria, says Dr. Dillon, are morally responsible for the present bloodshed. The only question is: How can their political interests be most effectually furthered? That problem solved, Christianity and humanity may be safely left to take care of themselves. Austria has now arranged with Roumania that a portion of the latter's army is to be held ready to neutralise a considerable portion of the Bulgarian forces in case Bulgaria should interfere. And, in short, Consuls may be murdered, Christians massacred, and risings organised until the Christian

population is thinned; but the *status quo* in the Balkan Peninsula will not be changed this year.

A MITIGATION IN MASSACRE.

After which Dr. Dillon proceeds ironically to show how, though massacre may be encouraged by the Christian Powers, they could by a slight sacrifice prevent some of its attendant horrors. He refers, of course, to the outrages on women and girls. The Porte, he says, wants only £10,000 to feed its own troops; not having this money it quarters them on the Christians, and the soldiers, as usual, subject the women to bestial indignities. By all means, says Dr. Dillon, let the massacring go on; massacre even the women, but spare them worse; it will cost only a trifle to the two great Powers:—

In order sensibly to lessen the number of these abominations all that is needed is that a certain sum of money be regularly advanced to the Sublime Porte, for the sake of humanity, Christianity or prestige, by the two Christian Powers whose vital interests are bound up with the success of the Turkish army. If, then, Austria and Russia between them agreed to make good the daily deficiency in the 10,000 Turkish pounds, many a Macedonian maiden and wife would receive the bullet, the dagger, or the lash of the Moslem with a blessing on her lips for the unseen but chivalrous Christian States which had sacrificed a portion of their revenues to save her from dishonour. The cost of the ransom of these unfortunate human beings would be trivial when one reflects on the enormous budgets of the two great Empires; but if the Governments from motives of strict economy hesitate to allot the needed funds, would it not be advisable at least to allow public subscriptions to be opened by parish priests throughout the two countries, and thus, besides rescuing women and children from tortures worse than death, to shed a certain degree of lustre on their respective churches, which have for a long time past been vainly longing for an opportunity of distinguishing themselves in the cause of humanity, morality or religion?

THE SOUL OF THE INSURRECTION.

Dr. Dillon devotes some space to a description of Damian Gruyeff, the soul of the revolutionary movement of which Boris Sarafoff is the head. Of Gruyeff, who, like most of the leaders, was primarily a school-master, he says:—

Like Pompey of old, he has only to stamp on the ground to summon bodies of armed men to appear and follow him. His flow of eloquence is said to be as irresistible as were the magic sounds of the pipe of the Hamelin rat-catcher. He can lead his peasants to the jaws of death, and they march on blithely singing war songs. In this way he has persuaded thousands of very hard-headed men to leave their houses, their crops and their families, and to risk their lives in a supreme and desperate effort to shake off the yoke of the Turk. The "Macedonian Garibaldi" is the nickname which this demagogue has received, and he certainly has not usurped it. He possesses the invaluable gift of making his hearers see things as he himself views them, and of communicating to them the fire that burns within him. His eloquence is thrilling, his enthusiasm infectious, his appeal irresistible. He is a sympathetic, fiery-eyed, brown-skinned man of about thirty-three years, whose short career has been characterised by daring ventures and remarkable escapes. He knows his country and his people better than any of his fellow-compatriots, and is adored by the masses, who look up to him as to their saviour.

THE SAD PLIGHT OF THE MACEDONIAN PEASANT.

The September *Fortnightly* contains an excellent article by Mr. H. N. Brailsford. He paints a sad picture of the condition of the Macedonian serf—for serf he practically is—under the hand of his Turkish taskmaster. The immediate cause of the insurrection, he agrees with the Turks, is the Bulgarian school, which turns out numbers of educated young men who refuse to return to their squalid homes. For the squalidness of the home the Turk is responsible. The average peasant has a net yearly income of only about £10, of which about £3 10s. goes on taxes. It is a common incident for villagers to cut down their fruit trees to avoid the tax on them. Mr. Brailsford says that in the most prosperous village he visited, out of a male population of 560 no less than 370 were obliged last year to work off their obligations for taxes by joining the *corvée*. The Turkish Bey landlord gets half the farmer's produce. Every village supports a number of Turkish policemen who are really parasites, the average household paying them £1 10s. out of its income of £10, not for protection, but for a precarious immunity from outrage.

Mr. Brailsford says that the average Macedonian peasant has no idea whatever whether he is a Serb, Bulgar, or Greek, but joins whichever party pays him most.

The result of the Bulgarian agitation is that the Serbs have been confined to the extreme north-west. Mr. Brailsford has a poor opinion of Hilmi Pasha, whose capacity for administering a country like Macedonia may be judged from the following anecdote:—

A consul brought to his notice the fact that mediæval tortures were being applied to the Bulgarian suspects in the gaol at Doiran. On the spot he drafted a telegram to the Prefect of Doiran and showed it to the consul in question. It ran thus: "Is it true that you have employed torture in your prison? If so, I must send a commission of inquiry." Next day he produced the official's reply, adding complacently: "You see, there was not a word of truth in the story!"

EMANCIPATED CRETE.

Mr. D. G. Hogarth, writing in the same Review on "Crete, Free and Autonomous," does not confirm the belief that emancipation from the Turk is the only condition of progress in Eastern countries. One looks in vain, he says, for indications of material progress. The general impression is stagnation and decay; the roads are bad, or non-existent, and the towns still in ruins. The fact is that the Cretans, though they have now nominally excellent institutions, are dissatisfied with their lot. The desire for union with Greece is universal:—

No one who knows the measure of success attained by the Hellenic Kingdom can believe that incorporation therein will directly add to the well-being of Crete; but increased well-being will follow nevertheless, for the union will introduce a feeling of satisfaction and finality which can never be obtained without it. It will remove a grievance of some seventy years' standing, which has often disturbed the peace of the Levant. It will harmonise Prince George's real position with his nominal character, and dispose of many anomalies of detail. Difficulties of a new sort

will doubtless arise over the settlement, but they will be of infinitely less importance than this present friction which disturbs the whole machine of society.

A LADY IN OLD SERVIA.

The *Monthly Review* for September contains an interesting little article by M. Edith Durham, describing recent experiences in Old Serbia, from which she returned only a fortnight ago. Miss Durham says that the Macedonian rising was planned well in advance, and that she was warned of the fact at a time when the European Press was declaring that things had quieted down. She says:—

Few English people are aware of the immense strides that have been made in the lands released from Turkish rule in 1878. It is no exaggeration to say that in that short space of time more has been done towards improving all the conditions of life than in the previous four centuries. There are good roads, well-appointed schools, the towns have been largely rebuilt, and they are clean and tidy; far cleaner than those, for example, of Normandy. The free Balkan States are supposed by the average Briton to be wild and dangerous places. I can only say, from experience, that both Serbia and Montenegro have treated me exceedingly well, and that to go from either of them into Turkey is to plunge from safety and civilisation into danger; from the twentieth century into the Middle Ages; off the pavement into the sewer.



Kladderadatsch.]

[Aug. 23.

In the Servian Zoological Gardens: King Peter and his Military Advisers.

THE PROPOSED RETURN TO PROTECTION.

THE ATTITUDE OF AUSTRALIA.

DR. FITCHETT, in the July *Review of Reviews for Australia*, thus reports on feeling at the Antipodes on "the great debate" :—

On the great question of preferential trade Australia at the present moment has certainly not made up its mind. It watches the Titanic debate on the other side of the sea, on the whole, with uncomprehending eyes. A number of authorities, indeed, have undertaken, with more or less success, to interpret Australian sentiment, and in sundry rash cablegrams they have conveyed their guesses to the English press. But at present Australia has only looked at the question from what may be called the local-partisan standpoint. Free-trade organs discharge much angry rhetoric against Mr. Chamberlain because they think he has turned traitor to free trade. Protectionist organs, on the other hand, bless him because they fondly imagine he has become a sudden convert to the gospel of protection. Most people are awaiting the arrival of their opinions on the subject; at present they have none. To bind within one tariff the infinitely complex and varying productions and interests of all the provinces that make up the amazing British Empire is a feat which seems beyond the wit of man to accomplish. When such a tariff emerges, Australia, it may be shrewdly guessed, will judge it chiefly by the single test of how it will suit Australian interests. Free trade within the Empire could not, for Australia, be realised without an amazing surrender of local protection; and even the local protectionists, who are now busy putting a nimbus on the brows of Mr. Chamberlain, would contemplate the proposal with quite changed eyes under such conditions. Australia and New Zealand will cheerfully take part in any "inquiry" it is proposed to undertake; but they will enter into that inquiry, and will emerge from it, uncommitted!

The importance of this testimony is obvious. If the Colonies have only a tepid interest in his proposals, where will Mr. Chamberlain find any force to support him?

PROTEST BY SIR JOHN GORST.

Sir John Gorst contributes to the *North American Review* for August a very weighty and well-reasoned article directed against Mr. Chamberlain's proposals. Its title is "A Crushing Burden to the British People." Sir John says there is nothing new in anything that Mr. Chamberlain says, or in anything that he proposes to do. The only thing that is new is that it should be taken up by Mr. Chamberlain, and put forward as the programme of a great party at a General Election. Sir John thinks that from an electoral point of view Mr. Chamberlain was ill-advised in the way in which he originally put forward his scheme. The rise in the price of food is the one thing that nobody has ever yet persuaded British workmen to accept; and for this reason, among others which Sir John Gorst puts forward very forcibly, namely, that the mass of the people spend their lives in a continuous struggle to obtain for themselves and their families, food, clothing, and shelter. Thirty per cent. fail to succeed in obtaining an indispensable minimum living wage. Hence they half-starve themselves, and bring up half-starving families of children :—

The condition of disease, debility and defective sight and hearing, in the public elementary schools in poorer districts, is appalling. The research of a recent Royal Commission has disclosed that of the children in the public schools of Edinburgh

70 per cent. are suffering from disease of some kind, more than half from defective vision, nearly half from defective hearing, and 30 per cent. from starvation. The physical deterioration of the recruits who offer themselves for the army is a subject of increasing concern. There are grounds for at least suspecting a growing degeneracy of the population of the United Kingdom, particularly in the great towns. What will be the effect of a sudden increase in the price of food upon a people in such a condition?

With this submerged or half-submerged section of the population any taxation which increased the price of bread would bring about such misery that the result would be a catastrophe so violent as to threaten the stability of society.

It is unnecessary to follow Sir John Gorst through the masterly essay in which he demonstrates the impossibility of recouping the labouring population by an increase of wages for an artificial increase in the cost of living, for in this he is on ground so frequently traversed that it is impossible for him or anyone else to say anything new. Suffice it to say that he dismisses the proposed taxes on food as impossible of attainment. "The taxation of food for the purpose of consolidating the Empire will not do as an electoral cry. Electors can be stirred up to fight, but it is hard to persuade them to hunger."

Taxation of food, therefore, having retired to the background, Sir John Gorst discusses the suggested alternative of retaliation on manufactures. This he regards as an old notion, which was exhaustively discussed when the French denounced their commercial treaty, and reluctantly abandoned it as impossible. The manufactured article of one industry is the raw material of another. A retaliatory duty would, at the most, protect the inferior British article in the British market, but not in the markets of the world. The technical education of a more skilful class of workmen, and employment of more scientific methods, furnish the slower but more effective way of restoring the supremacy of British industry. At the same time he thinks that a desire to "hit" the foreigner with a policy of retaliation will attain a certain temporary popularity, until the production of a concrete schedule of the articles which it is proposed to tax; but as this schedule will be carefully withheld until the elections are over, Sir John Gorst inclines to believe that the battle will take place on the old nostrum, and that Great Britain will not be launched upon a contest in food taxes, in which her very life would be at stake.

BY SIR MICHAEL HICKS-BEACH.

The *Monthly Review* contains an important article from the pen of Sir Michael Hicks-Beach on the fiscal controversy. Sir Michael, as might be expected from a late member of the Government, writes moderately, but he puts his opposition to Mr. Chamberlain's schemes just as resolutely as in his speeches in Parliament. He begins by declaring that there is no cause for the panic over our commercial position :—

For example, can it be true that our iron trade is being ruined if the profits of it assessed to Income Tax have increased from £1,840,350 in 1896-7 to £5,380,418 in 1900-1? The statement

that our import of raw wool for manufacture increased from 598 million lbs. in 1886 to 715 million lbs. in 1901 seems incompatible with decay in our woollen manufactures; while if we can send more than £70,000,000 worth of our cotton manufactures abroad, and find that in 1901 our exports of cotton-piece goods and yarn were more than in 1872, though values then were more than double the average of present prices, the policy of fighting hostile tariffs by free imports can hardly be pronounced a failure in the cotton industry.

THE THIN END OF THE WEDGE.

Sir Michael does not believe that it is possible to be contented with small duties. The Chamberlain policy involves duties high enough to give a real advantage in our market to Colonists against foreigners; and any readiness on the part of the Colonies to accept small duties at first is certainly no proof that the object of the new policy would be satisfied by such a duty, and the adoption of the principle would pledge us to any subsequent increase of duties that might be found necessary to carry out the object of Protection. Moreover, we cannot show special favour to Canada; and equity to our other self-governing Colonies would compel us to impose duties on all kinds of live and dead meat, fish, fruit, butter, eggs and vegetables. Taxes on raw materials would be demanded by those interested in Canadian timber and in wool and skins from Australia; and the preference would have to be extended to the non-self-governing Colonies. Sir Michael says:—

The truth is that any treaty binding us to admit the Colonies to our markets, as now, on equal terms with our own producers, while they will not admit our producers to their markets on equal terms with their own, is so unfair in principle that it must soon become unworkable in practice. You cannot base a fiscal policy for the Empire on the two opposite principles of Free Trade and Protection. The high protective tariffs, intended to protect Colonial industries against all outside competition, including our own, are the real obstacles between us, and we have been plainly told by all that this protection must be retained. It is therefore impossible to see how we could gain from the Colonies any great increase of trade, or any large measure of Free Trade in manufactured goods, which are the only articles of importance we could send them.

BY LORD AVEBURY.

The *Nineteenth Century* redeems its Protectionist sins of last month by opening this month with a first-class paper in favour of Free Trade by Lord Avebury, in which the whole argument of the anti-Protectionists is admirably summed up. Firstly, Lord Avebury denies that there is any ground for despondency in regard to our position or any ground for changing our fiscal policy. There has been an enormous expansion of our trade, and the expansion coincided remarkably with the adoption of our Free Trade policy. The income tax and death duty returns show how prosperity has increased. Secondly, we do not suffer from "dumping":—

We are told that other countries "dump down" on us their surplus products. To some extent that is no doubt true. But in the first place, if to be "dumped down" on is an injury, other countries suffer far more than we do. Our manufacturers "dump down" on them far more than their manufacturers dump down on us.

It is nonsense, says Lord Avebury, to suppose that dumping can end in underselling and destroying all

our industries, as in that case we should have nothing to exchange for the dumped goods.

THE EFFECT ON WAGES.

It has been said that a rise in the price of food would be met by a rise in wages. That does not follow, but if so a rise in wages would necessitate a rise in prices, and a rise in prices would, of course, seriously cripple our manufactures in the competition of the world. A difference has, I see, been drawn between raw materials and food. It is understood that the Government would not, under any circumstances, consent to tax raw materials. But, in the long run, a tax on food would hamper our manufactures in the same way as a tax on raw materials.

Lord Avebury gives the following instance of the effect of Protection and high wages on the cost of production:—

The Atlantic Transport Line recently had four similar ships built, two in Belfast and two in Philadelphia. The American-built ships cost £380,000 each, while the Belfast ones cost £292,000.

Lord Avebury attributes the success of the Germans almost altogether to their education and technical training and to the discoveries of their men of science; but the progress made as the result of this has been a benefit to the world at large, ourselves included:—

A development of commerce won, and fairly won, by science and skill cannot be met by Protection. To technical education Germany owes much, and if we wish to hold our own we must follow her example. But I believe her success would have been even more striking if her trade had been free, as in the long run Germany will inevitably find.

THE VIEWS OF AN AMERICAN PROFESSOR.

Professor H. L. Nelson, of Williams College, former editor of *Harper's Weekly*, discusses Mr. Chamberlain's Imperial tariff plan from the point of view of an American free-trader. He uses Mr. Chamberlain's proposal chiefly for the purpose of a foundation for an argument in favour of reducing the American duties on Canadian goods. If the United States were to meet Mr. Chamberlain's proposal by underselling his English competitor in the Canadian markets, he would strike a serious blow to the whole fabric of Protection, for the Protectionist would thereby prove his ability not only to undersell English competitors when on even terms with them, but to pay the preferential Canadian duty into the bargain. If the United States would enter into reciprocal tariff relations with her, Canada would depend upon the United States for most of her imports of manufactured articles. Free-trade between the Dominion and the Republic is, in his opinion, as natural and would be as beneficent as Free-trade between Ohio and Pennsylvania.

MR. A. R. COLQUHOUN.

Mr. A. R. Colquhoun writes on the proposed British Zollverein, in the *North American Review*, enthusiastically in support of Mr. Chamberlain, who, he declares, has fallen under a spell which all of us who know Greater Britain at first hand must fall under sooner or later. His visit to the illimitable veldt came as a vivifying flash to his brain. Downing

Street had ceased to be the centre of the Universe, and became a mere dot on the horizon of the Empire. Hence we have now to deal with a statesman of the Great Idea ready to stake all on a single throw, for there can be no doubt that on this issue will depend Mr. Chamberlain's future career. Mr. Colquhoun thinks that our Empire is not on a sound defensive basis, neither is it on a sound commercial basis, and in the third place the attitude of the Colonies as a whole towards us is no more satisfactory than was our attitude towards them some twenty years ago. The Zollverein has met with no support in the Colonies. Preference is the only thing that is possible, and the granting of preferential tariffs he regards as the first step towards Federation, which would inevitably lead to common defence and representation. Believing that Mr. Chamberlain's policy would revivify the Empire, and create a new bond which would bind it closer, and introduce a new spirit into the whole British people, he is enthusiastic in its support.

"CALCHAS" AGAIN.

"Calchas" continues his campaign in the *Fortnightly*. His argument now is that Mr. Chamberlain will succeed in his Zollverein scheme because it is not a Zollverein scheme. His real precedent is not Germany or the United States, but Count Caprivi's great system of reciprocity treaties between Germany and the States of Central Europe. Mr. Chamberlain merely asks the country to empower him to negotiate. He might get a rebate of 66½ or 75 per cent. from Canada by putting a 2s. or 3s. duty on corn. And so with Australia, South Africa, and India. "Calchas" maintains that the American and Argentinian producer would pay the whole or the greater part of the duty on corn, and that there would be no appreciable rise in home prices. There would be no danger of friction or disunion with the Colonies, he argues, as we would merely be negotiating with them on even terms, as Germany negotiated with the Central European States.

THE REAL "BALANCE OF TRADE."

Mr. A. J. Spender contributes a valuable and carefully reasoned reply to "Calchas's" articles in the July and August numbers. He exposes some of "Calchas's" blundering with figures, and shows by figures of his own how there is no such thing as a "balance of trade against us," the fact being that our exports in addition to freight, commission, etc., very nearly exactly balance our imports:—

We send out goods to the value of £340,000,000, for which an equivalent must be received in this country. To the value of these goods must be added the value of the freights and the payments for the services which the great British shipping trade renders to the foreigner. A low estimate of these is £100,000,000. Next there is a sum due to us for profit on British capital employed in foreign business, interest on British investments in foreign countries, and salaries, annuities, and pensions (mainly Indian) which are remitted to this country. In 1899 Sir Robert Giffen estimated that a total of £90,000,000 was not far off the mark for these items. Finally there are the payments due to us on commissions, insurance, agency, and similar items. Sir Robert Giffen estimated these at £16,000,000 in 1882, and they must have largely increased since that date. Let us say

£20,000,000. Adding up these various amounts, we reach a total of at least £550,000,000 due to us every year from the foreigner. As a matter of fact, we receive £520,000,000, the difference being accounted for by the reinvestment abroad of interest earned abroad and by the payments among our exports of values due to the foreigner for his investments on business in this country.

EXPORTS PER HEAD OF POPULATION.

As to the alleged decline of our trade, Mr. Spender gives the following figures of exports per head of population, showing that since 1875 exports per head have been practically stationary in all countries:—

	United Kingdom.	France.	Germany.	United States.
Average of period—	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
1875-79 ...	6 0 0 ...	3 14 11 ...	3 3 0 ...	2 16 3
1880-84 ...	6 13 2 ...	3 13 5 ...	3 8 8 ...	3 5 11
1885-89 ...	6 3 8 ...	3 9 3 ...	3 5 6 ...	2 11 10
1890-94 ...	6 2 11 ...	3 11 4 ...	3 2 9 ...	2 19 0
1895-99 ...	5 19 5 ...	3 14 8 ...	3 7 2 ...	2 18 4

What now emerges? Plainly this—that, while in the aggregate the greater populations gain upon us, in proportion to their population, the relative industrial capacities of the Englishman, the Frenchman, the German, and the American remain almost exactly where they were twenty years ago. Great Britain now as then, exports nearly twice as much per head of the population as Germany and the United States per head of their populations.

ANOTHER AMERICAN VIEW.

Mr. R. Ellis Thompson contributes "An American View of Mr. Chamberlain's Proposals." He regards the proposals as an acceptance of the American contention that no country can afford to leave its industrial interests outside the sphere of governmental care. He says:—

It is impossible to cite a single case of any commodity having been protected in America for fourteen years, without, having been made cheaper than it was before the Protection was enacted. If it be merely a question of economy, could not England better afford to spend, not £8,000,000, but £80,000,000 a year on measures to promote effectively the growth of wheat, than to go on increasing her ships of war on the principle that her navy must more than equal any other two navies in the world?

THE CANADIAN STANDPOINT.

Mr. John Davidson writes on the Canadian standpoint. A British duty on corn will, he declares, result in a great Canadian wheat-boom; but the boom will be temporary, and when it is over will leave ruin and stagnation behind it. Canada's first thought about the proposed preference is joyous acceptance: the second will be accompanied by some gritting of the teeth.

The voice of the oppressed manufacturer will be heard in the land, and the convinced Protectionist will begin to renew his partial studies of the trade question. Two things should never be forgotten—(1) that Canada is a great believer in Canada first, and (2) that Canada is Protectionist in sentiment.

THE INNER MEANING OF PROTECTION.

Under this title Mr. J. A. Hobson contributes a good, but somewhat abstract, article to the *Contemporary Review*. Mr. Hobson says:—

This is the inner meaning of the new wave of Protectionism in England: Its adherents fear lest England's natural advantages of soil, climate, position, labour-power and business-enter-

prise should not suffice in the turmoil of keen world-competition to keep enough industry within our national or imperial soil. The traditional policy of game-preserving impels them to have recourse to similar methods of preserving trade within the ring-fence of the national or imperial dominions.

Protectionism is the expression of a false spirit of patriotism seeking to confine industry within a national or imperial area, so as to defend the nation, or the empire, against what it regards as the disintegrating influences of commercial internationalism.

Now this patriotism is doubly false as expressed in that form of preferential Protectionism now before our country. In the first place, if carried into effect, it would injure our national life by narrowing the stream of intercourse with other nations, upon which in the future, as in the past, the growth and enrichment of our nationality depend. It is no better for a nation than for a man to live alone, and the economic self-sufficiency, at which Protection aims, could it be achieved, would deprive our national industry and our national life of those new supplies of foreign stock and stimuli which have played so large a part in building the very industries which we have come to regard as characteristically British.

A DEFENCE OF COBDEN.

In reply to the reproach that Cobdenism as a whole has failed, Mr. Hobson retorts that it has never been tried. We have practised only one-half of Cobden's policy, that is the Free Trade half, and ignored the anti-militarist half.

Preferential Tariffs, Fair Trade, or other interferences with liberty of imports are Protection, and Protection is economically injurious, first to the weaker classes of the nation, the working classes, secondly to the nation as a whole, thirdly to the industrial world or to economic internationalism.

But the heaviest count of the indictment against Protectionism is that it attempts to cancel the conditions of international morality: not merely is it an organised formal assertion of that national selfishness which degrades patriotism from a sentiment of inclusive affection to one of external animosity, but it shuts the door to the free entrance of those foreign goods which are the material expression of foreign life and the first foundation of higher intercourse, a better understanding and a finer feeling between nations.

FREE TRADE WITHIN THE EMPIRE.

In the *Westminster Review*, Mr. L. H. Burrell advocates "A Free-Trading Imperial Zollverein," the ideal being a free market for all nations for imports which the British Empire cannot itself produce, and taxation of products which it can produce with the object of making the Empire self-sufficing.

In this way we should be able to gradually establish Free Trade within the Empire for everything, and could coerce the world in a perfectly just and fair manner to adopt the principle of Free Trade, the only right one.

"A STANDING CONUNDRUM."

Blackwood gives elaborate statistics of the food question in 1903, and undoubtedly urges considerations which appeal powerfully to social reformers; to wit, that while we are paying more than four millions sterling a week for foreign foods whole parishes at home are running to waste, and that, according to income tax returns, farming profits have sunk from £46,000,000 in 1843 to £14,000,000 in 1901. The writer scoffs furiously at the idea that the excess of imports over exports represents our profit, but he does not venture on Mr. Seddon's interpretation. He passes on the problem thus:—

How we have so far contrived to pay for 462½ millions sterling of imports with 283 millions of exports will be a standing

conundrum in political economy for years to come. But the paradox can be expressed in another and more explicable form. For example, can it be considered satisfactory that a community of forty-two millions of people, consuming 224½ millions sterling of foreign food and drink, besides 170 to 180 millions sterling of home-grown food, should not have more than 283 millions sterling a year of its own surplus produce to send abroad? Are we doing our duty either by ourselves or by the rest of the world in consuming over £10 per head per annum, and exporting only £7 per head per annum, if so much?

This "standing conundrum" has received an answer from Mr. Spender as noticed above.

THE ARGUMENT FROM HISTORY.

Mr. C. B. R. Kent, in *Macmillan's*, develops what he calls history's argument on the fiscal question. He says:—

Mr. Chamberlain's ideal of an exclusive and self-sufficing Empire is plainly a reversion to the old Protectionist system. For Britain substitute the British Empire: the underlying conception is identical: the difference is only one of degree.

The writer shows from history that in the British Empire Protection and preferential tariffs have been tried and that experience has condemned them. That splendid heritage is worth some sacrifices; but that it can only be preserved by fiscal union has certainly not been shown. The onus lies upon Mr. Chamberlain and his followers to prove it.

FREE TRADE AND THE FRUIT TRADE.

In an article in the *World's Work* Mr. Sampson Morgan writes as follows:—

With regard to our import fruit trade, I am glad to be able to bring out a remarkable fact, forming as it does a new and hitherto neglected factor in the Free Trade problem. It is that *the profits of distribution are greater than the profits of production, and that the cost of distribution often equals the total market value of the products handled.* As we pay £10,000,000 a year for fresh fruits alone, and at the present rate this sum will soon be doubled, the profitable nature of the foreign import industry to us is apparent. We are a nation of traders. The foreign producers send us their goods, which we manipulate for our own advantage, extracting huge profits in doing so. Therefore, instead of the foreign producers benefiting exclusively by Free Trade with this country to the extent that is so often inferred, we are the greatest gainers, for these profits provide wages for hundreds of thousands of workers, and have created the modern retail fruiterer, the representative of a prosperous section of city and town traders who contribute materially to the national exchequer. It is through the large profits extracted from the distribution of foreign fruits that the immense retail fruit-distributing industry of Great Britain has become what it is to-day. *The industry has been started and built up at the expense of the foreign producers.* They have provided the necessary capital to run and extend these concerns. They have acted as financiers—interested financiers, but still financiers—of a movement that primarily benefits the British merchant. The Free Trader is satisfied with this equitable system of working; the Protectionist objects to the share that goes to the prime actors in the movement, that is, the producers, and yet the profits which come to the British distributors equal or exceed those profits which go to the foreign producers! Let a similar test be applied to other branches of the import trade of the country, and the mighty influence of Free Trade will be more readily acknowledged, compelling even the boldest innovators to hesitate ere they attempt to tamper with those principles which are the undoubted cause of our commercial ascendancy.

THE DEAR SUGAR BILL.

Mr. Thomas Lough, M.P., contributes to the *New Liberal Review* an article under the above title, enforcing the absurdities and difficulties presented

by the Sugar Convention Bill. He points out that the new Permanent Commission has power to shut out countries which supply over two-thirds of the world's sugar. He shows that many of the sugar refineries in this country are extremely prosperous, and that the quantity of sugar refined in the United Kingdom has not seriously diminished.

LONDON'S CASE AGAINST PROTECTION.

Mr. Frederick Dolman, L.C.C., contributes to the *New Liberal Review* a valuable paper entitled "London's Case against Protection." He considers the prosperity of London to be largely due to the cheapness of raw materials entering the Port. Over three-fourths of her trade is with foreign countries, and only one-fourth with British possessions, and much of this foreign trade would be risked. If London's industries—as regards their raw materials—escaped the Scylla of Preference they would assuredly come to grief on the Charybdis of Retaliation.

THE QUESTION OF RAW MATERIALS.

Mr. L. G. Chiozza-Money writes in the *New Liberal Review* on the question of taxation of raw materials. Mr. Chamberlain has roughly defined raw material as wool or cotton, but Mr. Money has no difficulty in showing that the rawest of raw materials is food. Corn is a raw material to our stock-raisers. Even tobacco is a raw material, giving employment to large numbers during the manufacturing process. Mr. Money calculates that out of £462,000,000 imports only £50,000,000 strictly is made up of imports which are neither raw nor crudely-worked materials. Of this, £25,000,000 are necessities, and the remainder luxuries. In reality, in a sense, nearly all our imports are raw materials.

PROTECTION BY BOUNTIES.

Mr. Lionel Phillips, in the *Nineteenth Century*, suggests that the food-tax might be imposed not in the form of import duties, but by giving bounties to Colonial importers:—

Why, for the purpose of raising enough food for home consumption in the Colonies, should we put an import tax upon the whole of the foodstuffs we import? The growth of agriculture in the Colonies must be slow, and it is doubtful whether it would be hastened much by any possible duty against foreign grain. A subsidy upon colonial grain payable upon the quantity delivered would be far less costly (even if it were allowed to exceed the amount recovered under the suggested rebate) than a tax upon all our food.

THE STATISTICAL PROBLEM.

Mr. W. H. Mallock contributes to the *Nineteenth Century* a very useful article packed full of statistics. He points out that while our population in the last ten years has increased from thirty-seven to forty-one millions, our national income, when reduced to comparable figures, has increased in the proportion of thirty-seven to forty-seven. The theory of the alarmist that the excess of imports over exports is paid for by a drain upon our capital has only to be analysed to be shown to be absurd. Mr. Mallock estimates the national income as follows:—

Some ten or twelve years ago various estimates were made of the total income of the United Kingdom. They were made

independently, and the results of all were in substantial agreement. The income of the country then was about £1,300,000,000. It could probably be shown that, if we understand income in the same sense, the income of the country now is more than £1,600,000,000.

He gives the following image to illustrate the interdependence of our internal production upon our imports from abroad:—

Our wealth resembles an Eiffel tower, which rises in this country on four enormous legs; but though the tower is in one sense a purely British erection, one of its four legs only rests upon British soil. One of them straddles across the Atlantic and finds its footing in America; another in Europe and Asia; and another is buoyed up by a multitude of ships at sea. This is the great lesson which an analysis of our imports teaches us. Four-fifths of our imports in 1901 consisted of food and raw materials; the former, as we have seen, amounting to £200,000,000, and the latter to £170,000,000, out of a total of £450,000,000; and any great and permanent reduction in these would mean to this country a loss of national income not of its own amount only, but of that amount multiplied by three, or four, or five.

THE COMPLETE ECONOMIST.

"The Assistant Editor" of the *National Review* appears in that periodical this month as the author of no less than 107 pages—twenty chapters—entitled "The Economics of Empire." He appears, of course, as a Protectionist, and to say that sums up his article in the concise way; to deal with it adequately is quite impossible here. Apparently the writer is himself conscious of the weakness of the Protectionist case when regarded purely from the point of view of political economy, because he relies somewhat on the argument that Protection is a defensive measure, and cites Adam Smith to the effect that "defence is more important than opulence." In this he differs from the ordinary Protectionist who attempts to give the policy a purely economic justification. The writer of this article claims that, quite apart from our relations with the Colonies, our existence as an Empire depends upon the security of our markets:—

The Empire depends upon our commerce. Our commerce depends upon the Empire. To our grasp of that truth we owed the original possession of our supremacy both in territory and trade.

When he comes to deal with the Colonies, the writer takes the same view:—

A contention that must be noticed at this point is, that the trade between the Mother Country and the Colonies will progress by itself as it has done in the past, and that we can reject the wishes of the Colonies without injuring our commercial position in the Colonies. This is a profound error in thinking, and if we are misled by it, will mean a fatal error in action. For thirty years our foreign trade as a whole has been, relatively to that of other countries, in a state of arrested development or distinct decline. Our supremacy in Imperial markets is invaluable and immense, but it is not so great to-day as our commercial supremacy in all the world seemed to be in 1872. If Mr. Chamberlain's policy should be rejected, another generation will make our trade supremacy even within the Empire a thing of the past. That will mean the end of the Empire. Our position is threatened already from several sides.

I do not agree at all with the arguments in this article; the article is nevertheless much more serious and better reasoned than anything that has yet appeared on the Protectionist side.

THE BITTER CRY OF THE UNIONIST.

At last someone has discovered that Mr. Chamberlain's projects may do good. True, the discoverer doesn't see the good—he leaves that to the reader, for the good is Home Rule, and the discoverer, Professor Dicey, who, in the *Contemporary Review*, tears his hair over the serious damage which Mr. Chamberlain is inflicting upon Unionism by his mad plunge. The new fiscal policy, says Mr. Dicey, does not make for Unionism; and since he regards the preservation of the Union as a much more important matter than any mere commercial gain or loss, he is frantic over the prospect. Mr. Chamberlain has reversed the position of parties; till a short time ago the Home Rulers were distracted, now it is Unionism which is rent in twain. If, when Parliament is dissolved, things stand as at present Unionism will have lost its strength:—

The issue will be complex; it will be not, "Are you to support the Union with Ireland," or "Are you to support the war in South Africa," but "Are you, if a Free Trader, to support a Unionist who is a friend to preferential tariffs, or are you, if a convinced Protectionist, to give your support to a Unionist who is a firm adherent of Free Trade"?

The union is not safe from attack, and nothing is more possible than that the next election will place the balance of power in the hands of the Irish Nationalists, which almost certainly would render abortive the policy pursued by the Unionists and Imperialists for more than sixteen years.

THE THREAT TO IMPERIALISM.

Not only is Unionism threatened. Imperialism is endangered also. The break up of the Unionist party means the sacrifice of what has been gained by the South African War. In addition, Mr. Chamberlain's plan threatens Imperial disruption:—

Preferential tariffs mean of necessity a system of constant haggling, wherein the immediate or apparent interest of England will be set against the immediate or apparent interest of a Colony, wherein each party must, from the nature of the case, try to get as much and give as little as he can, and wherein, though each party expects to be treated with something of generosity, nobody can say definitely what is fair, and still less therefore what is generous. The difficulty of arranging a bargain which will satisfy both parties is enormous, and the difficulty is intensified when arrangements which may be of service to one Colony may be of disservice to another.

"THE WRECK" OF THE PARTY.

The *Fortnightly* opens with a short article by "Sigma" on the "Wreck of the Unionist Administration," in which the writer speaks strongly about Mr. Balfour's shuffling, and predicts a graceful climb-down on the part of Mr. Chamberlain:—

The situation as it stands is clearly impossible. Those Ministers—and they are understood to be the majority—who are against Protection in any form, must feel themselves particularly aggrieved by the transparent official fiction. While they are supposed to be inquiring, Mr. Chamberlain is agitating. The Colonial Secretary may think, and not unreasonably, that time is on his side. Every week's delay will enable more people to get over their first fright, it will give scope for the propaganda of the Birmingham Tariff Committee, and it will allow certain unlucky sentences about taxing the food of the people to fade further into the background. It is hoped that the bulk of the party will gradually "come into line." Food taxation will not

be dropped; but it will be whittled down into a mild two-shilling duty on corn, or something of that kind; and the strong item of the programme will be the threat against alien "dumpers" and cheap foreign competition. The adoption of this programme would really be a surrender for Mr. Chamberlain, since it will mean the abandonment of the most salient features of the scheme which he produced in outline in May.

UNCONSCIOUS HUMOUR.

In another vein *Blackwood* enlarges on the awful consequences to the country if the Unionist party is broken up—"the House of Lords abolished, the Church of England disestablished, the Empire dissolved, religion banished from our schools, agriculture finally ruined, and"—climax of all ills—"the country gentlemen of Great Britain driven from their homes,"—and then incontinently credits all these dangers to, not Mr. Chamberlain—the real innovator and party wrecker—but, if you please, "the free-trade zealots," who will not forthwith follow his sudden innovations!

"A SONG OF IRE."

A refreshing change from the heated discussions on the tariff question is the metrical skit in *Cornhill* entitled "Doggerel Ditties: a Song of Ire," in which "Dogberry" bewails his melancholy fate as Unionist M.P. in the topsy-turvydom introduced by Mr. Chamberlain. Every line rhymes with "ire." The bucolic bard begins by saying "for years content I've sat for Clayfordshire"; a party vote was all his constituency did require; when suddenly "arose a Crier" proclaiming "words significant and dire" of retaliation and preferential tariffs, which "without, he threatened, we should all expire":—

He ended with the awful word—INQUIRE! . . .
The horrid prospect scattered pain and ire
'Mong all who peace and comfort did desire.

"Struggling in new stirred depths of fiscal mire," poor "Dogberry" is seized with a happy thought. He wires, "reply prepaid" to his Leader, inquiring, "Free Trade or Fair, which do you most desire?"

Back from my Leader came this prepaid wire:
"Convictions not yet settled. Both admire."
Like sudden burst of a pneumatic tyre,
My faith in human Leaders did expire!

Then he tried to Inquire, and became utterly bewildered. He tried the wire-pullers, who cried, variously, Free Trade! Protection! and Sit on the Fence! But, plain country squire though he was, he knew—

There's many a fence conceals a barbed wire,
And seat on barbed fence may land in mire!
So thus to my constituents I wire:
"Regret retire. Others inquire. Myself expire."

AMONG "Men who May be Prime Ministers," Mr. Alexander Macintosh, in the *Young Man*, reckons—on the Unionist side: Lord Curzon, Mr. George Wyndham, Mr. Austen Chamberlain, Mr. Winston Churchill, and Lord Hugh Cecil; on the Liberal side: Sir Edward Grey and Mr. Lloyd George. He comments on the fewness of young Liberals who are marked out for the highest place; but he says nothing about the Labour men.

THE LATE POPE.

"*Le Roi est mort; vive le Roi!*" is quite as applicable in these days to the spiritual kingdom of St. Peter as it is to the temporal sovereignties of the world—that is to say, the attention of Christendom is centred now on Pius X. rather than on Leo XIII. Nevertheless, the late Pope was so remarkable, and in a sense so typical of his generation, that it is worth while to summarise briefly the two articles which are devoted to him in the first August number of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*.

AN ANONYMOUS APPRECIATION.

In the first, which is anonymous, the writer shows how in his triple rôle of friend of France, defender of the humble, and peacemaker among the nations, Leo XIII. made his conquest over the mind of the public. His Holiness's friendship for France had an important influence on European and North African politics. The mission of Cardinal Lavigerie, and the constant support given by the Pope to the French protectorate of Catholics in the East, as well as the recognition which he gave to the Republic at home, naturally strengthened the position of France in the Councils of Europe. In his patronage of social Catholicism—as this writer is careful to call it, instead of Catholic Socialism—Leo recalled the great Popes of the Middle Ages. As they upheld the absolute moral law amid violence and oppression, so he intervened with all the power of the Church amid the soulless commercialism of the nineteenth century in the cause of human brotherhood. The part played by Cardinal Manning in the Dockers' Strike is referred to as a practical realisation of Leo's famous Encyclical on the condition of the working classes, and the Pope's sympathetic attitude towards American democracy further illustrates this point. Tolstoyism, says this writer, lacked the idea of social organisation, while "the philosophers of solidarity"—by which term presumably he means Socialists of various shades—lacked the idea, derived from Revelation, of human brotherhood, the equal dignity of every human creature. Leo XIII. considered that the designs and intentions of the Creator had been upset by His creatures. While Socialism invoked merely the rebellion of hungry bellies, social Catholicism made its appeal to the rebellion of consciences.

THE MAN AND THE PAPACY.

The second article is by M. Charmes in the "Chronique" of the fortnight. After expounding Leo's policy in detail, M. Charmes declares that he possessed a rare political intelligence. His power, though entirely moral, was immense. "The man," he sums up, "counted for much in the influence which he exercised, but the institution which he represented also played a great part in that influence; and there is in that fact an answer to those who announce with so much assurance the forthcoming ruin of Catholicism and the decadence of the Papacy."

"LUMEN IN COELO."

To the second August number of the *Revue de Paris* M. Bérard contributes the first part of a study of the late Pope. According to St. Malachy's famous prophecy, Leo was "*lumen in celo*," as his coat-of-arms testified; but was he the steady, clear light, the star of wisdom and safety? or was he rather, as his adversaries maintain, the brilliant comet? It is M. Bérard's aim to show the late Pope as he really was, apart from all personal convictions and preferences. With regard to the temporal power, he thinks Leo perceived that the position of a voluntary prisoner was liable to become ridiculous, and that it was necessary either to quit Rome in order to flee from the persecutors of the Holy See or else to leave off complaining of his captivity. He remained in Rome, and although he always knew how and when to make dignified protests against the loss of the territorial sovereignty of the Church, he nevertheless perceived that it was necessary to seek first the Kingdom of God that the other things might be added unto him. He sought to make the Papacy a world-power in a spiritual sense, a great pacificator among kings and peoples, schismatics and heretics.

"A LIGHT FROM SOMEWHERE ELSE!"

Dr. Karl Blind contributes to the *Westminster Review* a scathing attack on the Papacy in general and the late Pope in particular. He quotes from a letter from Garibaldi to himself that "there is not in the world a country less Catholic than Italy," and expresses the hope that the Italian Government will expel the Papacy and refuse to allow any more elections on its territory. The late Pope, he says, did nothing to merit the praise showered on him. All that he was able to do was:—

To write antiquated dogmatic treatises in a dead language or to construct little poems in Latin hexameters. In doing so, he plagiarised as much as possible from his beloved Horace—a heathen after all, who ought to have been in Hell, according to the pleasant ecclesiastical theory.

Leo XIII., says Dr. Blind, was eaten up with avarice, accumulating riches like a Harpax. He declared that Giordano Bruno had been rightly burnt:—

Such was the man who had no sooner been elected Pope than he had an escutcheon made for himself, which, in accordance with an old prophecy, was to symbolise him as "The Light from Heaven." He, a would-be burner of philosophers! No; rather a light from a place below, if there were such a locality.

CARDINAL GIBBONS' ESTIMATE.

The *Century Magazine* contains a short appreciation of Leo XIII., "a man of the rarest excellence," by Cardinal Gibbons. Cardinal Gibbons does not fail to note the late Pope's "healthy optimism" as to the future of the American race, "despite its errors and wanderings." His interest in the affairs of the United States was intelligent and constant. President Roosevelt's gift of "Messages and Papers of the Presidents" greatly pleased the Pope. One of the glories of his reign was creating John Henry Newman a cardinal. What impressed Cardinal Gibbons most in Leo XIII. was his courage, "and what I might call, in the best sense, his exaltation. There was a noble light in his face which actually seemed to shine through and illuminate it."

THE NEW POPE.

THE writer who signs himself "Emilio Elbano" contributes to the September *Contemporary Review* much the best article that has yet appeared on the life and character of the new Pope. Of Pius X. Mr. "Elbano" takes the highest view. But he does not envy his lot. He begins his article by quoting a remark made to him by a French prelate that "Poor Cardinal Sarto must have committed some grievous sin, else God would not have condemned him to be Pope, and to suffer life-long imprisonment in the Vatican."

POPE AGAINST HIS WILL.

Cardinal Sarto was one of at least three Cardinals—the others being Di Pietro and Capecestrato—who were absolutely determined to refuse the Papacy. Sarto only yielded slowly, painfully, conscientiously to the repeated entreaties of Agliardi, Satolli, and Ferrera. He would have as lief become Tsar of Russia as Pope of Rome; and ever since his election he has been fretting and pining. As Patriarch of Venice he was in his element. As Pope he is a fish out of water:—

Sarto is above all else a genuine warm-hearted priest who cares nothing about high-sounding phrases, and possesses divine fire enough within him to purify what it touches. His sympathy is not for abstractions, but for men of flesh and blood; his hatred not for criminals, but for all manner of evil. The charity which actuates him, and about which a whole cycle of legends has grown up, has its roots in selflessness and its fruit in dried-up tears, in assured sufferings, in healed hearts and hopeful souls. It is not too much to say that Sarto, who was always a spiritual shepherd and never fully entered into the rôle of "Eminence," is characterised by true lowliness of spirit.

A PEASANT AT THE VATICAN.

The new Pope was a peasant, and a peasant he will remain:—

It may have been the recollection of the modest dwelling in which he was born which inspired the Sovereign Pontiff when lately giving his instructions to the architects and upholsters, who were about to fit up his apartments in the Vatican, to say: "Above all things don't make them too beautiful, and let there be no mirrors!"

When Pius X. was a boy he was noted for his boisterous spirits, ready wit and harmless jokes:—

It was no easy matter for his parents to provide the wherewithal to pay for his education, and a story is told which, whether fact or fiction, is characteristic of the lad and the man. His mother was obliged at some period of his studies to sell a little strip of land belonging to the family, in order to pay for his tuition and keep. "And now, B-ppo," she said, "how shall we manage to get on without it?" "Don't despond, mother, God will look after us," was his reply.

HIS PAST CAREER.

Tombolo was his first parish, and there his first successes were gained. The moral status of his flock was gradually raised, and he was rewarded by promotion to the post of vicar of the diocese of Treviso. It was against his own will that, in 1884, he accepted

the Bishopric of Mantua, and five years later he was appointed Patriarch of Venice:—

In the city of the hundred islands Archbishop Sarto was extremely popular. All classes of the population revered him as a public benefactor, and looked up to him as an exemplary pastor. The breath of calumny never once assailed him. His simplicity, modesty and sympathy with human suffering conquered the hearts of all, while his love of justice, which was not always relished by his own colleagues, especially when applied to persons and institutions outside the communion of Rome, caused justice to be meted out to himself even by the outspoken adversaries of his Church. Whenever the archiepiscopal gondola glided along the Grand Canal or over the side waterways, the jovial gondoliers gave a hearty greeting to their smiling Patriarch, who liberally scattered his blessings on all sides. When he left Venice recently for the Conclave, it was they who prophesied that he would never return. "But when he becomes Pope," they added, "he will surely open wide the gates of Paradise to us all, if only that he may have the pleasure of meeting us again up there and giving us his blessing."

His habits were simple, his tastes refined, his affections warm and enduring. He was wont to rise every morning at five o'clock, in winter as in summer, and having celebrated mass at six, to hire a gondola and take a trip to Lido, accompanied by his Secretary Bressan. At eight he was back in his palace in excellent spirits, ready for work and accessible to everyone. At noon he sat down to a frugal lunch which three or four times a week consisted of rice and mussels, cooked by his own sisters, who always clung to their simple rural habits. These devoted ladies, when called to the telephone on the day of their brother's election and informed that he was Pope, at first fancied they were being mystified by some practical joker, and resented the liberty. But when the truth was borne in upon them, a harrowing cry came forth from the depths of their soul; "Oh, God! we shall never see him more!"

Pius X. has a taste for music; and what the writer calls "a genius for religion." But his intellectual equipment is not great. Of his speeches Mr. "Elbano" says:—

I have read several of his speeches and sermons, and I find them exactly what one would naturally expect a whole nature like Sarto's to write or utter: simple, unaffected, generally to the point, devoid of tropes and figures, almost colourless and sometimes interlarded with commonplaces. But, on the other hand, he has an advantage which many more impressive speakers sadly lack: he speaks with the accents which carry conviction. His simple words flow from his brain to his lips by the circuitous route of the heart, coming like bees laden with the pollen of charity into souls which they often fructify.

NOT AN ASCETIC.

And of his temperament:—

There is nothing ascetic or visionary in the composition of Giuseppe Sarto, who is full of life and joy. His singularly handsome face seldom lacks a pleasant smile, emanating, one might say, from an agreeable sense of all that is good and noble in the world, and, looking upon the man as he moves and works among his friends, one would be tempted to regard him as a near approach to the old ideal of a healthy mind in a healthy body. Sarto's soft and sometimes dreamy eyes are extremely expressive, and bespeak now a simplicity bordering on humility, now pent-up fire and energy; his well-shaped mouth exhibits lines of almost feminine softness, and his features generally are devoid of any trace of hardness or coldness. His bearing is dignified but graceful, and his gait, especially when taking part in religious processions, is majestic.

The new Pope has mastered no foreign language, not even French. He is not a diplomatist or a theologian, and in disputes and misunderstandings he will be obliged to rely on the judgments of men of whose qualifications he cannot judge.

A FRENCH VIEW.

In his "Chronique" in the second August number of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, M. Charms has some interesting observations on the new Pope. The choice of Cardinal Sarto, a prelate hitherto almost entirely unknown out of Italy, signifies that the Conclave did not desire to pronounce definitely in favour of any determined policy, such as would have been implied in the election of Cardinal Rampolla, for instance, or Cardinal Gotti. M. Charms dismisses all the suggestions of a change of policy as fantastic, and considers it probable that Pius X. will set himself simply to continue that of his predecessor. He has already shown his love for France, referring to her, in receiving the French Cardinals, by her ancient title of "The eldest daughter of the Church." M. Charms describes that dramatic scene in the Conclave when the Cardinal Archbishop of Cracow intimated with the utmost embarrassment that his Imperial master, the Emperor Francis Joseph, placed his veto on the election of Cardinal Rampolla. M. Charms thinks that this action was a terrible blunder from the Emperor's own point of view, for though it certainly disposed of the slender chance then remaining to Cardinal Rampolla, it also disposed of all candidatures satisfactory to Germany and Austria, notably those of Cardinals Gotti and Vannutelli. M. Charms dismisses the dream of a reconciliation between the Vatican and the Quirinal. It is possible, he thinks, that in the future a non-Italian Pope may conceivably effect such a *rapprochement*, but for the time being the attitude of the Vatican must be maintained, if only to reassure the whole Catholic world that the Holy Father remains independent. It must not be forgotten, too, that the Italian Government does not appear to wish for any reconciliation.

VETOING A POPE.

Few people are aware that the heads of four great European nations hold a very important privilege—that of vetoing the election to the Papacy of any given Cardinal. Portugal, Spain, Austria, and France were granted this extraordinary right of veto by Pope John V. The privilege was exercised, it is hinted, at the last Papal Conclave by Austria, that country having reason to doubt the friendship of Cardinal Rampolla. And according to a writer in the *Nouvelle Revue* the late Pope nearly fell under the same ban. Yet another interesting point made in this article is the little known fact that only comparatively late in the history of the Papacy was the Pope chosen from among the members of the Sacred College of Cardinals. Till the tenth century simple parish priests were as eligible for the Papacy as were bishops and cardinals.

In the *Young Woman* Miss Brook-Alder gives a conversational account of Mr. Stanhope Forbes, A.R.A., his work and his art school at Newlyn. He finds the Cornishmen splendid models.

"THE CHILDREN'S CARDINAL."

It is refreshing to pass from the heated controversies over education to such a sentence as this, written concerning the chief sacerdotalist of them all:—

When a man really loves children, his love for them is so great as even to eclipse our own: his whole strength of intellect and heart—all his manly tenderness and chivalry towards the innocent and helpless—seem gathered into one great abiding love, which unwraps and protects its fortunate object. Such a lover of children was the late Herbert Cardinal Vaughan.

This is the prelude to Miss O. K. Parr's beautiful tribute in *Temple Bar* to "the Children's Cardinal," as she calls him. She tells how his love found expression in the Catholic Children's Crusade, by which he sought to interest children in the rescue of waifs and strays. He wrote special letters to the children every Lent, and induced them to save their coppers for the work of saving the lost little ones; every year he welcomed some five hundred at his house to receive the offerings of their schools. He especially wished to have all the children contributing to the crusade assembled in the new cathedral at Westminster; and that they should be the first to hansom the new building. He was for having them gathered in the place while still damp and unfloored; and though the doctors warned him of the peril to his health, he insisted on taking the children after the service of offerings into the cathedral. Next year, when the cathedral was finished, the children were all there, but their "dear cardinal" was too ill to speak to them; his last message to them was by letter. Miss Parr dwells on his fascinating ways with the little folk, even with the least. She has laid the public under obligation by recording this beautiful facet in the character of so stately a Prince of the Church.

How to Banish Loneliness.

THE easiest way for intellectual people to banish loneliness and to secure interest in their lives is to join the Correspondence Club. Since its formation some 606 ladies and 740 gentlemen have become members, who are resident in all the civilised countries, and invite correspondence in various languages and on mutually interesting subjects. A correspondence is at first entered into anonymously, but directly an interest is created, anonymity can be dropped and *bona fides* easily exchanged, or at any moment, at the desire of either of the parties concerned, the correspondence can cease. Personal introductions are privately arranged by the Conductor, who is also willing to assist members to become known to each other by the ordinary and recognised ways of society. The club has been most successful in interesting English speakers in each other, and has, by means of its little monthly post-bag, *Round About*, given an opportunity to become interested in international questions and timely topics. To residents abroad nothing is more welcome than a letter from the Old Country. All particulars will be posted by the Conductor, Mowbray House, Norfolk Street, W.C.

"THE Coming Man" in the *Sunday Strand* is the Rev. G. H. R. Garcia, B.A., of Union Congregational Church, Sunderland, whose speciality has been social work among the working people of that seaport. Mr. W. L. Williams, who writes the sketch, questions whether the ministry will keep Mr. Garcia. "He is too unconventional to be attracted by what he calls the 'comfortable church club' of the suburbs. His ideal is a forward movement in a big town."

THE RESULT OF THE GERMAN ELECTIONS.

MR. WOLF VON SCHIERBRAND contributes to the *North American Review* an article on the above subject, which contains a good many interesting figures. The chief feature of the election was the complete discomfiture of the extreme Agrarian party. Not a single extreme Agrarian leader was elected, and the Government is now free to conclude new commercial treaties without the fear of an Agrarian majority before its eyes:—

The composition of the new Reichstag is as follows: Centre, 102; Socialists, 81; Conservatives, 52; Free Conservatives, 19; National Liberals, 51; Richter Radicals, 21; Barth Radicals, 9; South German Radicals, 6; Poles, 16; Alsations, 9; Anti-Semites, 9; Husbandry Federation and Peasants' League, 7; Guelphs, 3; Danes, 1; Independents, 11.

The Agrarians in it are to be reckoned thus: Conservatives, 71; Right Wing of Centre, 62; Husbandry Federation and Peasants' League, 7; Anti-Semites, 9; Guelphs and Alsations, 12; Poles, 16; Independents, 5; and scattering, 5—total, 187. Of these, however, a small number, probably about 15, may be won over by the Government for commercial treaties.

The majority in favour of the Government's commercial treaty policy consists of: Socialists, 81; National Liberals, 51; Radicals, 36; Left Wing of Centre, 40; and Independents and scattering, 2—total, 210.

The second great feature was the victory of the Socialists, who polled three-eighths of the total votes cast. If there was a redistribution of seats in proportion to population, they would be entitled to 160 seats instead of eighty-one. They will continue to be persecuted, as they were before. All the reactionary elements in the Empire during the next five years, in Mr. von Schierbrand's opinion, will work for taking away the general franchise which the Conservative spokesman denounced as the secret, unrestricted and cowardly ballot. The chief task now before Von Bülow will be the conclusion of the commercial treaties, and it is notable that Mr. von Schierbrand thinks that Mr. Chamberlain's proposals have so far muddled the situation that the present precarious conditions will continue until the tariff situation in England is cleared up.

The Casualties of British Industry.

MR. W. J. GORDON writes in the *Leisure Hour* on the killed and wounded in industry. He reports that the numbers for 1901 in the United Kingdom were 4,627 killed and 107,290 wounded. 1,524 of the deaths were on board British merchant vessels, leaving 3,103 for the home record. Of these 1,229 died in mines and quarries, 565 in railways, and 769 in factories. The death rate for factories was 1 in 5,000 persons employed, in metal mines 4·6 in 5,000, in coal mines 6·8. Accidents work out at 18 per thousand in factories. As many are killed in coal mining as in 1851, but there are four times as many coal miners; so the danger is reduced to one-fourth. One inspector reports that "eliminating purely accidental injuries, the most prolific cause is the carelessness of the worker; next in order comes the remissness of the machine-maker; and lastly, failure on the part of occupiers to provide guards." It is suggestive to compare Mr. Gordon's figures with those of the War Commission. Killed in action during the whole South African War, 5,774. Killed in British industry in 1901, 4,627.

THE NUTRITIVE VALUE OF SUGAR.

IN the first August number of the *Revue des Deux Mondes* M. Dastre writes an interesting article on the physiological effect of sugar. He shows that instead of being, as is generally supposed, a kind of relish making other foods palatable, sugar, on the contrary, performs an important function in making good the losses caused by muscular exertion and in maintaining the human body in health and vigour. M. Dastre shows in detail the extent to which sugar has contributed from the year 1664 to the revenue of France. France manufactures about 1,200,000 tons annually, of which it only consumes rather less than one-half. The application of the Brussels Convention, which is to come into operation in the present month of September, will, he sees clearly, affect injuriously the French export trade in sugar. Consequently we have not only sugar refiners and agriculturists interested in beetroot cultivation, but also economists and experts in health and physiology, all uniting in demanding the removal of the imposts on this real necessary of life in order to promote its increased use by the French people themselves. These efforts have already had considerable effect. By a law passed in January last the duty was reduced by a good deal more than half, though even now it is actually more than the real value of the article. M. Dastre gives us some highly technical pages, the upshot of which is that the processes of life in the higher vertebrate animals must be carried on in a sugary solution of 1½ to 1,000. Glucose, which is supplied to the body by means of sugar, is now believed to be the source of muscular energy. The whole subject, it will be seen, is one of great interest, and its practical importance may be illustrated by a remark of M. Dastre to the effect that molasses might be employed with advantage in the food of French cavalry and artillery horses.

Cost of the Uganda Railway.

IN the August number of *Public Works* is given the second part of a well-illustrated article on the "Uganda Railway." The writer, Mr. H. B. Molesworth, assumes a friendly attitude towards this undertaking which has received so much blame. Amongst other things, he points out that the railway, with a gauge of 3 ft. 3½ in., was laid at the rate of over 100 miles per annum, and cost £9,500 per mile, as compared with the following:

£9,500 per mile does not appear by any means excessive for a line which passes over two summits of 7,800 ft. and 8,300 ft. elevation respectively, and where the difficulties of construction were so unusual and numerous. The Uganda Railway has been laid at the rate of 109 miles a year, the length of 584 miles having been laid in five years and five months. When the substantial character of the line, the unusual difficulties encountered, and the extremely broken and mountainous country which it traverses are considered, the cost certainly does not appear excessive, and the speed of construction compares well with other similar railways. The Congo Railway, of 241 miles, rises to a height of 2,444 ft., and was laid in seven years, or rather more than thirty-one miles per annum. Cost £10,000 per mile. Gauge 2 ft. 3½ in. Natal Railways - Gauge 3 ft. 6 in. Cost about £11,000 per mile. Rhodesian Railway (between Umtali and Salisbury), in easy country. Gauge 3 ft. 6 in. Cost about £8,500 per mile.

THE ENDOWMENT OF AUTHORS.

MR. H. G. WELLS' LATEST SUGGESTION.

It is with a sigh of regret that we note that Mr. H. G. Wells has brought to a close his intensely interesting and suggestive papers on "Mankind in the Making." The last chapter appears in the *Fortnightly Review* this month. There is no reason why he should not have gone on for ever, for he seems to have an absolutely exhaustless store of luminous and helpful suggestions, even the most impracticable of which are capable of begetting more manageable offspring. The last chapters are entitled "Thought in the Modern State" and the "Man's own Share." The chief point of the former chapter is to plead for the endowment of authors. It is a good, bold proposition which he puts before the world, and there is a great deal to be said in its favour.

THE BOOK THE SALVATION OF MAN.

He points out that for three thousand years and more the book has been becoming more and more the evident salvation of man. The only imperfect permanency yet achieved by mankind is that of China, which was based primarily upon a literature. A literature is the triumphant instrument of the invincible culture of the Jews. Hence the supreme object of the new Republic would be to improve the conditions of literary productions, to make literature more varied, quintessential, and abundant, to enforce it with honour and help, to attract to its service every man and woman with gifts of value, and to make the most of those gifts. He therefore addresses himself to consider the lines upon which men must go to ensure the greatest possible growth of original thought in the State. He points out that at present a very large percentage of the energies of those who might produce good literature is devoted to producing a sufficient quantity of literature to sell to keep themselves alive. The democratic method has broken down in the world of thought.

AN ACADEMY OF CRITICISM.

Therefore he proposes in the first case to re-establish the faculty of literary criticism. The branch of literature that is first to be put on a sound footing is critical literature. He would like to have all capable writers formed into a guild, from which a sort of academy could be elected. Such a guild would put the best people upon its list, although they refused to serve; but his more practical suggestion is that a magazine should be founded by a couple of thousand persons, who would guarantee subscriptions on condition that the best critics in England should write sound reviews of all the important new books, the essence of the scheme being that the writers should be highly paid, and should not be driven to do more work than they could turn out of persistent high quality. He would endow university lectureships and readerships of contemporary criticism, in which questions of style and method could be illustrated by quotation, not necessarily of a flattering sort, from

contemporary work. There would be several chairs, and a few extension lectures could be set afloat upon the same channel.

THE QUESTION OF COPYRIGHT.

But Mr. Wells is still unsatisfied. There must be many channels, for no single method of selection, help, honour and payment can be accepted. He therefore proposes that the author should be protected from the pressure of immediate necessities, first of all by forbidding him to part for ever with his copyrights. Any bargain which rendered it impossible for him to revise, abbreviate or alter what he had written would be *ipso facto* invalid. He should not be able to make any bargain with a publisher for a longer period than seven years, unless he chose to make his copyright an immediate present to the world by declaring it null and void. Upon this proposal Mr. Wells suggests that it is possible to pay for the public service of good writing, and to do honour to men of letters and thought by buying up their copyrights and completely extinguishing them so as to render them universally available as cheaply as possible.

ONE ENDOWED AUTHOR FOR EVERY 100,000.

But his most audacious proposal is that we should subsidise or endow to the extent of £800 to £2,000 a year one author for every 100,000 of the population. That would mean that there would be 400 subsidised authors for Great Britain, each drawing from £800 to £1,000 a year. From this general body he would elect every year four or five of the seniors to form a sort of academy, say of 100 in number, each of whom would receive £2,000 a year. This could all be provided for at the cost of £500,000 a year. Much of this money would be met by the value of the copyrights which the subsidised person would have to surrender. Every year eighteen to twenty authors would have to be selected for the purpose of being added to the list of the subsidised. Mr. Wells suggests that one or two each might be appointed by grouped universities, by the Guild of Authors, by the Academy of History and Philosophy, by the Royal Society, and by the Privy Council. I have only room to quote the words with which Mr. Wells brings his admirable series of papers to a close:—

To know all one can of one's self in relation to the world about one, to think out all one can, to take nothing for granted except by reason of one's unavoidable limitations, to be swift, indeed, but not hasty, to be strong but not violent, to be as watchful of one's self as it is given one to be, is the manifest duty of all who would subserve the New Republic. For the New Republican, as for his forerunner, the Puritan, conscience and discipline must saturate life. He must be ruled by duty and a certain ritual in life. Every day and every week he must set aside time to read and to think, to commune with others and himself, he must be as jealous of his health and strength as the Levites of old. Can we in this generation make but a few thousands of such men and women, men and women who are not afraid to live, men and women with a common faith and a common understanding, then, indeed, our work will be done. They will in their own time take this world as a sculptor takes his marble, and shape it better than all our dreams.

AN AMERICAN-INDIAN COMPOSER.

In *Harper's Magazine* Natalie Curtis relates charmingly the finding, among the Indians making roads for the American Government, a composer named Koianimptiwa. Of him, she says:—

His slanting eyes had a dreamy charm, his face was thoughtful almost to gravity; the easy good nature and ready joke of the Hopi seemed foreign to him. His cheeks were hollow, his shoulders high, and his whole appearance delicate and spiritual. He was dressed in American clothing, but for all that he was a picturesque figure as he took his seat upon an upturned box before the phonograph. His thick hair was parted in the middle and hung on either side. It was not long enough to tie up behind in true Hopi fashion, for Koianimptiwa worked at road-making, and the Government employs only those Indians who are willing to cut their hair. But he was still beautiful in spite of the Government's decree, for his black locks, instead of being sheared off short, like those of so many Indians, hung below his ears in a glossy sweep, making an oval frame for his thin face. He was a study in black and white for an artist. His high, broad shoulders, lithe frame, and slim, sinewy muscles were sharply outlined beneath a tight-fitting black jersey. He wore duck overalls and a broad black felt hat, which fastened under his chin with a cord. He resembled more a study by Velasquez than our common idea of an American Indian.

He sang his song into a phonograph, and the writer gives of it the following translation:—

Yellow butterflies
With pollen-painted faces
Chase one another in brilliant throng
Over the blossoming virgin corn.
Blue butterflies
With pollen-painted faces
Chase one another in brilliant streams
Over the blossoming virgin beans.
Over the blossoming virgin corn
The wild bees hum:
Over the blossoming virgin beans
The wild bees hum.
Over your field of growing corn
All day shall come the thunder-cloud:
Over your field of growing corn
All day shall come the rushing rain.

This poem the composer explained, when requested, in the most charming simple way:—

"My song," he began, "is about the butterflies flying over the corn-fields and over the beans. They are blue and they are yellow; their faces are bright; and I cannot explain in English how that is. One butterfly is running after the other like the hunt, and there are many. But I cannot say that just in English, either. The second part is about the bees. They are flying over the corn and over the beans and singing. And I must explain: it is not the big corn and the big beans; my song is about the corn and beans when they are little. Then comes the thunder in the cloud, and that is hanging over the corn-field. Then comes the rain; and I cannot tell you just how that is in English. It first comes afar off, a little bit—drops—then lots of them falling very fast. That is what the song means, but I cannot say it right."

Asked how he made his song, the young Indian replied simply:—

"It was like this," he answered. "Yesterday I go all day with my burro to load wood, and while I load my wood I make my song."

Then he added:—

"I do not make first words, then music. I make a song. My song has words and music."

TUNA FISHING IN AMERICA.

"TEN feet in air, hovering over the clear blue waters of the Santa Catalina channel, a brilliant living meteor, scintillating with light, the tuna is the embodiment of life, activity, power, and the peculiar vigour that makes a game fish."

Thus Mr. C. F. Holder describes the tuna in *Badminton's Magazine*, to which he contributes an interesting article on the catching of these huge fishes, which sometimes turn the scale at 250 lbs. This is the record for rod and reel, but the fish caught by nets sometimes weigh over 1,000 lbs.:—

Tuna-fishing has evolved a boat for the purpose—a broad, wide-sterned launch, with a four-horse power gasoline engine. Two comfortable seats are rigged in the stern, where the anglers sit, one fishing to the right, the other to the left, the boatman being at once gaffer and engineer. At the strike he stops the boat and backs her if necessary, and while the angler is playing the fish turns her about with an oar, keeping the stern to the fish. Casting with a bait (the flying fish) which weighs five or six pounds is somewhat of an art in itself, and the tyro requires a "city lot" for his experiments. The method is to reel the bait to the rod-tip and cast with both hands, when the bait can be hurled a long distance, and, falling with a crash, is assumed by the tuna to be a flying fish at the end of its flight, which is usually terminated with a splash.

But the mere hooking of the fish is nothing, and is only the overture, so to say, to an hour-long struggle for the mastery between the man and the fish, joined by only a slender line as thin as fine piano wire. It is a contest demanding all the skill and all the art of the man; it is no mere butchery:—

There is a vast difference in tunas. Some can be taken in twenty minutes, others in half an hour, but these are probably weakened at the breeding season. The fish at its prime is a hard fighter, an uncompromising foe to the angler, and the accounts of the struggles with fishes in their best condition would make a volume which would rank with the tales of the experiences of great game hunters on land. The great physical power of the tuna is beyond question. I fought one for four hours, during which it towed the boat slowly but steadily ten miles. At one time we were out to sea, again inshore, always fighting, and the boatman holding his oars against the fish; and when it is remembered that the line is not much larger than that used by many persons as an eyeglass cord the wonder deepens. The longest contest on record was fourteen hours.

Probably not over one hundred and fifty tunas of over a hundred pounds weight have been taken with a rod in the few years they have been fished for.

In *Munsey's Magazine* there is nothing of special importance. Mr. Harvey Sutherland describes "The War against the Mosquito" carried on in those parts of the United States hitherto rendered useless by this pest. Spraying the meadows with oil, and coating with oil the small stagnant pools beloved of mosquitoes, are some of the remedies employed. The Americans are now setting themselves systematically to reclaim a great deal of the marshy land along their coasts, now nothing but a breeding-ground for mosquitoes, which infest the surrounding country. Once get the salt out of this land, it is highly fertile. The Dutch have done something the same with their country; England has reclaimed the Fens; and America is not going to be beaten by either Dutchman or Englishman.

THE MUSE OF THE MUSIC-HALL.

MR. MICHAEL McDONAGH contributes to the *Nineteenth Century* for September a very amusing article, built up mainly of specimens of music-hall lyrics. The people, he says, care more for low comedy in their ballads than for sentiment, and the specimens of the Music Hall Muse, whether comedy or not, are beyond all question sufficiently low. The people, according to Mr. McDonagh, will not have good literature at any price :—

The low humour and vulgarity of these ballads, their mawkish sentimentality, their tawdry patriotism, stir the great heart of the people, when songs expressing the thoughts of master minds, and glowing with passion and poetry, or even music-hall songs of a better class, truly depicting the real pathos and the true comedy of their own lives, would leave them cold.

The writers of music-hall ballads are mostly almost illiterate men, whose success springs from their powers of observation and real knowledge of lower-class customs and modes of thought. The ordinary price of a song appears to be a guinea. Women do not write music-hall songs—perhaps that accounts for their badness. The singing right costs the singer a guinea. Enormous sums are netted by publishers from successful songs. The publisher of "Tommy Atkins" bought that song for the customary guinea, and made in a year between £4,000 and £5,000.

But Mr. McDonagh's text, though good, is cast into the shade by his quotations. Some of his choruses are masterpieces. The following is one from a song on the joys of matrimony :—

"Yes, she takes them to your nearest uncle's,
And she'll pledge them as a wife should do,
And she comes home tight, about twelve o'clock at night,
And she'll mop the blessed floor with you !"

Volunteering is evidently despised by those who enjoy the companionship of the Regular, as the following indicates :—

"I thought he was a soldier all the day,
Because for everything he let me pay ;
I took him home and gave him grub and beer,
And then he said he was a Volunteer.
I thought he was a scamp, and told him so,
And as I cried, 'You villain ! you must go !'
In came the boss and missus on our track,
They threw him out and then gave me the sack.

Chorus.

"And to think that I've walked with a Grenadier,
And a 'Cold-cream' guard as well ;
With a 'colour bloke' in the Infantry,
And every rank of Artillery,
To think that a sergeant of Dragoons
Has whispered, 'I love to hold yer !'
And then to be squeezed and fondled by
A bandy-legged Saturday soldier !"

However, the music-hall song-writer seldom (except when he gets on to drink) departs from the felicities of domestic life :—

"I was never a chap to make trouble, d'ye see,
I always take things calm and cool as can be ;
But yesterday when I went home after tea
I was startled by my youngster Teddy,
Who said, 'O to-day, dad, we have had a game,
For to see ma this morning my new uncle came.'
'New uncle,' said I, 'and pray what was his name ?'

The youngster replied, 'Uncle Freddy,
And he's coming again by-and-by,
So to get home and see him do try.
He will make you laugh when he comes, now, you see.'
So I said, 'Oh, will he ?'
'He'll sit on the couch and take ma on his knee.'
So I said, 'Oh, will he ?'
'Nice fairy stories to me he will tell,
First he'll kiss mamma and then baby Nell,
And if you're at home perhaps he'll kiss you as well,
So I said, 'Oh, will he ?'

The hire-purchase system is hardly recommended in the following refrain :—

Chorus.

"For a beautiful rickety table,
Beautiful bandy chairs,
Beautiful bedstead that won't stand up,
So we're sleeping on the stairs.
Chest of drawers walked out of doors
As soon as we lit the fire—
Beautiful Home, Beautiful Home,
Beautiful Home on Hire."

This gentleman's reason for not getting married is quite equal to Monsieur Romain Daurignac's :—

"My pals all ask me why I ain't
Been married up till now ;
I tell 'em it's not good for me—
I ain't got the pluck, somehow ;
Go buying rings and wedding things,
And riding to church in state ;
What ! take on fourteen stone of wife,
When the landlady's only eight !
She always cooks me all my meals,
And lets me sit by the fire ;
So, while he's got his landlady,
What more can a chap require ?"

The music-hall song-writer is sometimes sentimental. On the whole I prefer his humour to his sentiment :—

Chorus.

"For the children's sake
She toils on day by day,
Working her fingers to the bone,
Wearing her young life away.
So it will be till she falls asleep,
Never again to wake ;
For she bears her cross like a mother true,
For the children's sake."

Mystic Powers in the Rustic Mind.

"WITCHES in 1903" is the challenging title under which Mr. James Blyth recounts in *Cassell's* some Norfolk superstitions of to-day. After reciting much that is grotesque, and even worse than grotesque, the writer confesses to a doubt whether, after all, the country bumpkin is not wiser than the town sceptic. He says :—

But sometimes the accounts of marvellous happenings are so earnest, the fear so real, and the facts indubitably so curious, that an open mind may be pardoned for wondering if common-sense is the only reliable sense. One doubts if all the laws of Nature are really best known to our scientists, or if the people of the marsh, resting in Nature's lap, far from the materialism of towns, continually under the influence of the sky, the wind, the rustle of leaves, reeds, and sedge, the plash of water and the cries of wild life, may not still possess some mystic powers which have been said to exist as far back as history or tradition can take us. We may wonder whether, in the cultivation of the intellect, some mysterious aura, some occult sense, is lost which is preserved amongst these children of the fens.

AN AMERICAN DIPLOMAT'S REMINISCENCES.

BY THE HON. A. D. WHITE.

IN the *Century Illustrated Monthly* for September the Hon. Andrew D. White, formerly United States Ambassador at Berlin, contributes some "Chapters From my Diplomatic Life." The reminiscences concern many well-known characters of several nationalities. Professor Hermann Grimm's transcendentalism did not prevent his minute attention to prosaic realities:—

Anyone inviting him to dine was likely to receive an answer asking how the dining-room was lighted, whether by gas, oil, or wax; also how the lights were placed, whether high or low; and what the principal dishes were to be: and on the answer depended his acceptance or declination.

Another anecdote concerns Hoffmann:—

He had arrived in Glasgow late on Saturday night, and on Sunday morning went to call on Professor Sir William Thomson, now Lord Kelvin. The door-bell was answered by a woman servant, of whom Hoffmann asked if Sir William was at home. To this the servant answered, "Sir, he most certainly is not." Hoffmann then asked, "Could you tell me where I could find him?" She answered, "Sir, you will find him at church, where you ought to be."

Concerning French statesmen Mr. White has much to say. President Grévy only complained reproachfully to him that "Vous nous inondez de vos produits," and altogether failed greatly to impress the American diplomatist. M. Barthélemy Saint-Hilaire, then Minister of Foreign Affairs, he found far more interesting:—

He said that Bismarck was very kind personally to Thiers during the terrible negotiations—that if Bismarck could have had his way he would have asked a larger indemnity, say seven milliards, and would have left Alsace-Lorraine to France; that France would gladly have paid a much larger sum than five



Hon. William H. Taft.

* At present Governor of the Philippines, New U.S. Secretary of War.

milliards if she could have retained Alsace-Lorraine; that Bismarck would have made concessions, but that "Moltk" would not. He added that Bismarck told "Moltk" that he (the latter), by insisting on territory, had made peace too difficult.

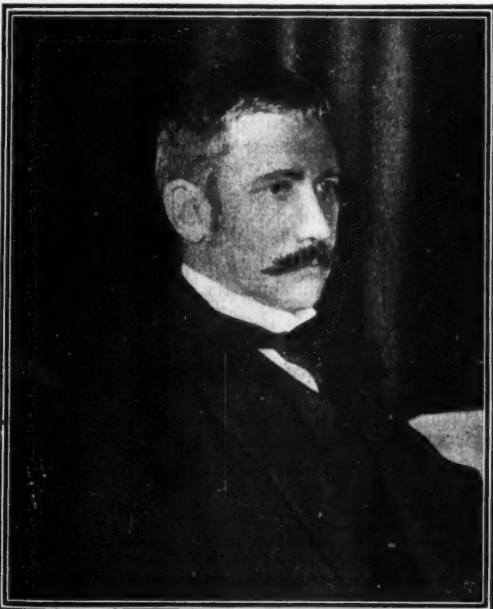
He was most of all pleased with M. Ribot:—

Like every French statesman, author, professor, or artist whom I met, he won my respect. It is a thousand pities that a country possessing such men is so widely known to the world, not by them, but by novelists and dramatists largely retailing filth, journalists largely given to the invention of sensational lies, politicians largely obeying either atheistic demagogues or clerical intriguers, and all together acting like a swarm of obscene, tricky, mangy monkeys, chattering, squealing, and tweaking one another's tails in a cage. Some of these monkeys I saw performing their antics in the National Assembly, then sitting at Versailles, and it saddened me to see the nobler element in that assemblage neutralised by such feather-brained creatures.

M. de Lesseps Mr. White believes to be "still a great and true man, despite the cloud of fraud which the misdeeds of others drew over the latter days."

Of both William I. and Frederick III. of Germany Mr. White cannot speak too kindly. "The latter was especially winning." Indeed, of his stay in Germany and of his manner of leaving it Mr. White's memories seem uniformly agreeable.

IN the *Strand Magazine*, Emory James tells how a famous German sculptor spends his seaside holidays in making beautiful models in the sand, giving his first exhibition for the benefit of the family of a drowned sailor. Professor Börmel continues to amuse himself in this way. His only tools are a piece of wood and his own brains. The results as shown by the photographs are wonderful, and should stimulate holiday-seekers to like efforts.



Photograph by

Mr. Elihu Root.

[Barn.]

Retiring United States Secretary of War.

MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL, M.P.

BY ONE WHO KNOWS HIM.

A VERY interesting sketch of Mr. Winston Churchill as a "master-worker" is contributed by Mr. Harold Begbie to the September *Pall Mall Magazine*. "The Boy," whom a year or two ago Lord Rosebery quizzed—somewhat unmercifully—when his guest at Dalmeny, has always been supposed to have a very old head on young shoulders. But—

The shoulders are growing old now, and certainly in appearance there is nothing of "the Boy" left in the white, nervous, washed-out face of the Member for Oldham. He walks with a stoop, the head thrust forward. His mouth expresses bitterness, the light eyes strained watchfulness. It is a tired face: white, worn, harassed. He talks as a man of fifty talks—a little cruelly, slowly, measuring his words, the hand for ever tilting the hat backwards and forwards or brushing itself roughly across the tired eyes. Essentially a tired face, the expression one of intellectual energy which has to be wound up by a rebellious consciousness. There is, indeed, little of youth left to the Member for Oldham; if we except a waning vanity—common enough among grey heads. There is in his talk nothing of that rush and carelessness and eagerness and enthusiasm which we expect in youth, and for which in these grim days we are becoming even grateful. Thoreau, I think, might have cited Mr. Churchill as a witness against empire, civilisation, and business.

And yet, Mr. Begbie reminds us that it is only ten years since Mr. Winston Churchill left Harrow for Sandhurst:—

He is twenty-nine—separated from his boyhood by five campaigns, a Parliamentary election, and a budget of speeches. He is not a good illustration of Mr. John Burns's "gilded popinjays." Five years of fighting in Cuba, in the Himalayas, in the Sudan, and on the veldt; and three years in Parliament as the fighting representative of a great working-class constituency in Lancashire.

HIS FUTURE.

It is, however, of Mr. Churchill's future, more than of his short and crowded past, that Mr. Begbie writes—always with an unexpressed doubt, clearly present in his mind, as to whether it may not all come to be summed up in the word "overworked."

Whatever happens, he prophesies—and quotes Mr. Churchill in support—the son of Lord Randolph will never call himself a Radical, never lead the Liberal Party, as a Radical journalist once predicted:—

Few people realise the intensity of his devotion to Toryism—the Radical journalist aforementioned least of all. And yet this is one of the most striking characteristics of the member for Oldham. He is a Tory by birth and inheritance. Toryism possesses him. He will fight to the last for this Toryism, even if the whole party follows Mr. Chamberlain and the result of the inquest of the nation is a triumphant return to Protection.

He is a devoted admirer of his father; and his convictions "are based in no small measure upon a profound and extraordinarily thorough study of his father's speeches." "To understand Mr. Churchill's Toryism, one must have a student's knowledge of the speeches and career of Lord Randolph Churchill."

HIS ATTITUDE TO THE GENERAL ELECTION.

Talking to Mr. Begbie on the Terrace one recent day, Mr. Churchill confessed that this time "it almost looks as if there will be no room for anybody on one side

or the other who is not prepared to swallow either Mr. Chamberlain as he is, or Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman as he is—or, rather, as he isn't. This is wrong. There ought to be room for the play of individual opinion; and the domination of political principles by personalities is bad—very bad."

"A Tory Democrat and Free Trader," whatever the Unionist Government decide, is Mr. Churchill's emphatic pronouncement as to his policy:—

"You don't think," he said to Mr. Begbie, "that the men in the Party who are firmly convinced that Free Trade is one of the cardinal principles of Toryism are going to surrender and sit quietly with folded hands because a Liberal Unionist wants to return to Protection? We shall fight for the faith, and we shall win, clean through."

A sweeping victory for Free Trade and the worst collapse of the Tory Party since 1832—this is the prospect which the young Tory Democrat anticipates, and one which he cannot view without some mis-giving.

WHAT HE HAS DONE IN POLITICS—

In merely worrying a committee of inquiry into national expenditure out of a reluctant Government, Mr. Churchill has done much; he has done still more in getting people to take a serious interest in the question: while, if the results of the committee are really greater economy and better administration of the public money, he will have done more than enough to satisfy a statesman of much more than twenty-nine.

—AND WHAT HE MEANS TO DO.

"No young man, if we except the extraordinary instance of Mr. Parnell, ever entered upon a political career with a more certain knowledge of his route than the member for Oldham." A non-jingo, intelligent Tory democracy—that is, has ever been, and ever will be his ideal. He is no "headstrong youth fighting for notoriety and sensation, but a far-seeing politician, a most earnest student of affairs, and the champion of a principle which he believes to be absolutely essential to the safety, honour, and welfare of the King's dominions"—an encomium which is qualified by the frank admission that "Mr. Churchill mapped out his future with as much concern for the future of Mr. Churchill as for the future of the British Empire."

WHAT HE IS AND MAY BECOME.

Lord Rosebery's words, "Pray do not let us come to any conclusion"—on any the most widely differing subjects—"until we have asked the Boy," may come to be said in another tone. Mr. Churchill is already "in the first rank of political speakers; and not very far behind the first rank of contemporary men of letters." He has made, it is true, some powerful political enemies, but he is already better understood than he was:—

The House realises that here is a brilliant young man who "thinks whatever gods may be" for his "unconquerable soul," and, having a definite object in view, is undeterred by minor considerations in its attainment.

WILL CROOKS: CHARACTER AND CAREER.

THE *Young Man* for September gives a racy sketch of the Labour member for Woolwich. It begins by describing Mr. Crooks's home in Poplar. It tells how when a street fight gets serious, or a drain goes wrong, or a roof lets in rain, or a boy wants boots to get to work, or a poor fellow is "stony-broke" for want of a job, or the neighbourhood is in trouble of any sort, the cry is always "Go to Mr. Crooks." He seems, in short, to be a general Poplar providence personified. Here is an illuminating incident:—

Mr. Crooks tells the story of another caller, who knocked him up one night. It was a Dock labourer. "Oh, Bill, I'm that bad wiv the spasms, I can 'ardly work," he groaned to Mr. Crooks. "Then why don't you go and see the doctor?" "Oh, I've bin to 'im, and 'e ain't done me no good. I thought if you'd come wiv me, 'e'd be sure to give me the right stuff!"

A BELIEVER IN WOMEN AND CHILDREN.

After recalling his early days in the workhouse, Mr. Crooks expressed great indignation at the way the Poor Law system breaks up the families committed to its care. His ideal is that "by no working of the system shall the family be broken up." Then follows a remark which shows how genuine a Woman's Rights man is Mr. Crooks, and how shrewd his insight into the needs of the case:—

The President of the Local Government Board ought to be a woman, then the reforms would come more quickly.

It is a remark which one has a right to expect from the son of his mother and from the husband of his wife.

Remembering his own boyish experiences, the Chairman of the Poplar Guardians "is a great hand with the youngsters":—

"Whenever I feel worn out and out of sorts," he told me, "I look in at the workhouse schools, and have half an hour with the youngsters. It is a certain cure."

PRECOCIOUS AGITATOR AND HUSBAND.

His career as Trade Unionist began when he was fourteen years old; and his zeal in the cause lost him many a berth. Eventually he settled down as a cooper. Readers who are ignorant of working-class necessities, and apply only their own middle-class standards, will not be pleased to know that Mr. Crooks married when he was only a youth of nineteen. But,—

"Are you surprised," he asks, "that the children of the poor marry young, when it means the comfort of a room for two, instead of two rooms for six or seven?"

Mrs. Crooks "still does the marketing and personally attends to the front door step."

OUT-OF-WORK AND WAGE RAISER.

Mr. Crooks has known what it is to walk all over London seeking work, and seeking it in vain. He has also tramped to Liverpool on the same heart-sickening errand: and in one time of bitter distress he lost one of his children. The great dock strike brought him out to public notice. In 1892 he was elected to the London County Council, where he has since had the adjustment of the rates of wages and a great share in the arrangement of the Blackwall and Rotherhithe tunnels:—

So this man, who only a few years earlier had tramped the

streets of London, an almost hopeless out-of-work, apportioned to the satisfaction of the Council many thousands of pounds to his fellow workmen in his wages schedule, under which the workers received £27,500 more, during their employment than they would have done at the customary rates of pay.

HIS VIEWS OF CORONATION ROBES.

Here is a thoroughly characteristic incident:—

He was Mayor of Poplar last year. As Mayor, he witnessed the Coronation ceremony last August in Westminster Abbey, and by special permission was allowed to attend without Court costume. Somebody asked him afterwards what was his impression of the historic event. "What struck me most," he replied, with a twinkle in his eye, "was the get-up of the Peers. It was interesting to think that one of those men spent as much on his robes and coronet to make himself look ugly, as would have given Poplar free breakfasts for a week."

HIS RELIGIOUS ACTIVITY.

Mr. Crooks would evidently in Holland be a member of "The Christian Labour Party," for, says his interviewer:—

It must be mentioned that Mr. Crooks has been a teetotaler all his life; and he is a Congregationalist, with a most broad and tolerant creed, even for a Congregationalist. He was a great friend of the late Father Dolling, who frequently worked with him, and whose church is in the same street; and he is equally ready to co-operate with the minister of a Wesleyan mission or a Baptist pastor—always provided that the work done is in the interests of the people and for their well-being. Every Sunday morning he holds an open-air Conference at the Dock gates; it is an interesting feature of East End meeting life; men of all shades of opinions meet, and thresh out the questions of the day; and before now there has been the refreshing spectacle of a Dock labourer engaged in friendly open-air argument with a Dock director! Mr. Crooks goes home from this conference to dinner, and then is off again in the afternoon to his P.S.A. at the Poplar Town Hall, to which he has already invited the men in his morning audience.

J. McNeill Whistler.

THE *Idler* contains an article on the dead painter, by Elbert Hubbard, the American philosopher. Although written before Mr. Whistler's death it is still acceptable:—

There are two Whistlers. One tender as a woman, sensitive as a child—thirsting for love, friendship and appreciation—a dreamer of dreams, seeing visions and mounting to the heavens on the wings of his soaring fancy. This is the real Whistler. And there has always been a small Mutual Admiration Society that has appreciated, applauded and loved this Whistler; to them he has always been "Jimmy."

The other Whistler is the jaunty little man in the funny, straight-brimmed high hat—cousin to the hat John D. Long wore for twenty years. This man in the long black coat, carrying a bamboo wand, who adjusts his monocle and throws off an epigram, who confounds the critics, befogs the lawyers, affronts millionaires from Colorado, and plays pitch and toss with words, is the Whistler known to newspaperdom. And Grub Street calls him "Jimmy," too; but the voice of Grub Street is guttural, and in it is no tender cadence—it is tone that tells, not the mere word: I have been addressed by an endearing phrase when the words stabbed. Grub Street sees only the one man, and goes straightway after him with a snickersneer. Whistler is a fool. The fools were the wisest men at court. Shakespeare, who dearly loved a fool, belonged to the breed himself, placed his wisest sayings into the mouths of men who wore the motley. When he adorned a man with cap and bells, it was as though he had given bonds for both that man's humanity and intelligence. Neither Shakespeare nor any other writer of good books ever dared depart so violently from truth as to picture a fool whose heart was filled with pretence and perfidy. The fool is not malicious.

MR. JOHN BURNS ON LONDON'S FUTURE.

THE current number of the *Magazine of Commerce* contains an "interview" with Mr. John Burns. Mr. Burns is asked what London will be like twenty-five years hence, and he replies ;—"It will be worth a lease of life to see London emerge in its new glory twenty-five years hence. But the evolution—as evolution should ever be—will be in slow, if delicate, detail. We shall haply be witness to most of it. It is going on to-day. It is all about us. No need, I say, to mortgage our future to be in at the finish. There's the greatness of it—the expansion that I love—the progress towards the green fields and the crisp air. The East End will disappear as a home of miserable industry. It will become the true seat of industry, but the pallid dwellers of to-day will have gone to the light. The Isle of Dogs will have passed, in a sense, on to the high ground of Kent. The Blackwall Tunnel—which, I thank God, I did something to promote—will help this grand Armageddon over foul air and the Calibans of rack-rented rookeries. Seven Dials will have become a mere name in the Chamber of Horrors of history. It will crop up in the wicked chapters of the reproving novelist. Soho will have become an anachronism in an up-to-date drama. It will be as remote from the living present of twenty-five years hence as we are to-day from the ugly, squalid realism of the Tyburn road and the flaunts of Edgware Bess. We shall live in cleaner air—ourselves clean. The power to breathe will be one of the supreme physical characteristics of London's emancipation. A new system of fire extinction, adaptable to cleansing the streets by hydraulic pressure, will be adopted, and thus save the Chief of the Brigade from many of the worries that the appliance-monger knows so well how to inflict. Electrification will be our goal. The 'growler' will have disappeared ; the street-omnibus of to-day will be a comic oddment of the past. Its place will be taken by the electric cab and the electric road-car. We shall be electrically trammed up to the sally-ports of Windsor Castle. We shall have 1,500



One of the New Public Electric Hansoms to be introduced into London.

miles of electric roadways in London. Epping Forest will be as near, in point of time, to the Hyde Parkist as Rotten Row is to-day to the denizens of White-chapel. The hansom cab? No ; it will survive, as a sort of pet stage-doré cabriolet, to carry the last of the vanishing Verisophts and Sir Mulberry Hawks who will hobble to the memory of an improved aristocracy. The 'Tube' will become a storm-overflow conduit, a sewage wash-out, aided by the Thames, which

also will participate in the general improvement now going on. Every one will ride in the open air. The rationale of open-air enjoyment is being learned. We shall have established a magnificent service of river steamboats. Cannon Street and Charing Cross railway bridges, with their red oxide abominations, will give way to 100-ft. wide viaducts, with the front of the stations on the other side. We shall, in twenty-five years, have in London one hundred and fifty

parks and open spaces, as against one hundred to-day and fifty fourteen years ago. And education will be less mental and more moral and physical. Finally, we shall have dealt the liquor trade of London a smashing blow by means of new entertainments and counter-attractions. We shall have a House of Commons filled with men of youth, energy, purpose. No 'palsied mashers' to direct us, and no electioneering adventurers to try their cranks upon the life of the nation. But I am solely for a great, clean, honest, beautiful and livable London every day out of the calendar's round of three hundred and sixty-five of 'em."

THE progress of temperance is reviewed in *Macmillan's* by Mr. R. E. Macnaghten, hon. sec. to the Tasmanian Public-house Trust Association. He believes that the elimination of private profit from the drink traffic will cause drunkenness to die a natural death. He urges as the two most important objects of immediate endeavour the abolition of the tied-house system and a time-limit scheme of compensation. He thinks the temperance outlook more hopeful now than it has been for twenty years.

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THE NEW BOSS OF TAMMANY HALL.

In the *World's Work* Mr. Maurice Low writes of Mr. Charles Francis Murphy, who has succeeded Mr. Richard Croker as Boss of Tammany Hall in New York. Of this organisation Mr. Low says:—

Tammany Hall is the most powerful piece of political machinery the world has ever known. When the Democrats are in control in New York City the power of Tammany is almost unlimited, and even in those years when the Republicans are on top, the influence of Tammany is great enough to make itself felt; and the power of Tammany centres in one man, the so-called leader, who, elected by the votes of his fellows, is practically absolute master. There is no man in any English-speaking country who exercises such absolute domination over his followers as the leader of Tammany. There is nothing resembling this political organisation in any other part of the world; nothing has ever approached it, with the possible exception of the Italian Camorra, and Tammany, like its Italian imitator, is organised for plunder, and lives on the results of its predatory excursions.

The importance of Tammany cannot be over-estimated in the politics of the United States. The State of New York, exclusive of the City of New York, is Republican, but the vote of the city is so overwhelmingly Democratic that it is frequently able to overturn the Republican majority in the State, and make the net majority Democratic.

THE NEW BOSS AND HIS CAREER.

The present leader of Tammany Hall is Mr. Charles Francis Murphy, who came into power when Boss Croker abdicated to become an "English gentleman." He is forty-five years old, a New Yorker by birth, the son of an Irish immigrant, who died a year ago at the age of eighty-eight, boasting that he had never been idle a day in his long life. Charles Francis is the second son of a family of eight. Dennis Murphy, the father, was a poor and illiterate man, but he realised the value of an education, and he sent his children to the public schools, where they acquired the rudiments. As soon as the boys were old enough they were put to work. Charles began life in a shipyard. He was a strapping youngster, with an ambition to become a first-class ship-caulker. The work was hard, but young Murphy thrived upon it, his muscles hardened into steel, his chest expanded, and he became quick on his feet. He worked with rough boys, and the new apprentice had to fight his way into the fellowship of the craft. He not only knew how to use his fists, but he had no fear. In two years he was the acknowledged Boss of the boys in the shipyard; he had literally fought his way into leadership.

He early displayed a marked ability for organising and leading his associates, the same qualities that for many years made him a prominent figure in New York City politics, and have now made him the leader of Tammany Hall. When he was only seventeen years old he organised the Sylvan Social Club, the members of which were boys from fifteen to twenty years old, and was elected, as a matter of course, its president. When he was about twenty years old he was given a place as a driver on a tramcar. Those were the days before the invention of devices to register the fares. It has been said that conductors took whatever they wanted of the receipts, handed over half to the driver, and gave what was left to the company.

THE GROWTH OF HIS PROSPERITY.

Whether this is true or not, in two years Murphy had accumulated £100. With this he opened a saloon in a very humble way, serving a glass of fresh beer and a large bowl of soup for five cents. So successful was this saloon that in three years' time Murphy opened a gorgeous palace of a saloon and began to make money fast. Now he is known to own four large saloons and is a very wealthy man:—

Although the owner of saloons and constantly mixing with men who drank deep and hard, he seldom touched liquor, and

no one ever saw him intoxicated. He did not smoke, and he was never known to swear or to lose his temper. Most men of his class are either gamblers or devoted to the race-track. Murphy is neither. He never gambles, unless speculation in stocks can be called gambling; but unlike most speculators he makes money out of his ventures on the Stock Exchange. A silent, reserved, calculating man, and yet neither cold nor heartless. In his rise from poverty to affluence he carried his family with him, although none of them has shown even a trace of his ability. One brother he put on the police force, another he made an alderman, and still another was elected a councilman.

Mr. Murphy showed no desire for political office, but once accepted the position of dock commissioner under a democratic mayor:—

At that time he was said to be worth about £80,000, the bulk of his money being safely invested, yielding him a good income. He remained in office as dock commissioner for four years, and when he retired, owing to a change of administration, he was believed to have accumulated a fortune of not less than £200,000. He has been leader of Tammany Hall for a year. It would be surprising if his fortune were not considerably larger now than it was at the time when he was elected to leadership.

GOSSIP ABOUT THE KING.

MUCH is loyally recorded in the September magazines about King Edward VII. The *Quiver* tells of "The King's Churches," his favourite being his church at Sandringham. There, we learn, "the Royal party makes a point of walking to church whenever possible." This was the custom of a wealthy and devout Hindu, who felt that reverence required him to walk to the house of worship; but, worship being over, he drove back. Another motive rules at Sandringham, for Sunday being there a day of rest, "no unnecessary labour of any kind is imposed." It is a Royal requirement that attendance at church must be rigorously punctual.

"WITH LOVE FROM ALIX AND BERTIE."

Marie Belloc, writing on "beautiful miniatures" in *Woman at Home*, gives a picture of the miniature of Queen Victoria's two pet dogs, Marco and Turi, to which a pathetic interest attaches. For—

the little group was painted by Mrs. Massey to the then Prince and Princess of Wales' order, so that it might form their 1900 Christmas present to their venerated mother. Below it runs the inscription, "To dearest Mamma, with love from Alix and Bertie. Christmas, 1900." Turi, the little terrier, whose wistful face peers out from the painting, actually lay on the late Sovereign's bed when she died.

SLAMMING THE DOOR IN THE KING'S FACE!

Many are the stories in olden time about monarchs isolated from their hunting parties; but here, in *Cassell's Magazine*, in a paper by Mr. A. Wallis Myers on "the King's country visits," is a modern variant:—

It is said that the King became separated from the other members of the party. About lunch time he found himself alone, near Berkhamstead, feeling very hungry and without the immediate prospect of getting any food. Recollecting, however, that the seat of an intimate friend was somewhere within easy reach, he sought for the house, and finding it, rang the front-door bell. A footman appeared. "Will you kindly tell your master that the Prince of Wales is outside, and would like some lunch?" he said. "Walker!" answered the man, and banged the door in his face.

THE CREATOR OF NEW IRELAND.

SIR HORACE PLUNKETT AND HIS WORK.

THE *Fortnightly Review* contains a very interesting article by Katharine Tynan on "Sir Horace Plunkett and His Work." Sir Horace, "the most unselfish man we have ever known," as his friends characterise him; is practically the creator of New Ireland, and is undoubtedly the most remarkable and most effective figure which the Irish Revival has produced. What sort of a man he is is told by Miss Tynan:—

The thing that made so huge an enterprise possible to him was as much a matter of the heart as of the head; it was his untiring, his boundless sympathy. He loves the country and he loves the people; that fact is at the root of it. It explains how intolerance, impatience with the things and the people who are the stones in the path of his great work, are impossible to him. He is a good fighter; and yet so gentle are his methods that they are easily mistaken. In the matter of that Galway election which now is ancient history, the crowds were unused to the chivalry of a man who refused to take an advantage of the enemy, as when Sir Horace declared that he would not take the seat if "Colonel" Lynch's election were declared void. Sir Horace Plunkett is, of course, a Protestant; but he has probably done more to close the sectarian gulf between Protestants and Catholics in Ireland than any other man. His humour plays about this grave subject, as when he said at a meeting in Belfast, where he tried to coax the Orangemen out of their sectarian cave:—"We all know that those who differ from us in matters of religion will be adequately punished hereafter. So why harbour bad feeling now?"

And, in fact, so effective has been his unifying influence that—

a society in the north, composed of equal numbers of Catholics, Episcopalians, and Presbyterians, nominated a priest as its president, and is one of the most flourishing of the many hundred societies.

AN ORATOR, NOT BORN BUT MADE.

Sir Horace, like Mr. Parnell, is an orator, not born but made:—

In each case the man became an orator because he had something of vital importance to say, and said it directly to the hearts of his listeners with passion, because he felt it, with self-forgetfulness, with ease, because the message was insistent and would be delivered. Sir Horace's speeches read easily and delightfully when he is in a light vein; they carry conviction even to a hostile audience when his vein is a serious one; and instances of sudden conversions are by no means uncommon among those who listen to him.

His sympathy for the people places him on the level of the simplest peasant. In a Long Vacation, when other men are on the moors or the sea, or taking the latest-fashionable cure, he may be found visiting the congested districts, tramping day after day from one wretched collection of cabins to another, stooping to enter at their low doors into the dense reek of turf smoke, sitting there among the hens and the children, while the pig, if the family be rich enough to possess one, wanders in and out of his own sweet will, encouraging, advising, striving to give hope where there was only apathy and despair.

The poverty of these districts may be gathered from the fact, that the average Poor Law valuation of the inhabitants is only 10s. 6d. a year.

LIBRARIES AND BANKS.

The starting of village libraries is one of Sir Horace's schemes. He has a paper, the *Irish Homestead*, which carries on a propaganda for making the Irish countryside lighter and less desolate. The

Irish Co-operative societies now number 60,000 members. The Co-operative banks have proved a great success, and, as is usual with such experiments, it has been found that the loans are invariably repaid. The banks have killed the "gombeen man"; they are managed by the people themselves, and this brings great opportunities for business training and responsibility:—

They are very proud of their participation in the management of the banks and kindred societies. The Resident Magistrate at Belmullet had a car-driver who was a director of the Belmullet bank. "I'd be obliged to you, sir," the car-driver would say on Mondays, "if you'd hurry up the business of the court to-day, for there's a bank meeting to-night, and a power of important work to be got through."

Sometimes the banks have odd applications for loans. It is understood, of course, that loans are only given for reproductive purposes, such as for buying a pig, or seeds or manure or farm implements. One evening a young man came before the committee of a bank in the co. Mayo, and requested a loan of £2. He was asked for what purpose he required it, and answered that it was to buy a suit of clothes. The committee demurred at first that they had no money to lend for this purpose. "Well," said the applicant, "the case is this. I'm fond of Nora Carty, and she has a nice little farm as well. I'm going to ask her to-morrow, and if she says no to me I'll be off to America. Now I'd have twice as good a chance with her if I had a decent suit of clothes to my back instead of these rags." The committee reconsidered the matter, advanced the money, and the boy won Nora Carty and her farm.

ENGLAND AND THE PERSIAN GULF.

M. ROUIRE contributes to the second August number of the *Revue des Deux Mondes* the first of a series of articles on the question of the Persian Gulf—a question which is certain to become actual and immediate before very long. It is rather amusing, in view of the dolorous lamentations of our own Imperialists over the alleged supineness of Great Britain in face of the dark schemes of Russia and Germany, to gather from M. Rouire's pages that we have not done so badly, to say the least of it. In summing up the results of the last hundred years in Arabia, he says that on the whole Southern and Eastern sides of Arabia, from the Eastern limit of the territory of Sheik-Said as far as the approaches of the Shatt-el-Arab, the Turkish province of Hasa being excepted, England has acquired a preponderating position, and that all this country has accepted the official protection of England, or else is placed under her moral influence. Moreover, this result has been achieved without any military expedition, without expense, and without any vexations or scandals inflicted on the natives. It is, says M. Rouire, one of the finest triumphs on record of the peaceful method of Colonial expansion, which consists in "managing" native princes and peoples, in making every effort to win the favour of the former by means of subsidies, and assuring the attachment of the latter by measures of order and pacification. This method provides all the results of annexation without any of the inconveniences and the expenses of conquest.

MRS. BRAMWELL BOOTH'S CONVERSION.

HOW SHE CAME TO JOIN THE ARMY.

THE woman-worker of to-day, whom Mr. David Williamson describes in the September *Sunday at Home*, is Mrs. Bramwell Booth. As she says she has rarely spoken so much about herself as in this interview, her story will be read with the more interest. She was the daughter of a doctor living quietly in South Wales, but was being educated in London. She says:—

I was at school in Sydenham, when my aunts, who kept the school, took me one day to Steinway Hall, where Mrs. Booth was speaking every afternoon. It was in the holidays after the spring term had ended, and I was spending a fortnight in London seeing the sights. I had gone, I remember, one evening to the Lyceum Theatre, and was planning to go to other places of amusement with my sister. At that time I had never even heard of the Salvation Army, for it was in the early days of the Army, and you know the ignorance of schoolgirls about public matters. Well, I was much impressed with what I heard Mrs. Booth say, and I was even more impressed by the bright, happy face of her daughter, who accompanied her. It was a new idea to me that religious people, especially young people, should look happy!

She had only recently been confirmed, but when the vow came to renounce "the world, the flesh, and the devil," she sat down perplexed. But now she could not get away from what Mrs. Booth said, and resolved to hear her again:—

So, to the astonishment of my friends, I accompanied them to Steinway Hall on another afternoon, and this time she spoke to Christian workers, taking for granted that all in the audience were Christians. Afterwards Mrs. Booth asked for any testimony as to any new decision to serve God more entirely, and a few people rose and told us of the good which they had received at the meetings. With great nervousness, for some of my friends were sitting by my side, I rose and said that I felt that I had never understood what conversion meant, but that I had determined that afternoon to give myself to God. When I got home in the evening I prayed for hours that God would direct me into full salvation, and before day broke there came a marvellous sense of peace and a new faith filling my heart with joy. It was as though a bright light had illumined the room with its radiance.

She went to the Army hall in Whitechapel and heard General Booth for the first time; but though much interested, she had then no idea of joining the Army.

The next step was shown her by an advertisement in the *Christian* from Mrs. Booth asking for a companion to one of her daughters just going to France. She went to Mrs. Booth, and the way seemed clear but for the want of her father's consent. Miss Booth went down to Wales and saw him, and his final acquiescence appeared to them a signal answer to prayer. So—

I went to Paris and remained there for two years, during which period I became engaged to marry Mr. Bramwell Booth, eldest son of the General. Returning home to England, I was married, and have been ever since closely connected with the Salvation Army.

The once reluctant father now most cordially appreciates her work, "and all his children are now members of the Army," not excepting a son who was first a Church of England clergyman.

THE LATE W. E. HENLEY.

As a re-incarnate Pan—that is how Mr. Sidney Low, in *Cornhill*, declares the late W. E. Henley impressed him. The passage is worth quoting:—

To me he was the startling image of Pan come on earth and clothed—the great god Pan, down in the reeds by the river, with halting foot and flaming shaggy hair, and arms and shoulders huge and threatening, like those of some Faun or Satyr of the ancient woods, and the brow and eyes of the Olympians. Well-nigh captive to his chair, with the crutch never far from his elbow, dragging himself when he moved, with slow effort, he yet seemed instinct with the life of the germinating elemental earth, when gods and men were vital with the force that throbbed in beast and flower and wandering breeze. The large heart, and the large frame, the broad tolerant smile, the inexhaustible interest in nature and mankind, the brave, unquenchable cheerfulness under afflictions and adversities, the frank appreciation and apology for the animal side of things, all helped to maintain the impression of a kind of Pagan strength and simplicity. . . . Chained, as he was for the most of his days, to a few rooms, he rioted in the open air, in the sunshine, the wind, and the stars.

Mr. Low remarks on the surprising contrast between the abounding robustness and virility of the man and the texture of his literary work. Mr. Low says—

Henley was the painter of miniatures, the maker of cameos. There are some rough, and even brutal, passages in his poems; but his art, taken as a whole, was delicate, precise, and finished. When he set to work, the violence that one noticed in his talk, the over emphasis of his intellectual temper, died away; in his best passages he has the subtle restraint, the economy of material, and the careful manipulation, of the artist-workman. He will live through his lyric passages, and his vignettes, in prose and verse. No man of our time has expressed a mood of the emotions with more absolute appropriateness and verbal harmony, and that is lyric poetry in its essence. Some of his songs are gems of almost faultless expression.

A Hospital and Crèche for Birds.

"A WOMAN'S Novel Profession" is the title which Miss Lena Shepstone gives in the *Girl's Realm* to the work of Miss Virginia Pope:—

In the very centre and heart of her busy city she has established a hospital and boarding-house for birds. At the time of writing the hospital contains over 600 patients, and the boarding-house some 4,000 feathered pets. The latter are sent to the home by their owners while on their holidays. The charge made is from one shilling to half-a-crown per week, which includes board and lodging and all attendance. The most interesting department of this novel and fascinating institution is the hospital. It comprises several wards: large, light rooms for the convalescents, and small, darkened compartments for the contagious cases and the patients requiring rest and quietude. About the main wards are arranged the private wards: airy cages, with lofty perches, and dark boxes with hot-water bottles, mattresses, cotton pillows and warm flannel coverings.

The medical diagnosis is surprisingly like what is observed with human patients. The bird's tongue is examined; its digestion and appetite are watched. Pills are given in grapes or mixed with food. In surgical cases "the birds are usually operated upon without chloroform"; only in very serious cases it is used. "In nine cases out of ten," according to the bird specialist, "a broken wing or leg can be saved." Miss Pope has taken courses in homœopathy and in allopathy; she has doctored and cured several thousands of birds. She has sat up all night with a Mexican parrot originally worth £50 which was dangerously ill. Besides keeping a birds' boarding-house and school, Miss Pope trains backward or untidy birds.

THE LATE FREDERIC WILLIAM HOLLS.

THE *American Review of Reviews* contains an appreciation of Mr. F. W. Holls, who was perhaps one of the most international of Americans, and one of the greatest workers for arbitration and peace. His sudden death deprives America of one of its best-trained and most versatile men of public affairs, and the world loses one of its coming men.

Mr. Holls had just completed his forty-sixth year, and was in the very prime of his intellectual power and capacity for usefulness. With an intense American patriotism, he was at the same time a citizen of the larger republic that embraces broad-minded and peace-loving men of all nations.

HIS INTERNATIONAL RECORD.

His interest in foreign policy and international problems was constantly increasing. He visited Europe almost every summer, and became even more widely acquainted there with leading public men. He was especially well known in Germany, where in recent years he had established a branch of his legal firm, and where his long and greatly prized friendship with Dr. Andrew D. White made him always at home at the American embassy. From the very moment of the first announcement of the Tsar's idea of an international conference for the discussion of disarmament and the promotion of peace, Mr. Holls was an enthusiastic supporter of the plan. Without disparagement of anyone else, it may be said that to him, and, indeed, to him almost alone, must be attributed the gradual arousing of President McKinley's interest in the conference, and the final determination of our Government to be represented by a large and strong delegation.

AT THE HAGUE.

Mr. Holls' activity in the matter had made it natural that he should be sent to the Hague, and he preferred to go in the capacity of the delegation's secretary and executive officer. His wide acquaintance in Europe, and his knowledge of French and Spanish, as well as of German, made it possible for him to be of enormous service, not only to the American delegation, but also to the Hague Conference as a whole. Every leading European member of the conference, whether English, French, Russian, German, or otherwise, has ever since been ready to testify to the remarkable record made by Mr. Holls in the whole work of the conference. It happened that the disarmament proposals came to naught, while most unexpectedly the conference was diverted—largely through American influence—into the more fruitful field of international arbitration. Mr. Holls was the American member of the great committee which drafted the arbitration treaty. He showed unexpected resources of knowledge in the sphere of international law, and when the conference was over he wrote a book on its work and achievements that will long make his name known to students of history and international relations.

HIS PERSONAL CHARACTER.

There was something, at times, in his directness and frankness that seemed to men who did not know him well, or who were of feeble convictions, to be tactless and aggressive; but in these days of over-tactfulness and complaisance it is refreshing to know a man who has strong views and opinions, and who never hesitates to assert them and is ready to fight for them. Men of complete candour and intellectual honesty in public affairs are not as numerous as one might wish for. Mr. Holls lived and thought upon a high plane, and strove for large rather than for petty ends. In the midst of the hurly-burly of professional, political business, and social life he never flinched from his full share of work; yet he still, somehow, found time for the pursuits of a thinker, a scholar, and a man of taste.

PROSPECTS OF THE MOTOR-CAR.

MR. HENRY NORMAN, M.P., writes very intelligently in the *World's Work* upon the new Act controlling motor-cars, and throws some interesting side-lights upon the why and the wherefore of the measure. He strongly deprecates any outcry that the Act will be the ruin of the motor industry, and gives the following advice to motorists, with an example of how the advice should be carried out:—

What motorists have to do is to adapt themselves for the time to the new law, to endeavour to extirpate the anti-social motorist who has done them so much harm, to avoid recrimination and panic, to remember that they are yet an extremely small minority of the community, and to educate their friends and acquaintances to a knowledge of the capacities, the importance and the delights of the car. Since Parliament rose I have already converted one Parliamentary friend. A run of fifty miles in a powerful car convinced him, to his amazement, that it is the rarest thing for a horse to shy, that high speed at proper times and places may be allowed with perfect safety and propriety, and that a motor-car is the most controllable and the safest of vehicles. "If I had known in the House what I know now," he said, "I should not have voted as I did." If every motorist will make himself a missionary in this sense, we shall be in a very different position three years hence, when the present Act expires.

NO MOTOR-CARS IN THE NEW JERUSALEM!

Rev. F. B. Meyer's Question-drawer in the *Sunday Magazine* contains this question: "Will there be motor-cars in the millennium?" to which Mr. Meyer returns this answer:—

It is impossible to suppose it. Such selfishness as is manifest in the way that motor-drivers rush through the country, destroying the sweet flowers by their awful stench, covering every living thing with hurricanes of dust, to say nothing of endangering human life, will be impossible in the new heavens and earth. Besides, it is said the children shall play in the streets of the New Jerusalem, which proves there can be no motor-cars there.

Motorists, apparently, will have to avoid the way to the New Jerusalem and make for some other destination. Poor Mr. Balfour!

PERHAPS the most attractive feature in the *Sunday Strand* is Miss Lydia Chatterton's suggestions for the Harvest Festival, which are accompanied by most pleasing illustrations of designs by the writer. It is a study in the fine art of church decoration.

THE STORY OF ROBERT EMMET RE-TOLD.

THE celebration of the centenary of Emmet's abortive rebellion and his execution in 1803 leads Mr. Michael MacDonagh to tell the story of his tragic career in *Cornhill*. He uses the "private and confidential" correspondence of Lord Hardwicke, the then Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, which has just been made accessible in the British Museum. Emmet was born of an English and Cromwellian family. On the morning of his death he received the Communion from Protestant clergymen. He was a dreamy youth with patriotic passion running in his blood. He was expelled from college for participation in the rebellion of 1798.

HIS PLOT.

In April, 1803—a mere boy of twenty-six—he was left £3,000 by his father, and with this sum as his "sinews of war" he prepared his plot to seize Dublin Castle by surprise and proclaim the Revolution from its walls. His great aim was to get the arms and ammunition ready; once he had the weapons he felt sure of a following. He kept his plans profoundly secret, though storing his arsenals in the very heart of Dublin. Only a very few persons were in the secret. On July 16th an explosion occurred at one of his depôts, which led to the discovery and confiscation of the military stores there. Still the authorities had no idea of what was brewing.

HIS MUNITIONS OF WAR.

On his fellow-conspirators from the country arriving, they were mightily disgusted at finding their self-appointed leader a mere strip of a boy. He showed them his store of arms, piles of pikes, an immense number of ball cartridges, but only eighteen blunderbusses and four muskets, one sword, wooden cannon loaded with stones, and quart-bottles filled with gunpowder to serve as hand-grenades! With this equipment he was to overpower the Dublin garrison. The countrymen shook their heads and departed.

THE FIASCO.

The hour fixed for his *coup*, 9 p.m., Saturday, July 23rd, arrived:—

But what a disappointing consummation of his hopes and ambitions, of his months of feverish preparation for the great revolution! The Dublin men refusing to rise, the Kildare farmers gone home in disgust! But Emmet was determined that, whoever might be wanting, he, at least, should not fail. He put on his grand uniform as Commander-in-Chief of the Forces of the Irish Republic.

He sallied forth, his two generals—a bricklayer and a cotton spinner—with him, in green uniforms. One hundred men followed them, which soon swelled to 300. He counted his men: found them insufficient to seize the Castle; bade them follow him to the Wicklow mountains. They preferred to stay for the plunder and the fun. A few officials were killed. Then the Castle woke up, the soldiers came out, and the rioters dispersed.

THE LOVE EPISODE.

Emmet had escaped when his men refused to follow him. But—

Here the glamour of a sweet and romantic love episode is flung around the story of this madcap insurrection. It was as a lover, not as a rebel, that Robert Emmet lingered in Dublin, while the sleuth-hounds of the outraged law were eagerly searching to run him down. On the Monday night after the insurrection the boy and his companions fled from the house in Butterfield Lane to the Dublin mountains.

In August he returned to the outskirts of Dublin, and contrived to meet his sweetheart, Sarah Curran, "a sweet, sly girl" of 21, with rippling silky hair, and dark glowing eyes. Information reached the authorities of someone in hiding at his cottage, and he was arrested. Intercepted letters revealed Sarah as his accomplice. She was arrested, and straightway lost her reason, but was given her liberty. Her father was to have defended Emmet as counsel in court, all unaware till then of the girl's connection with the rebel. He indignantly but inevitably flung up his brief.

HIS TRIAL.

Tried and convicted, Emmet spoke for an hour—in "one of the noblest speeches that have ever been delivered under the shadow of the scaffold." Mr. MacDonagh proceeds:—

Emmet looked death in the face with a fortitude and serenity that would have been astounding if we did not know that he was only twenty-five. He was young, and therefore indifferent to death. He was young, and therefore vain. He desired to play to the end the part of the hero of romance; to leave the world grandly, with flying colours. He had, therefore, in his mind a magnificent speech—a speech that would thrill the country—the preparation of which had filled with delight many an otherwise dreary hour in his prison cell. It was now half-past nine o'clock at night. The trial had begun at half-past nine o'clock in the morning. For ten hours Emmet had stood in the dock. There was no interruption for refreshment; no interval for rest. The proceedings had been pushed on pitilessly by the judges to their grim and gruesome finish. . . . With exalted spirits Emmet delivered in vindication of his policy a deathless oration, which alone would have preserved his memory green in Ireland for all time.

HIS END.

The judge, who could indulge in brutal jokes over condemned men, burst into tears as he sentenced the eloquent youth. The prisoner's counsel kissed him in rapture. This same counsel, who posed as a great Nationalist all his life, was found after his death to have been throughout an informer in the pay of the British Government. So, with this Judas kiss on his lips, Emmet passed from the dock. "He stayed up most of the night writing." His letters are models of lucidity, courage and magnanimity. In the morning he was met by the news of his mother's death, "killed by the news of the doom of her son."

Unflinching and unretracting, he was hanged in the afternoon. Sarah Curran, two years later, having meantime recovered her reason, married a captain in the British Army! In conclusion the writer observes:—

In Ireland the tragic story of this youth of stainless life—martyr, surely, to a high aspiration and noble purpose—will endure for ever. He is the dearest saint in the calendar of Irish political martyrdom. In the humblest cabins of the land may be seen—with the pictures of the Blessed Virgin and St. Patrick—rude portraits of Robert Emmet.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF PLAY.

THE *Contemporary Review* for September contains an extremely interesting article by Dr. Woods Hutchinson on "Play as an Education," which only considerations of space prevent me dealing with at length. Not very long ago play, and amusements generally, were looked at at best as idle waste of time, at worst as immoral and even irreligious. But the desire to play is a natural instinct common to the young of all the higher animals; and modern science demands the study of all natural instincts.

PLAY THE FORERUNNER OF DEVELOPMENT.

Play distinguishes the higher from the lower animals, and it signifies possibility of education. Fishes do not play at all; the lower mammals can hardly be taught to play, and birds are entirely devoid of the instinct. But the kitten and the lamb are essentially playing animals. The human young, however, are the true players, and in reality it is play that develops them into manhood. "Children," says Dr. Hutchinson, "are born little amorphous bundles of possibilities, and are *played* into shape."

THE PLAY-STAGES OF CHILDREN.

Dr. Hutchinson divides the child's life into six play-stages, corresponding to primitive civilisation, which he calls the "Root-and-Grub, the Hunting, the Pastoral, the Agricultural, and the Commercial." The root-and-grub stage is the first, when the infant chiefly shows its interest in life by clutching at bright objects. A little later the rolling spool or ball attracts him exactly as it attracts the kitten. From this he passes into the hunting stage, where he hides himself, jumps out at people from behind doors, and peoples his environment with imaginary wild-beasts. Last he emerges into the commercial stage, when he trades in marbles, and fills his pockets with schoolboy merchandise:—

In short, the School of Play in fifteen short years has brought him from the root-digging cave-man to the "Bear" of the Stock Exchange, the modern Captain of Industry.

THE ORGANISATION OF PLAYING.

When the child plays, it is literally organising its brain; and we should recognise the fact that the boy or girl engaged in vigorous, joyous play is carrying out an important part of the actual work of education and preparation for life. Dr. Hutchinson claims, therefore, that play should be organised, and that for every pound spent on a school-building, ten shillings should be spent on the playground:—

Let there be organised, as an auxiliary department of the Kindergarten and primary grades, a class of play-mistresses and play-masters, who shall be so distributed throughout the school district that each will have charge of from twenty to forty children. Then for each division of the district let playgrounds be provided; or, in geographically small, densely-populated districts, one for each age-group of the children.

The equipment of the grounds should be of the simplest. A rough shed-roof covering part of the space, for use in wet weather, and movable wind-breaks, either board or canvas, which could be put up on the north and west sides in winter, would be advisable. With the assistance of these, the number of days in the year on which healthy children would not be

much better off playing vigorously out-of-doors than cooped up in the house would be reduced to a very small minimum.

For the younger children a capacious sand-pit, where they can grub and dig to their hearts' content, a load of "tailings" blocks and short boards of all sizes from a saw-mill or carpenter's shop, for building purposes, a few cheap accessories for the Robinson Crusoe and "Indians" play, would suffice. For the larger youngsters, plain, strong swings, bars, ring-trapezes, vaulting-horses, see-saws, etc., could be constructed, and, of course, large spaces kept always clear, levelled and free from mud or standing water, for hockey, football, rounders, prisoners' base, and all the running games.

WHAT THE GAIN WOULD BE.

Dr. Hutchinson says that this organisation of play, though it would cost something, would result in a diminution of the staff of inside teachers, and would get rid of the difficulty which is at present met with through young children being kept too long at school, owing to the fact that there is no one to care for them at home:—

The playground would completely relieve our schoolrooms of this nursery-duty, and with its powerful educational influence utilised as an ally, it would not be too much to hope that school hours could be reduced to at least one-half, if not one-third, of their present length. That is to say, children need not enter the schoolroom at all before six or seven years of age; from six to nine, one to two hours a day would be sufficient; from nine to twelve, two to three hours; from twelve to fifteen, three to four hours.

A VANISHING WORLD.

THE hydra-headed monster of Depopulation is beginning to greatly agitate the imagination of thoughtful Frenchmen, as, indeed, it is already troubling that of Anglo-Saxon thinkers. M. Laut begins his paper in the *Nouvelle Revue* by an allusion to the enormous sums—something like a half-million sterling—left by an eccentric Norman gentleman, with the object of providing a large annual money prize to be given to the tallest, handsomest, and healthiest married couple in the town of Rouen, with a view to improving the race! He goes on to blame England and Holland for the active spread of Malthusian doctrines, but he admits that these doctrines have hitherto been far more practised in France than elsewhere. As to the reason why this is so, love of material comfort, fear of poverty, affection even for the one or two children who might be injured, in pocket at least, by the birth of numerous brothers and sisters—these are among the obvious causes of French depopulation. Curiously enough, M. Laut makes no reference to Zola's powerful and terrible novel-pamphlet "Fécondité," which deals with the whole subject very exhaustively. At the present time a number of laws, greatly benefiting the married men who are fathers of families, are being drawn up. The most practical of these deals with the law of succession. It is suggested that in future the fortune of any given man is to be divided among *all* his living descendants; thus, if there are two brothers, one married with four children, and the other single, the latter will only receive a sixth part of his father's estate. Such an alteration in the Code Napoléon would do more to increase the population of France than thousands of articles and hundreds of books.

THE REVIEWS REVIEWED.

THE AMERICAN REVIEW OF REVIEWS.

IN the *American Review of Reviews* Dr. Shaw, commenting on the fiscal issue, predicts that the outcome of the discussion will be that every British Colony will continue to make its own fiscal arrangements, and that the United Kingdom will "remain on its safe, solid, and always defensible basis of universal Free Trade," imposing import duties only for revenue purposes. He says that the logic of a man believing in the duty and advantage of national development would make the American Protectionist a Free Trader if he went to live in England, and the English Free Trader a high Protectionist if he came to live in the United States. The special articles begin with a character sketch of the new Pope by Mr. W. T. Stead. There is a long illustrated article on "The Cotton Crop of To-day," by Mr. R. H. Edmonds, who points out that during the last ten years the number of spindles in the United States has increased by forty per cent., whereas the increase in the rest of the world was only fourteen per cent. America ships to Europe over sixty per cent. of her raw cotton, but Mr. Edmonds foresees a time when all this product will be manufactured at home. As that time comes he estimates the annual value of the industry to the Southern States will be about 2,250,000,000 dols. Mr. L. S. Rowe writes a brief article on President Diaz, who has been nominated for the Mexican Presidency for the seventh time. Dr. Lyman Abbott, in a paper on "The Race Problem," insists that the negro must be allowed full liberty of development and equality before the law.

THE REVIEW OF REVIEWS FOR AUSTRALASIA.

THE dominant note of the July number is alarm at the present predominance of Labour in Australasian politics. "A Tired Australian" laments the "one-legged democracy," as he terms it, in which the minority, consisting of Labour members, rules the majority, consisting of the other parties. So twenty-three Labour men practically rule in a Federal Parliament of seventy-five members. Unless the people bestir themselves, the private employer will be abolished, a social revolution will be put through, and a class will tyrannise over the nation. Dr. Fitchett himself describes Mr. Kingston's Conciliation and Arbitration Bill for the Commonwealth as "the strongest and most thoroughgoing attempt to bring all private industries under the control of a State tribunal yet attempted in civilised history." The kindred Act in New Zealand is to be amended so as to give compulsory preference to trade unionists over non-unionists. Dr. Fitchett attributes the leakage of population from Victoria and the lack of enterprise there to semi-Socialistic legislation. The whole contest, he says, in the next Federal elections will eddy round the Labour Party and its programme. "There will be no other issue." If the Labour Party wins, and it is organising well in every State, it will stamp its ideas on the whole Australian future and "try the tremendous experiment of a social revolution on a scale never before witnessed by any section of the English-speaking race." "They will make the State, if not the sole employer, at least the master of all other employers."

At the same time Dr. Fitchett records that despite the ravages wrought by drought, the Australian bears "easily and contentedly" a Federal taxation equal per head to that now levied in Great Britain, and on the top of that,

the State taxation—a total declared to be enormous. The least pleasing element he records is the utterance of a Victoria judge that a class of young people of both sexes is growing up which is little better than savages so far as sexual relations are concerned. Dr. Fitchett adds, "In all the Australian States the experiment of primary education divorced from moral teaching has been tried, and undoubtedly with disquieting results."

THE NATIONAL REVIEW.

THE *National Review* for September is a phenomenal number, being nearly double its usual size. This is explained by the long special supplement on "The Economics of Empire," written, we are told, by the "Assistant Editor," which fills 106 pages.

PAN-GERMANISM IN HUNGARY.

Mr. Ferencz Herczeg, member of the Hungarian Academy of Sciences, has an article under this heading. M. Herczeg begins by saying there is no such thing as a Pan-German movement in Hungary, but an unsuccessful attempt has been made to create one, the object being to endow the two million German-speaking Hungarians with some kind of cultural and economic organisation under the moral supremacy of Germany. The movement has been a complete failure. Hungary is now wide-awake in opposition to Pan-Germanic ideals.

A GIFT-HORSE'S MOUTH.

"Glasgow" plays the devil's advocate with a vengeance in regard to Mr. Carnegie's gift to the Scottish Universities. In an article asking the question, "Will Mr. Carnegie Corrupt Scotland?" he answers emphatically, he will. Scotland, says "Glasgow," in effect, is in danger of losing all her independence and becoming Mr. Carnegie's humble servant, and turning her laborious sons into loafers and idlers. The gift is, in short, humiliating; and the provision that the successful man may return to the Trust what he has been given as a student shackles his sense of independence. The universities will be so much under the control of the Carnegie Committee that they cannot modify a Leyden jar without permission. Rich men will abuse Mr. Carnegie's liberality.

Finally, all Scotland will be so learned that there will be no tradesmen or working men left:—

We may find Scotland beginning to suffer from the natural consequences of Mr. Carnegie's whimsical vagaries, and infested with gangs of unpractical scientists, theologians sadly down at heel, and spasmodic men of letters that are no better than dumb dogs.

SUNDAY IN THE VILLAGE.

Mr. H. F. Abell writes an interesting paper on "The Problem of the Village Sunday." The villager suffers much more than the townsman from Sunday stagnation. He contrasts the Continental with the British Sunday, by no means to the advantage of the latter:—

We are prone to prate proudly about the sanctity and beauty of our English home life, and no doubt on week-days there is some sanctity and beauty about it. But when we come to Sunday and think of the brake-loads of husbands and fathers who on pleasure bent swarm along our highways, passing no public-houses, filling the air with their hideous songs, their women folk left behind in the holy and beautiful homes, and contrast it with the essentially family character of the Continental Sunday as exemplified in the pleasant scenes to be witnessed wherever trees and grass are green and river banks invite rest and refreshment, we do not feel quite so sure about the soundness of our grounds for crowing.

THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

THE September *Nineteenth Century* is a good number, opening with an excellent Free Trade paper by Lord Avebury, which I have noticed elsewhere, together with the other articles on the fiscal controversy. I have also quoted at length from Mr. McDonagh's collection of music-hall lyrics. The fiscal articles are followed by two papers on South African questions worth reading.

SOUTH AFRICA'S RESOURCES.

The first is by General Sir E. Brabant, who writes on "The Resources of South Africa." As regards mineral wealth, he says, it is perhaps the richest in the world, but exhaustible; and the real advantage of this mineral wealth lies in the development it may give to agriculture. There is no difficulty at all for a man of health and strength to make a living in the country. General Brabant warns agricultural immigrants against investing their money too soon; they must either take service with a skilled farmer and learn local conditions, or buy at first only a few acres, not too far from a market, put up a couple of Kaffir huts, and at first grow only such vegetables as can be readily sold.

THE NATIVE LABOUR QUESTION.

Mr. E. P. Rathbone, late Inspector of Mines to the Boer Government, deals with the Native Labour Question. He gives a number of answers received in reply to questions put to high officials under the present régime. Most of these officials expressed themselves absolutely opposed to spirituous liquor. They approved of education for the natives, not on white lines, of a Pass Law, and of increased inducements to, but no forced, labour.

THE RESTRICTION OF FAMILIES.

Miss F. A. Doughty, an American contributor, writes on "The Small Family and American Society," a topic recently discussed at length in the *North American Review*. As the result of restricted reproduction the English type is disappearing in many parts of America, particularly in the South:—

Apparently our more recently adopted citizens, the ever-landing Celt, Teuton, Slav and Latin, are not discouraged by difficulties in rearing large families on slender incomes, hence the ultimate passing of the Anglo-Saxon as a ruling factor in this government is confidently predicted. The framers of our Constitution, in their spirit of boundless hospitality, paved the way for the displacement of their own descendants, and, in doing their utmost to prevent the monopoly of power by an oligarchy or an aristocracy, the decline of family prestige and influence became a foregone conclusion.

The Anglo-Saxon stamp will be retained on American laws, customs, literature and language. Everything else is being transmuted through the superior fecundity of the immigrant.

THE CANADIAN ICE CARNIVAL.

Mr. Bradley Martin, Jun., describes the Canadian Ice Carnival at Quebec. He mentions that the building of ice palaces had been discontinued owing to the Canadian Pacific Railway's fear that such an edifice, with its icy associations, checked immigration. Races on snowshoes, curling and hockey, skating, tobogganing were the chief ice-sports. Mr. Martin was disillusioned by Quebec, and also by the habitant:—

The difference in looks between the small, clever, sunny-dispositioned Frenchman, and the big, bestial, morose habitant, whose ugliness even a Dutchman cannot equal, of course must be attributed to the climate. The difference in character may be similarly accounted for, especially as such an authority as Mr. Louis

Parkman describes the Canadians of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries as gay, tuneful, and thoughtless. But the real reason seems to me to be that Canada was colonised by Normans, who to this day have a morose, miserly character, and none of the qualities generally associated with a Frenchman. And this also explains why the habitant does not grow rich, although most economical and industrious himself, and although he makes his children aid in the family support at a very youthful age. The French Canadians thus have inherited the frugality of the Normans, but sadly lack the artistic temperament and divine spark which make so many modern Frenchmen geniuses, and also the energy and the initiative necessary to compete successfully with Anglo-Saxons.

OTHER ARTICLES.

There are several other articles of interest. Mr. H. Hamilton Fyfe in a paper on "The Alien and the Empire" expresses the belief that anti-Semitism will arise in England if the Jews do not cease their exclusiveness. Mr. Dicey tells "The Story of Gray's Inn." Mr. J. H. Longford writes on "The Growth of the Japanese Navy," and Mrs. Maxwell-Scott begins an article on "Joan of Arc."

The Empire Review.

THE "special article" of the September number of the *Empire Review* is a strongly-worded appreciation of Mr. Chamberlain's fiscal proposal entitled "The Free Trade Faith," by C. de Thierry.

Dr. T. J. Tonkin concludes his very interesting account of the lepers in Northern Nigeria; the main point of his contention being that the frequency of leprosy is largely due not only to utter lack of the most ordinary cleanliness and sanitary precautions, but to the monotonous vegetable diet of the natives, which contains nothing like enough nitrogen properly to equip their constitutions for the resistance of disease.

Mr. Eric Lewis, writing on the usurious exactions of the Indian village money-lender, and the extent to which he has got the people in his clutches, insists that "recent famines have been famines of credit rather than of food; it has not been so much that food was insufficient as that the people had neither cash nor credit wherewith to buy it."

Cornhill.

THERE is plenty of good matter in the September number of *Cornhill*. The "doggerel ditties" of "Dogberry," the tragedy of Robert Emmet, and Mr. Sidney Low's appreciation of the late W. E. Henley have claimed separate notice. Mr. W. W. Gibson contributes a short drama in verse on three kings left by sea rovers naked and bound on a lone rock in mid-ocean. There is not a little to remind one of the "Prometheus Unbound." The purport seems to be to show that glory is futile, but that love is uppermost even in death. Mr. Frederic Harrison gives reminiscences of the Century Club, begun in 1866 by himself and Mr. Lyulph Stanley, and ultimately merged in the National Liberal Club. Mr. George Bourne writes on rural techniques, and shows how much skill has gone to the making and the using of scythe and spade and hoe. It is a chivalrous vindication of the skill of the agricultural labourer. Mrs. Woods contributes a travel paper on her tour through the Basque provinces. Professor Brandin appreciates the work of Gaston Paris in reconstructing mediæval history through its literature. The discovery of new stars gives Mr. F. W. Dyson the thread for a varied astronomical story.

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THE FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW.

THE *Fortnightly Review* for September is a good number, somewhat marred by the editor's too great consideration for the Zollverein controversy. The papers on this subject are all dealt with together. A good article by Mr. H. N. Brailsford on "The Macedonian Revolt," a paper by Mr. D. G. Hogarth on "Crete, Free and Autonomous," and an appreciation by Miss Tynan of Sir Horace Plunkett's work in Ireland, are all cited among the Leading Articles, and leave little to be dealt with in this section.

MAN'S PLACE IN THE UNIVERSE.

Dr. Russel Wallace replies to his critics. He announces that he has been preparing a book on the subject, which is nearly ready. Dr. Wallace sticks to his argument that observation tends to prove that the stellar system is not infinite. As for the argument raised by his critics, that as the sun is moving rapidly through space, it did not always, even if it now does, occupy a central position, Dr. Wallace replies that we have no evidence whatever to show that the solar system is moving in a straight line. The motion of our system is purely relative to certain specified groups of stars. Dr. Wallace concludes by saying that such delicate adjustments, and such numerous combinations of physical and chemical conditions, are required for the development and maintenance of life, as to render it in the highest degree improbable that they should all be again found combined in any planet, which leads him to the provisional conclusion that our earth is the only inhabited planet in the whole stellar universe.

THE GOOD OLD TIMES.

Mr. G. J. Holyoake has an interesting paper entitled "Did Things Go Better Before Our Time?" His answer he sums up in the words of Sidney Smith:—

"For olden times let others prate,
I deem it lucky I was born so late."

Mr. Holyoake mentions one curious fact, that before matches came into common use the average working man wasted ninety hours a year in kindling fires with the tinder-box. Seventy years ago the working-class household lived in gloom after sundown. Mr. Holyoake remembers a time when "only four men in Birmingham had the courage to wear beards," and only military officers were allowed to wear a moustache. In the good old days one pump in a yard had to serve several working-class families. In the days of wooden bedsteads the working man was eaten alive by insects. Food today is purer—health is surer—life itself is safer and lasts longer.

THE AMERICAN HUSBAND.

Gertrude Atherton writes on "The American Husband," the type of which, she insists, is not to be found among the wealthy visitors to Europe, but among the great middle class:—

Beyond a doubt, it is in the huge bulk of the middle class, both in and out of the strenuous cities, that not only the "typical" husband is to be found, but the largest measure of domestic contentment. In these millions of respectable homes, just above the grind and pinch of poverty, many a man is common, overbearing, selfish, dull, but the mass of him lives an even and amiable life, moderately indulgent to his family, and repaying the intermittent sacrifices of his wife with much consideration, even while accepting them as inevitable. He loves his home and takes a deep interest in his children, being not above walking the floor with them at night, nor wheeling them in the perambulator. If he works unceasingly it is to educate them properly, and leave his family provided for at his death. There may be an occasional scene when bills come in, for the

American man expects the impossible of the American wife, more in the matter of economics than in the power of mortal woman outside of France.

Mr. W. S. Lilly makes a rather lame explanation on the subject of a statement made by him, to the effect that the late Lord Grey declared to him that Mr. Gladstone was "congenitally incapable of speaking the truth."

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY.

THE most important article in the *Atlantic Monthly* for August is Mr. Henry James's essay on Emile Zola, which is noticed elsewhere. There is an important paper by C. J. Bullock on the "Concentration of Banking Interests in the United States;" a letter from the Philippines, by an American journalist who holds that the Filipino is a very impudent and impertinent child who needs to be sternly disciplined; but the civilisation of the Filipino is clean mentally towards women; his evil side is not nasty. This is the more remarkable because before the advent of the Spaniards virginity was regarded as such a disgrace that it was sufficient in itself to prevent a woman from going to heaven.

There is a very interesting, enthusiastic paper upon lawn tennis, by Mr. A. S. Pier. He examines all the games in turn, and comes to the conclusion that lawn tennis, of all others, is entitled to supremacy among games, "for that game on the whole is the best, and most completely fulfils its purpose which best satisfies the contentious spirit of a human being." From this point of view no other game can be compared to lawn tennis. From the first stroke of the game to the last, you are in constant opposition to another player. The game enables you to feel your power over your antagonist. You paralyse him by a stroke, you experience a moment of omnipotence. Even to be beaten gives you the fierce joy of the Old Guard, "which dies but never surrenders." A match between old men deeply in earnest is a spectacle more inspiring to one's humanity than a tournament of champions.

THE PALL MALL MAGAZINE.

THE September *Pall Mall Magazine* is excellent, from the sketch of Mr. Winston Churchill, noticed separately, to Mr. William Archer's appreciation of W. E. Henley; and Mr. William Sharp's "literary geographical" paper on "The Country of R. L. Stevenson."

Mr. Arthur Henry, writing on "The Pilgrim's Way," describes the old highway still so known in parts by which pilgrims journeyed from London to Becket's shrine at Canterbury. Signor Cortesi describes in detail how the Pope is elected; and Major Powell-Cotton writes on the cave-dwellers of Mount Eglon, some ninety miles north-east of Victoria Nyanza. Already there are very few of these most primitive folks left; and soon they will all have migrated to the plains. Interesting illustrations accompany the article.

The Count de Soissons' article on "The Austrian Emperor and the Family" gives an interesting theory of his own as to the real cause of Prince Rudolfs tragic end—a secret known only to the Emperor, Count Goluchowski, and one other. This article is unlike most of those about Royalty; it is not "mostly slush."

Mr. Frederic Lees has an article on the author of "Mon Frère Yves," to which every reader of Loti will eagerly turn. It is curious to learn that a son of non-Bible reading France (though Loti was of a Protestant family) should confess that the Bible, as read aloud by his father, was perhaps the only book that has influenced his style. Flaubert and Alphonse Daudet he has read; otherwise he writes more books than he reads.

THE CONTEMPORARY REVIEW.

THE *Contemporary Review* for September is a very good number, and most of its articles are quoted among the Leading Articles.

FRANCE, ENGLAND, AND PEACE.

M. Jean Finot, editor of *La Revue*, contributes an excellent paper entitled "France, England, and the Anarchy of Europe," in which the whole history of progress towards internationalism is summed up. M. Finot regards the victory of international law in Anglo-French relations as practically assured. He thinks that by such means, and not by demanding general disarmament, the peace of Europe will be finally attained:—

The European atmosphere is favourable to the success of the idea of peace. Governments and the diplomatic routine offer but a feeble opposition to the will of the peoples and their Parliaments. Success will be all the nearer if the converts to the cause will abandon their old impracticable visions. All efforts should be concentrated on a programme, not difficult to realise: compulsory arbitration for all. Instead of trying to bring "universal peace" upon a world as yet too young to accept it, or preaching "general disarmament," a project so much at variance with the distrust sown by the representatives of monarchical and warlike Europe, the friends of peace should have but one purpose, to bring about a state of law among the nations. This method of providing against war will soon become the general rule. It involves no premiums to pay, no sacrifices to undergo.

"THE REAL CARLYLE."

There is an interesting paper under this heading, compiled by his daughter from notes left by the late Sir Charles Gavan Duffy. Sir Charles evidently did not take an extremist view in either side of the Froude controversy. He denies that Mrs. Carlyle ever underwent any exceptional hardships at Craigenputtock; but he says that if Carlyle had "sweetened their leisure with habitual tokens of tenderness and fondness, she would have got more pleasure out of life; but he was apt to be silent and self-absorbed even in the intervals of repose." Carlyle had faults which, under a social microscope, loom large. Sir Charles, however, criticises Froude for exposing the details of Carlyle's domestic life. Of Carlyle as a teacher, he says:—

There are no symptoms discernible of Carlyle being forgotten, and quite as few of his being accepted as one of the small exceptional class of beings appointed to expound the will of God to mankind. His opinions have not spread and strengthened with time as divine teachings have always done; on the contrary, they exercise less influence over men than during his lifetime. His contempt for the aims and methods of modern liberty is considered as paradoxical as Rousseau's onslaught on civilisation, and his remedies are like the fiascoes in the Patent Office, which are marvellously ingenious, but somehow won't work. A whole generation has passed away since he declared that nothing was to be expected from reforming Parliament. The world shows no inclination to accept his opinion on negro slavery, or Jewish emancipation. In truth he did not make any immediate addition to the stock of human knowledge, but he recalled and vivified the sense of human duties and obligations, and will take his place with great teachers who serve and enlighten mankind like Milton, Burke and Johnson.

THIERS.

Mrs. Emily Crawford contributes an extremely interesting anecdotal article of "Recollections of M. Thiers," written, of course, *à propos* of M. Hanotaux's recent book. Speaking of Thiers just before his death, Mrs. Crawford says:—

A more extraordinary being never lived than M. Thiers. He had deliciously endearing qualities. His mind had search-

light luminosity. Like radium it kept burning bright without consuming itself, and remained active to the end. I saw him in bed, a bed no longer than a child's, with his nightcap on his head, resting after his conference with Gambetta, and had from his lips his view of the situation of MacMahon, of Republican France, and of France in relation to Italy and Germany. I called late in the afternoon, and should have been told to come again had he not overheard my voice in the hall. He got up, came out into the lobby, and called me up. I found him in a long nightshirt, with his wife and her sister trying to keep him quiet. Finally he went back to bed, but insisted on sitting up and talking. He looked dying and, as George Fox said of Cromwell, "a whiff of death passed over him." His translucent face struck me as phenomenally beautiful in an extraordinary way. We knew little then of electric light. In looking back Thiers appears to me to have contained an arc light. The flesh was the colour of old white wax; the lines and wrinkles were deeply graven, but the black eyes were lambent and expressive. His mind was never more fit, but he showed childish petulance when the ladies with him betrayed fear for his health. This did not arise from senile decay; he had, as long as I remember him, the petulance of childhood. It added a grace the more to his many captivating qualities; the mind kept its childish freshness to the very last, and his interests, which ran in so many directions, remained vivid as in early life.

OTHER ARTICLES.

Madame Mary Duclaux begins a series of papers on "The French Peasant Before and After the Revolution," dealing this month with the part "Before." Professor Armitage writes on "The Indian Missionary."

Blackwood for September is chiefly notable for "Sigma's" personal reminiscences of illustrious literary men. Mr. Walter B. Harris describes his three weeks' captivity with the Moorish rebels. Mr. R. L. Kennion narrates his experiences of the annual pilgrimage of tribute from Cashmere to the sacred city of Tibet. His description of Tibetan tea—a compound of tea and butter and salt boiled together and kept simmering until it is of the consistency of cocoa—is enough to make the English tea-drinker shudder. Articles on the food question and the present condition of parties fall to be noticed under the fiscal problem.

In the *Positivist Review* for September, Mrs. Frederic Harrison, in "News from South Africa," calls attention to the suffering caused by the war-receipts not being paid, and by "compensation" being so capricious. "The widows and children are in sad plight." Mr. J. H. Bridges writes on the newly-formed Society of Sociology, and urges the importance of keeping sociology in close comparison with biology, and of paying most heed, not to social origins so much, as to more highly developed communities. Professor Beesly exposes the attempts of French Nationalists to hide their electoral weakness.

THE *Leisure Hour* for September is a full number. Mr. Atkins's lugubrious estimate of the general reader and Mr. Gordon's casualties of British industry claim separate mention. Mr. J. M. Bacon gives much interesting information about cipher writing, which will appeal to persons at the secretive age. Rev. John Isabell furnishes illustrations of the co-operative system among animals. Under the heading "A Chat on a Cable-car," Rev. J. P. Hobson supplies much local history concerning Brixton Hill. Lucy M. J. Garnett contributes picturesque photographs of the Tent Dwellers of Turkey, in which Kurds and Circassians appear more like human beings and less like the ghouls reported of by special correspondents.

THE NEW LIBERAL REVIEW.

THE *New Liberal Review* continues to render excellent service to the cause of Free Trade. I have dealt with the articles on this subject elsewhere. Mr. Humbert Beaumont writes on "The Labour Representation Committee and the Liberal Party," protesting against the pretence that the Labour Representation Committee is in any sense a wing of the Liberal Party. He denies that the new Labour Party has anything in common with Liberalism, and denounces it as reactionary and illiberal:—

What, then, is to be our attitude as Liberals when at the next General Election we are face to face with this new reactionary party? There are only two courses open to us. We can—as the weak-kneed would have us do—retire more or less gracefully whenever we are attacked by the Labour Representation Committee and practically throw up the sponge. Or we can do as the Liberal Party has done in the past, and as I hope it will do in the future—we can fight it out. If the Liberal Party has done anything at all for the good of the community—and it is well that this should sometimes be remembered—it is that it has always set its face dead against class interests and class tyranny: it fought the reactionary forces of Toryism and beat them, and it can, if it chooses, equally fight the reactionary forces of this new Labourism and beat them too.

I hope that Mr. Beaumont's advice will not be taken.

EDUCATION IN FRANCE.

Mr. A. L. Jerrold writes an interesting article on Education in France, from which I quote his summary:—

It is admitted, for example, that education as distinct from instruction (which is probably more thorough in France) is more efficient in our own country. Most men of eminence deplore, too, the excessive centralisation that obtains in the educational as well as in all the other departments of French administration. Professors Lavisse and Séailles have pointed out how the uniformity of all *lycées* is not only seriously harmful to the interests of each *lycée* separately, but also a little laughable. "I know," says some one, "that at this moment all the boys of such an age are doing such and such a part of their time-table all over France and Algeria." Naturally this uniformity must not be understood as absolute, though it may be described as extreme. Further comes the bane of red-tapeism and *fonctionnarisme*, which term designates a product that may be considered as peculiarly French—the force that turns everyone into a place-hunter through obliging him to consider constantly the possibility of being promoted a step higher, and to direct his energies towards obtaining it at the earliest opportunity. Owing to this fact, a yearly "movement" of *lycée* teachers, of *proviseurs* (managers of the same), of directors of various grades takes place; and all the far-reaching evils of such instability can readily be imagined.

TO REFORM THE MERCHANT SERVICE.

Mr. Arthur Bles writes on "The Need of Reform in the Merchant Service." He complains of the drifting of our merchant ships, as far as officers and crews are concerned, into the hands of foreigners, and demands that all masters and officers aspiring to British certificates should be original or naturalised Britishers. He says that the food of the men as laid down by the Board of Trade rules would be hardly enough to satisfy a boy of fifteen:—

In 1894 I made a voyage as apprentice in a Liverpool "lime-juicer" round Cape Horn to Portland, Oregon. Our food during the entire voyage consisted of pea-soup three times a week, fresh (?) bread three times a week, hard bread (pantiles) *ad libitum*, salt beef (from cows which greatly resembled veteran cab-horses, I should imagine), a pound and a half three times a week, salt pork three times a week, tinned beef on Sundays—sometimes—half a pound of sugar, half a pound of butter, and two ounces of marmalade per week, a plum pudding on Christmas Day, porridge for about three weeks, if I remember rightly,

while off Cape Horn, and three-quarters of a bucket of water a day to serve amongst six boys for washing and drinking.

He has known cases of the stewards of ships passing off tea made with salt water on the men. Coffee is sometimes boiled in the same tin in which salt beef has been boiled. Mr. Bles suggests that the stores of every ship should be examined by a Government inspector, for while the quality is always inferior, the quantity is often not sufficient for the voyage. He deals with several other questions of importance, such as undermanning.

THE MONTHLY REVIEW.

THE *Monthly Review* for September opens with an editorial entitled "Naval Intelligence and the Russian Programme," in which the Admiralty is severely condemned for its lack of candour in publishing the facts about foreign shipbuilding programmes. Sir Michael Hicks-Beach contributes "A View of the Fiscal Controversy," which I have quoted from elsewhere. There is an article by Dr. Goldwin Smith on "The Royal Visit to Ireland," which, however, deals chiefly with past Irish history. Dr. Smith declares that there is no alternative between independence and legislative union for Ireland. He declares that Ireland will never be made a country of peasant proprietors, as its climate makes it a grazing country, and grazing farms must be large.

THE TIPSTER.

In an article on "The Tipster and his Trade" Lieutenant Colonel D. C. Pedder draws a melancholy picture of the prevalence of the betting evil. Of betting among working-class women he says:—

To trace the effects of betting among women of the wage-earning class, which is, we must remember, the great reservoir of England's strength, is a task almost too painful for an honest pen. Drink and unchastity almost inevitably follow in its train. Transpose recent high-life scandals into lower surroundings, with every suggestion of evil writ large and plain, and you will have a faint idea of the moral tone of a working man's home in which the wife has taken to following the example set her by her aristocratic sisters.

EXAMINING OF EXAMINERS.

Mr. R. F. Cholmeley contributes an amusing paper, entitled "A Critical Paper in Education," in which he draws up an amusing suggestion for an examination-paper for prospective schoolmasters:—

1. How would you deal with the following cases?—

An Impressionist painter, who has himself educated his son up to the age of sixteen and a half in the intervals of painting, wishes him prepared for a Balliol scholarship. He has perfect confidence in the boy's ability, but no exact knowledge of the conditions of success, having himself been brought up on a canal-barge, where the splendours of sunset awakened his genius and opened the door to fortune.

A retired sausage-seller of enormous wealth proposes to send you his two sons on condition that you can assure him that you will turn them out gentlemen.

A distinguished poet calls upon you to inform you that his son (whom you have just flogged for a peculiarly atrocious offence) wishes to become a schoolmaster.

A country clergyman writes to you that as his son is going into the Diplomatic Service he will be glad to have him placed in a form where he will learn colloquial German, Spanish, American, and Japanese: at the same time he expresses a profound belief in the value of a sound training in Classics and Mathematics, and a hope that his boy's pursuit of those studies will not be interrupted.

2. Write an essay on one of the following subjects:—

The limits of the personal interview.

The classification of correspondence.

Some applications of the term "cantankerous."

THE WORLD'S WORK.

THE September number is full of interesting matter, and, as usual, the illustrations are excellent in the extreme. Several of the special articles have been noticed elsewhere. A well-written article on the Atlantic Agreements goes very fully into the action of the Government with regard to the Cunard Company, with the result that—

regard the two agreements in any way one will, it is impossible, from a shipping point of view, to come to any other conclusion than that a combination of ignorance and fear has caused the British Government to make a huge blunder in the first place, and to act unjustly to the shipping community as a whole in the second.

THE FOOD TAX AND EGGS.

In a short article, Mr. Edward Brown shows that the Food Tax would have a remarkable effect upon the egg and poultry trade, causing the consumers to pay £2,133,204, while the Colonies would benefit only by £25,000. Interesting statistics are given of the sources from which we import these articles of food to a value of £7,358,994 per annum. Miss Schlesinger describes the recent researches of Mr. Peter Cooper Hewitt in the electrical field, and includes some remarks upon wireless telegraphy. From Mr. Edward Charles' article on balloons many people will be surprised to find that balloons can be procured so cheaply:—

The size generally favoured by "sportsmen" ranges from 27,000 to 45,000 cubic feet, costing, the former, in *coton caoutchouté* £120, in Chinese silk £192, and in French silk £252; and the latter, £220, £316, and £384, according to the material used. These prices include the balloon complete and ready to be filled with gas.

Least any of his readers should be tempted to rush rashly into making the purchase of a balloon, Mr. Charles adds that "the initial outlay is small compared with the amount that must be continually expended."

MORTIMER MENPES.

There is an extremely eulogistic article on Mortimer Menpes and his house in Cadogan Gardens. The frontispiece of the magazine is also one of this artist's pictures in colours. The writer notes the many-sidedness of the artist:—

He might be just as good at a dozen other things; his many experiences and clear point of view would fit him peculiarly for journalism; he was long known as one of the crack rifle shots of England; a large circle of people in many quarters of the globe know him as a most entertaining *raconteur*; it is said that in Japan he left records in wrestling which are still remembered.

A comparison of British and American advertising by an American writer is much more favourable to the former than might be expected. Mr. Houston concludes his article:—

But comparisons or contrasts only serve to show, after all, that open-minded business men both in Great Britain and America are working, in their own way, for better advertising. And with the men who dominate the commercial life of the two greatest commercial countries in the world working to a common end this result is sure—advertising will become the most potent business force of the century.

A VIVID picture of Falkland's death-battle at Newbury, a plea for a humaner view of the affectionate and fairly harmless badger, and an assertion from a tour through Canada in the sixties that eighty per cent. of French Canadians have made up their minds to repudiate the British connection, are the principal features in *Longman's* for September.

THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW.

THE gem of the *North American* is a novelty in the shape of a Roumanian folk-song, rendered into English verse by the late R. H. Stoddard. It is a very touching, simple rendering of what may be called the old story of the betrayal of woman's love and woman's trust.

Mrs. Kate T. Woolsey writes on "Woman's Inferior Position in a Republic," just as she wrote in her book upon "The Republic versus Woman." Lord North gives the second instalment of the memoir of his ancestor, who, sorely against his will, assisted George III. in losing the American colonies.

The great majority of the rest of the articles in the review are exclusively American, dealing with the question of forest reservations, the new status of the American National Guard, and the economic relations of America and Italy. The articles on the Zollverein and the German elections are noticed elsewhere.

THE GROWTH OF THE RUSSIAN FLEET.

The first, which is entitled "Russia's Fleet," is written by an Englishman, Mr. Archibald S. Hurd, who points out that in the last ten years Russia has practically created a new fleet, and is now proceeding to increase it still further. She has been in such haste that she has employed American, French, German, and English ship-builders in creating the fleet which she needed to hold her own against Japan. Her naval budget has risen from three and a half millions in 1889 to close upon eleven millions in 1902. In ten years her strength in big ships is almost doubled, and on January 1st, 1907, after eliminating all vessels more than twenty-five years old, her fleet will include twenty-five battleships and fourteen large cruisers. As her shipbuilding programme of 1898 is almost finished, a new programme is being begun, which includes six battleships of 16,000 tons each. In ten years the *personnel* of her blue-jackets has been doubled. It now stands at 62,000.

THE CASE FOR A LABOUR PARTY.

Mr. J. Keir Hardie, M.P., in an article entitled "Federated Labour as a new Power in British Politics," tells the story of the success of attempts that have been made to secure the representation of labour in Parliament. He predicts that at the next General Election fifty labour candidates will enter the lists, a fair proportion of whom are certain to be returned. It was the decision of the judges which practically repealed the trade union legislation of last century that forced the workmen to take this step; but Mr. Keir Hardie thinks that the economic conditions of England are such as to render the growth of a Labour Party inevitable. He speaks of the unfathomable depth of the poverty which even the prosperity occasioned by Free Trade has failed to ameliorate. The wages of agricultural labourers in England and Wales average 13s. 8d. per week. Close upon 30 per cent. of the working-classes do not earn enough to maintain for themselves and their dependents the standard of comfort which they would receive as paupers in the workhouse or criminals in gaol. 480,277 houses of one room are registered in England, Scotland and Wales which contain a living population of 1,571,504. Forty-four per cent. of the people of Scotland are accommodated in houses of one or two rooms, many of which afford accommodation for lodgers. At the same time military and naval expenditure has gone up from £28,000,000 to £70,000,000 a year. Hence the growing feeling that the interests of labour cannot be adequately safeguarded until there is a Labour party charged with that responsibility.

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PAGE'S MAGAZINE.

THE reconstruction of the Spanish Navy is discussed by Lieut.-Colonel L. Cubillo, of the Royal Spanish Artillery. He has to start from an assumption which may or may not occur—namely, that a naval programme will be decided upon. Spain, he says, has cause to lament the misfortunes of the late war, and has applied herself seriously to a consideration of the grounds of defeat. He very strongly urges that when the ships are to be built, they should be constructed in Spain. Except for the manufacture of armour-plate, the internal resources of Spain are, he says, entirely adequate for the purpose. Skilled labour and machinery would have to be introduced, but that was done in the United States and for the same purpose. Foremen were brought over from Scotland and England—especially the former—and they taught the Americans so well that an English engineer visiting Cramp's yards said the only tongue he could hear spoken there was the Scotch dialect. In view of the sacrifice which Spain would have to impose upon herself in order to build a navy, care should be taken that the greater part of the money expended remains in the country, developing her riches and increasing her metallurgical industries. Much is said concerning the defects of Spanish arsenals, but, says the writer, these defects exist in the arsenals in every country, and manifest themselves clearly when there is a slackness of employment.

THE ST. LOUIS WORLD'S FAIR.

A Chicago correspondent contributes a further description of the chief buildings at the World's Fair. He says:—

One of the finest buildings of the Exposition group is the Palace of Machinery, which has a prominent place upon the western arm of the main transverse avenue of the Exposition, opposite the Palace of Transportation. The structure is 1,000 feet long by 525 feet upon the eastern half and 300 feet upon the western part. The interior is arranged in five east and west aisles, each 100 feet wide. Three of the aisles extend the entire length of the building. The remaining two are 460 feet long.

The total power generated and used by the Exposition will be in the neighbourhood of 50,000 h.p. The following comparisons are interesting:—

The largest steam engine in the Chicago Exposition was rated at 2,500 h.p., and the largest gas engine in that Exposition at 10 h.p. The largest steam engine in the Paris Exposition of 1900 (which, by the way, was the largest steam engine ever exhibited in any Exposition up to that time) was rated at 4,000 h.p. At St. Louis will be shown a steam engine of over three times the power of the largest shown in the Chicago Exposition, and over twice the power of any shown in the Paris Exposition; or, in fact, in any Exposition prior to this time.

The article is illustrated by interesting photographs of buildings in course of erection.

A GIGANTIC GUN.

Mr. Herbert C. Fyfe describes the new 16-in. United States Coast Defence Gun. It is the first of a series of similar gigantic weapons. The total length is 49 ft. 2.9 in. The diameter of the rear portion is 60 in., of the muzzle 28 in. The projectile weighs 2,370 lbs., and the charge is 1,176 lbs. of old black powder or 576 lbs. of smokeless powder:—

Undoubtedly, the most spectacular feature in connection with this gun is its enormous range, which is estimated at about twenty-one miles, or, to be exact, 20.978. The trajectory of the projectile shows that in ranging to 20.978 miles the shell would reach the maximum elevation of 30,516 ft. This is enormously greater than the maximum range hitherto obtained by any other gun.

It would be interesting to know the life of such a gun. Photos of the enormous monster illustrate the article.

OTHER ARTICLES.

The new ropeway for conveying chalk at Dorking is briefly described. There is a double-page photograph of the mechanical engineers taken on the steps of the Town Hall when they met at Leeds, and an account of the meeting is given. An instructive article on the laying out of engineers' workshops is contributed by Joseph Horner, and Edward Butler writes on large power gas engines.

THE ENGINEERING MAGAZINE.

MR. W. P. STEPHENS contributes a lively article upon the modern racing yacht. He contends that this has now become an engineering proposition. Originally yachts were designed by men who were merely ship-builders, and worked by rule-o'-thumb. Then came the professional yacht-designer, who worked out every detail of design in advance on his drawing board, but required no engineering skill. That the present-day designer must be an engineer is well demonstrated by the capture of the Seawanhaka Cup. Mr. Stephens says:—

There is nothing in modern yachting more remarkable than the capture of an international trophy, the Seawanhaka Cup, in 1896, by two amateur designers and builders located on an isolated lake, and the successful defence of the cup in eight successive matches; but both of these men are by profession engineers—bridge builders—and it is the successful application of their professional knowledge to yacht designing and practical match sailing which has put them at the very top among modern designers of small craft, professional as well as amateur.

Mr. Stephens gives plans of the different types of yachts, tracing their development from the *Puritan* to the *Reliance*. The *Puritan* had a speed of about twelve knots, and the *Reliance* can do fifteen knots an hour. To attain this increased three knots the sail area has been increased nearly 120 per cent., but the length of the water-line is only increased 11 per cent. and the displacement 40 per cent. The cost of the *Puritan* was less than one-tenth that of *Reliance*, but she is in use to-day as a cruising schooner, whilst the value of *Reliance* in a few years will be only that of scrap metal.

A CAPITALISED LABOUR ORGANISATION.

Mr. Casper L. Redfield propounds an ingenious scheme by which he hopes industrial peace could be assured between capital and labour. He says that the working-man feels that in any business transaction the trained business man is the shrewder individual of the two, hence the working-man looks with suspicion upon any proposition the aim of which is to tie him to his employer by making him a small stockholder in his employer's business. The plan of selling or of giving small blocks of stock to employees, and the plan of profit sharing are palliative, not curative measures. Mr. Redfield outlines what he calls a capitalised labour organisation, the main object of which is for the organisation as an organisation to own good-sized blocks of stock in corporations employing labour of the kind which constitutes the organisation. The stockholders would of course all be workmen, and they would be represented by a titular stockholder. This individual would have great influence—rather too much to be safe, it might be contended. Mr. Redfield maintains that such an organisation would tend largely to prevent strikes and lock-outs. The scheme may be all right, but there appears little chance of its realisation as yet.

OTHER ARTICLES.

Professor Henry M. Horne has allowed portions of his book on alloys to appear in advance, and they occupy the first place in the magazine. Enrico Bignami writes upon the great electric installations of Italy, dealing chiefly with the Rome-Tivoli power plant and transmission. The article is well illustrated.

THE WESTMINSTER REVIEW.

THE *Westminster Review* for September is a good number. It opens with a paper suggesting "A Free Trading Imperial Zollverein," which I have noticed elsewhere. Mr. J. G. Godard follows with an article on "Ecclesiasticism and Imperialism," with special relation to the South African War. "The gravamen of the charge against the clergy," says Mr. Godard, "is not that they hypocritically profess the popular belief, but that they share such belief; that whenever the nation embarks upon an immoral or disastrous enterprise, they are always able to discover a justification for such enterprise because it is national." Surgeon-Captain Bakewell expresses the conviction that the Empire is likely to be broken up by the question: Will the Colonies pay their fair share and proportion of defending it? He does not think that such unorganised Colonial support as we received during the late struggle would be of any use in a great war. Mr. C. B. Wheeler, writing on the St. Pierre catastrophe, declares that it can be no more reconciled with the moral government of the universe than we can attribute benevolence to a cataract or magnanimity to the rising sun.

SCOTLAND'S NATIONAL PHYSIQUE.

Mr. H. Rippon-Seymour examines the report of the Royal Commission on Physical Training as regards Scotland. He comments on the fact that the Commissioners found that "there exists in Scotland an undeniable degeneration." It is remarkable that the percentage of children suffering from diseases in Edinburgh is more than double the percentage of Aberdeen. In Edinburgh one-third of the Board School children were found in want of immediate medical attention. Another article on the same subject by Mr. J. H. Vines, however, ridicules the conclusions of the Commission.

CO-EDUCATION.

There is an interesting article by Mr. E. H. Tylee on "Some Recent Experiments in Co-Education." He describes in detail the good results of co-education at Keswick, where there are now sixty boys and forty girls. Both sexes attend the same classes, and outdoor games form as large a part of the training of the girls as of the boys. The following sentences, one written by an Englishman and the other by an American, of authority, give the opinions of observers of co-education:—

There can be no question that the presence of the girls and mistresses had an indefinable influence which made itself felt: there was a marked gentleness and courtesy observable among the boys, both in play-hours and in school, which may not unnaturally be placed to the credit of co-education. It seems to be an admitted fact that girls become more full of resource, and capable of much self-reliance, that boys gain in refinement and a deeper appreciation of, and respect for, girlhood.

A COLLECTION of the views of leading artists as to what is the finest view in London forms one of the attractions of the *Strand Magazine*; photographs of the favourite spots are given. There is a surprising lack of unanimity amongst the artists. It is interesting to note that Sir Alma Tadema's admiration of the view from St. Stephen's Club is shared by Mr. Balfour, Mr. Chamberlain, and nearly all the leading statesmen who frequent the club. "That eminent authority on Indian art, Sir George Birdwood, told the writer that it was worth coming from the uttermost parts of the Empire to see in one comprehensive glance so many noble and sacred monuments dear to Englishmen."

FOR "PIGGIE'S" COUNTRY HOLIDAY.

I AM glad to announce that subscriptions continue to come in for "Piggie's" Country Holiday, which was originated in our serial "To be Continued in Our Next." Last month I acknowledged subscriptions to the amount of £11 19s. 6d.

I have now the pleasure of acknowledging the following additional subscriptions:—Elsie M. Wagg, £5 5s.; H.M.S. Chermont, £2; B. F., £2; Lady J. C. T., £2; Miss Hanley, £1 10s.; C. Soderman, £1 5s.; Alice Hill, £1. Ten shillings each from B. Davies, I. L. Oppenheim, Haddie Cunningham, G. Hobgen, J. Simpson, R. Ward, Miss M. White, Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton Smith, E. Blackman and P. Blackman. From H. C. Fenton, 7s. Five shillings each from W. F. H. Lewisham, A. Bradford, L. B. Wood, S. Wright, R. W. Stephens, and half-a-crown each from Mrs. Frank and Anon.

LA REVUE.

THE most important article in *La Revue* this month—that by M. Jean Finot on "French and English before the European Anarchy"—has already been noticed in the *Contemporary*. The other papers present great variety of interest.

Mr. W. H. Lecky, writing on "The Anglo-American Alliance," remarks that in spite of a small but ever-diminishing number of points of friction, England has still more in common with America than with any European country. The probabilities are, he thinks, that there will never be war between the two countries; arbitration will regulate all their differences. Nevertheless, he does not consider an actual general alliance as likely to come, though there will be many treaties for special objects. For good, permanent relations with America, England must look to an ever-increasing community of sympathy, principles, and ideas.

M. Liard Courtois devotes two long and very painful articles, written from first-hand knowledge, to a description of the treatment of French convicts in Guiana, and on the Devil's Island of Dreyfus fame. It is almost incredible that such a state of things should exist. Since 1852 more than 26,000 convicts have been sent to French Guiana, of whom 84½ per cent. die of disease, hardship, and insufficient food.

M. Emile Faguet, reviewing a book on "l'Ennui," has a great deal to say that is very interesting. *Ennui* means weakness somewhere; but lest those who do not suffer from it should grow swell-headed, he says that the chief reason for such exemption is being too well pleased with oneself—too sublimely conceited a fool even to feel *ennui*. Against *ennui* there is only one remedy—"a consistent, continuous course of action, tending always in the same direction towards an object impossible of attainment." In other words, to get a mania for something, and stick to it.

THE *English Illustrated Magazine* contains a curious paper, "Fire-fighting in Bygone Days," which traces from old prints the gradual development of the fire-engine, from its ancestor the hand-squirt. Saint-Germain, near Paris, and its English associations are described; and there is a paper on the French artist Boucher, with excellent reproductions of his works.

THE REVUE DES DEUX MONDES.

THE leading French review maintains even in August its high standard of interest. We have noticed elsewhere M. Dastre's article on the physiological value of sugar, two papers on the late Pope and some observations by M. Charmes on the new Pope, and the position of England in the Persian Gulf as described by M. Rouire.

SOUTHERN MADAGASCAR.

To the first August number M. Charles-Roux contributes an interesting paper on the southern part of Madagascar. Much of this portion had never been explored, and it was so recently as October, 1900, that the task of pacifying and organising it was entrusted to Colonel Lyautey. He did his work remarkably well, and avoided as far as he possibly could both the red-tape and the militarism which were formerly characteristic of French Colonial administration. All over the island medical assistance for the natives has been systematically organised, and will no doubt do much to check the appalling infant mortality. The Malagasy women are good mothers, but ignorant of the simplest rules of health, and it is no wonder that many of the children who do survive grow up sickly or idiotic. The adult population, too, is devastated by tuberculosis, leprosy, smallpox, and alcoholism, and wholesale vaccination has been resorted to.

A FRENCH VIEW OF BURNS.

M. Roz, in a long study of Burns, agrees with Lord Rosebery in thinking that the secret of the poet's extraordinary fame and of his incomparable genius is that, unlike other Scottish writers, he set Scotland on her feet in a literary sense, and reasserted her claims to a national existence. Scotland is only an ideal nation; all her reality is in her past, to which she pays fervent honour, and in her spiritual life, which expresses the genius of certain men—John Knox, Walter Scott, and, above all, Robert Burns. That is why she is so prodigal of her admiration and her love. In no other country, perhaps, does the expression "national poet" bear so full and strong a meaning.

THE YOUTH OF MIRABEAU.

M. Doumic, in a paper which reflects the increased attention which is now being paid to the great figures of the Revolution, deals with the intrigues of Mirabeau with Sophie de Monnier and Julie Dauvers. It is a sordid story, especially Mirabeau's pretence in the "Letters to Julie" that he enjoyed the favours of the Princesse de Lamballe.

NAVAL MANŒUVRES.

An anonymous article in the second August number deals in an expert manner with squadron evolutions and the tactics of modern fleets. The writer comes to certain conclusions, which may be thus stated. The difficulties and dangers of squadron manœuvres of the traditional type could only increase because of the inevitable growth of tonnage, while the most modern conception of naval tactics, derived from the progress effected in speed and in offensive armament, rendered less and less justifiable the value attached to compact formations and evolutions in close order. A special individual importance is to be assigned to fighting units which are intended to act, not in isolation, but separately, while at the same time combining their efforts. Officers must consequently have not only the highest technical training and personal bravery, but something which is yet more important still—the power

of imagination to conceive decisive movements, the intuition which perceives the golden moment, and that courage of the mind which undertakes such movements. In a word, the writer says that the great need in the French Navy is the restoration of individual initiative.

OTHER ARTICLES.

Among other articles may be mentioned one on engineering by M. Benoist, and a study of the ethics of anarchy (with special reference to Ibsen) by M. Suarès.

THE REVUE DE PARIS.

THIS review for August is very readable. M. Berthélemy contributes to the first August number a clever defence of indirect taxation. He explains the grave danger of a democracy laying all its financial burdens on the small group of wealthy people, and he shows, or thinks he shows, that it is often the poor who really pay in the end the taxes intended to be levied on the rich. Indirect taxation he recommends because its productivity is enormous, it can be easily borne, and it is just in its incidence. Altogether, it produces the maximum of revenue with the minimum of discontent. Incidentally it may be noted that M. Berthélemy advocates a State monopoly of the drink traffic in France on the same lines as the tobacco monopoly.

MILITARY LIFE IN ITALY.

M. Tissot describes military life in Italy as portrayed in the novels of Captain Sangiacomo, a distinguished Italian officer, whose works, one gathers, are more to be commended as documents than for their literary merit. The Italian army seems to suffer quite as much as ours from the absurdities of the military tailor, with his affection for the minutæ of gold-lace and dolmans. But the serious side of the matter is that the moral influence of the Army on the national life is so bad; indeed, M. Tissot declares that in Italy, as in all the countries of Western Europe, the position of standing armies is seriously threatened by the spirit of modern progress.

CATTLE-BREEDING IN THE ARGENTINE.

M. Daireaux describes the remarkable work which has been done in the Argentine Republic by cattle-breeders and agriculturists generally from England, Belgium, Switzerland, Italy, and Germany. France alone is almost unrepresented, and he adjures his countrymen to take a hand in this profitable game.

OTHER ARTICLES.

Among other articles may be mentioned a travel-article on the Narbonne country, by Mr. W. Morton Fullerton, and an account of a visit to Bismarck, by Théophile Gautier *fil.*

A VERY refreshing contrast to the bitter war now waged in so many villages between Anglicans and Non-conformists is recalled in the *Sunday at Home* by Rev. T. A. Gurney. He tells how, in the beginning of the last century, the Rev. J. Collins, Independent minister at Swanage, felt moved to call upon the young rector of the village, and expound to him the way of God more perfectly. The result was a great awakening in the soul and in the preaching of the rector, and a close friendship which lasted for some twenty years, only interrupted by death. The rector even attended the Independent Church on Sunday evenings when there was no service in the parish church, until the bishop intervened and forbade this irregularity while blessing the friendship.

THE ITALIAN REVIEWS.

ON THE LATE POPE.

THE death of Leo XIII. and the election of a successor form, naturally enough, the subject of several articles in the August issues, notably in the *Civiltà Cattolica*, the *Rassegna Nazionale*, and the *Nuova Antologia*. The tenor of all is the same—admiration for the acknowledged powers of one of the last of the Grand Old Men of Europe, and grief at his death. The first-named review, having dealt lengthily with Leo's Pontificate on the occasion of his jubilee, considers that it has little to add, but nevertheless publishes several pages of eulogy. The *Nuova Antologia* thinks it somewhat difficult to judge his work fairly. He had to encounter many difficulties, face many severe struggles, and he undoubtedly had many successes. At times he ventured boldly into the future: at others he appeared to be hiding timorously in the past. In another article, this review speaks of Leo having died too soon, and being still in his youth, despite his great age, which metaphorical remark is indicative of the high opinion in which Leo was held. The *Rassegna Nazionale* quotes Dante, and says that the late Pontiff possessed the three qualities mentioned in those lines, namely, intellectual light full of love, love full of gladness, and gladness superior to all sorrow. He was a human creature who was almost celestial.

In the second article of the *Nuova Antologia* we have a sketch of the popes of Leo's century. Beginning with some remarks on Pius VI., who died in 1799 after having been dethroned by Bonaparte, and who was carried to his grave not by priests, but by soldiers, the article goes through the occupants of the Holy See and ends with Leo, who is, to use the words of another writer, "the noblest Roman of them all."

The *Rassegna Nazionale*, speaking briefly of the new Pontiff, thinks that he will be a worthy Vicar of Christ, and declares that the name (Pius X.) is of good augury. The *Civiltà Cattolica* is also very hopeful.

AGRICULTURE AND EDUCATION.

The *Civiltà*, among its other contributions (Aug. 15th) has an article on Agriculture and Agriculturists in Italy, which is really a review of a German book. Italy's resources are very great, and in former times these resources were developed; she was called the "Garden of Europe," and even Virgil termed her "the great mother of cereals." This condition of things existed till 1848, since which time the decadence has been astounding. The preponderance of secular education and the propagation of Socialistic ideas is largely the assigned cause. There is also an article on the Index of Prohibited Books, in which we are informed that many persons confuse the legislation on the general subject with the catalogue itself.

Nuova Antologia (August 1st) has an article on Popular Education in Italy revealing a state of things decidedly unsatisfactory. According to the latest statistics, there were rather less than 51,000 schools in the country, of which about 87 per cent. were of inferior grades. This is quite insufficient for the population; many outlying villages (those in the mountain districts, for instance) with 500 inhabitants are not reached by any school.

The same review contains an interesting account of a Chinese book on the cultivation of silkworms, poetically described as "rods of silk." This great work, which runs into twenty-four volumes, was compiled by the order of the Emperor Koung, and its compilation was effected by doctors and other learned men of the Flowery Land. It contains practical notions, traditions and laws on the

subject, most of which date back to pre-Christian times. It tells of species which many European entomologists refused at first to believe in, but the general accuracy of the statements is now conceded.

THE FUTURE OF THE LATIN RACE.

Among the contents of the *Rassegna Nazionale* is an article on the "Future of the Latin Race," in which a comparison is made between a new book and certain articles on the same subject previously published in the *Rassegna Nazionale*. The future of the race is decidedly bad, according to the book, unless some great change comes about; the present is certainly bad. The conclusion is that physical, moral and religious changes are needed, the word "religion" being used in a broad sense. The author of the book thinks that Romanism is the cause of the present deplorable condition, and would get rid of religion in the main; whereas the writer of the article says that we have only to look back at the former greatness of the Latin race to see a refutation of the attack on Romanism. More religion, not less, is what is required. There are also deeply interesting articles on the conversion of George Henry Newman and the Catholic Renaissance in England, and on Verdi.

THE NOUVELLE REVUE.

THE energetic editors of the *Nouvelle Revue* have secured a number of letters written by Charles Baudelaire to his mother and to a number of friends. They show how this unfortunate man of genius was worried by money matters much as was his greater compatriot, Balzac. Each and all of his long epistles deal with money, the lack of it, the urgent necessity for procuring an advance of a few pounds, the story of how and where these same few pounds were spent, etc., etc. In some ways Baudelaire's career greatly resembled that of the American poet whom he so admired and translated, Edgar Allan Poe.

A GREAT CHINESE REFORMER.

In days to come the civilised world may become as familiar with the name of *Kang-Yon-Wei* as it is now with that of Plato or of Confucius. This great Chinese reformer is now living in exile at Tokio, banished from his native country and from the college he founded at Peking, by the Dowager Empress, who both fears and hates him. *Kang-Yon-Wei* is a constructive philosopher. He has published a most remarkable pamphlet, a kind of confession of faith, in which he sets out his views concerning human life and conduct. In many ways this venerable Chinaman is far in advance of many so-called European reformers. Thus he is for absolute equality between the sexes, and he even goes so far as to advocate women being employed in great affairs of State.

OTHER ARTICLES.

Other articles deal with the St. Louis Exhibition; the strange "Death Dances" which played so great a part in the popular festivals and carnivals of the Middle Ages; the improvements made of late in Paris, and two biographical papers, the one dealing with Charnacé, the other with Berlioz.

RUSKIN's handwriting is the subject of an interesting paper by Mr. W. G. Collingwood in *Good Words*. Facsimiles are given of his writing at various stages of his career. He had in early days, it appears, one hand for his father, another for his mother, and for his friends and himself an assortment of varying scribbles. But "the model upon which Ruskin's usual handwriting was at last formed was his mother's."

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THE DUTCH REVIEWS.

De Gids is a decidedly good number. The article on the African Pompeii is full of interest; this is Thimgad, the Thamugadi of the ancients, which the French Government is now digging from the earth that hides it. The tourist goes to Batna, in Algeria, mainly for the purpose of "doing" the ruins of Lambese (the Lambæsis of the Romans) and Markouna (Verecunda) and the excavations and remains of Thimgad, so the writer describes her journey in a victoria, occupying four hours, to these three places. The first was a Roman camp, that of the Third Legion of Augustus. Arrived at Thimgad, the writer takes us in imagination to the far-off days when Thamugadi was as full of life as Pompeii. The article keeps the reader fully interested from the first word to the last. The article on two Javanese fables about animals—fables usually are concerned with members of the animal kingdom—interest as much as fables generally do; they show us once more how widespread are the stories we associate with the nursery. In every land—civilised and uncivilised—we find practically the same stories; they vary a little here and there—the Asiatic "Jack the Giant-Killer" may refer to the sun and moon instead of to a boy and an exaggerated specimen of humanity, but the groundwork is the same. Then Dr. Vurtheim takes us back to the ancient Greeks, to a forgotten spot in Albania and to Thessaly, and shows us how the shepherds and hunters and agriculturists had their harvest thanksgiving, which he describes as a Greek Feast of the Tabernacles. Among those people the moon was a deity, and in her "horned" form was regarded as the protecting goddess of those who had to do with hunting or horned beasts. Sacrifices were offered to her lunar ladyship, who was in most cases more beneficent than the sun, enabling the people to carry on their method of gaining a livelihood when the god of day was frowning. There is an allegorical sketch "The God of the Child," and other entertaining contents.

In *Onze Eeuw* the contribution which first catches the fancy is one with the (to us) curious title "In the Realm of Tunes." At first we are rather disappointed to find that it is not a learned dissertation on the gamut or the science of sounds, but we afterwards discover ourselves in the midst of a readable description of the competition of Men's Choirs in Frankfurt a short time ago. There were 6,000 throats in combat, as the writer humorously informs us, and the leader of the winning choir, which hailed from Berlin, had the gold chain of victory placed round his neck by the Empress. The writer then sketches the rise of these German Singing Associations: they began with the foregathering of two or three men here and there for musical amusement and practice, and they have gradually developed till they have become quite a power for good in the Fatherland. The love of music is more inborn in the German than in the Britisher, and therefore forms more of a pastime; the Tonic Sol-Fa Societies of this country never appear to have obtained the same hold on our young people as the *Gesangvereine* have secured on the youth of Germany. There are articles on Æschylus and on Old Letters from Florence, these last dealing with the time when the Republic was in the height of its power, namely, in the fifteenth century, and affording an interesting glimpse of old Italy. The account of the ancient Abbey of Rolduc, in the south of the province of Limburg, dating back some eight hundred years, rounds off a good number of this excellent review.

Elsevier opens with an article on Graadt van Roggen, the Dutch etcher, whose work is not so well known outside Holland as the writer thinks it should be.

GERMAN MAGAZINES.

THE *Deutsche Revue* contains a rather interesting article by E. von Liebert which gives a short history of Anglo-German relations in Africa. He opens with a tribute to Sir Harry Johnston, whose remarkable frankness in recounting Germany's actions in Africa he thinks truly surprising in an Englishman. His book, by the way, has been translated and is appearing in Germany. Von Liebert served with, and is a personal friend of, Herrmann von Wissmann, who, says Sir H. Johnston, has done more for German East Africa than any other man living. No German can look back to the Treaty of Zanzibar in 1890 without regret. Before that time, he recounts how Dr. Peters had persuaded the young King of Uganda to put himself under German protection, how Emin Pasha had renounced his arrangements with Great Britain and had declared that he was proud to serve under the German flag, how the trade of Zanzibar was chiefly in German hands, and how the Arab revolt had been successfully crushed. The treaty lost Germany—says von Liebert—Somaliland, Witu, Uganda, the land west of Lake Nyassa, and the protectorate over Zanzibar. Germany, he explains, had no rights over the latter, but her diplomacy should at any rate have prevented the declaration of a British protectorate. He points out that England has not developed the country round Mombasa, but has merely acquired it, so that she can run a railway to the coast from the more fruitful interior. Germany has worked very differently. In her territory harbours are well built, lighthouses are erected on the coast, towns built, roads made throughout the land, everything that was required, in fact—but unfortunately the expected trade does not appear!

General Stefan Turr contributes an article upon the three great figures who stand forth in Austro-Hungarian relations, namely, Andrassy and Deak, who brought about the union, and Kossuth who opposed it to the death. Georges Claretie writes upon the first stage success of Edmond Rostand, whom he calls a sovereign, a king of poetry.

D. Franke in the *Deutsche Rundschau* contributes a lengthy paper upon Japan's Asiatic aspirations. He says that after the Chino-Japanese war the hate against China was replaced by an aversion to the white man. The Anglo-Japanese alliance seems to controvert this theory, but he considers this as merely a means to an end, and that the real feeling of the Japanese people is expressed in the memorandum of the recently-formed East Asiatic League of culture. This league has for its object the closer union of the yellow races, and the maintenance of the *status quo* in the far East, and always keeps in mind the fact that Asia belongs to the yellow race, and the white should be excluded. Idealism in America forms the subject of an article by Mr. Wilhelm, of New York; and M. von Brandt discusses German colonial politics from the French point of view.

The remarkable victories of the Social Democrats at the last election naturally form the subject of articles in the *Sozialistische Monatshefte*. Johannes Timm deplors the fact that the best books devoted to science and logic are so high-priced that the great mass of working-men cannot afford to get them; he is glad, however, that the Socialist periodicals and papers find their way into the hands of all.

THE *Badminton Magazine* contains an excellent article entitled "Hints to Modest Motorists," which will be found of much value to the beginners in this the newest of all sports.

Esperanto: The International Key Language.

SINJORO ELLIS klarigis ke kvankam li ne kutumis paroli multe publike li devis esprimi al la francaj samideanoj kaj amikoj siajn korajn dankojn pro ilia boneco al la fremdaj visitantoj. Nature li timas, mokinojn pro la manko de sperteco en la uzado de la lingvo nova. La reprezentantoj estis kortuŝitaj per sia akceptado. Li ne povis diri pli, kaj li ne deziris diri malpli.

THE above is quoted from a short speech made during the Havre visit, and it shows how little words only can express. They sound almost curt; but coming as the little speech did after several longer and more eloquent ones, notably those of Mr. Rhodes, M. Ducros, and the especial guest, M. Bourlet, they were spoken with emotion and received with resounding applause. They serve, however, to exemplify the point brought out later at the Town Hall meeting—that Esperanto is as suitable as any other language for oral communications. A short extract from Horace, read by an English scholar, was unintelligible to French Latinists on account of the difference in pronunciation.

An evening visit to the Esperanto section of the Universitaire Populaire, a sort of French substitute for our technical classes, was most interesting. One felt that an international key language such as the Esperanto we were using would help the nations towards a better understanding of each other, for as one had a little quiet talk with man or woman in which home troubles, difficulties, and joys were touched upon, there was no chance of remembering that we were French and English; brother and sister were the only words which could possibly convey the sense of the overflowing kindness which surrounded us.

ESPERANTO AND PATRIOTISM.

I think, if I had space to spare, my readers would be very much amused at the contradictory comments of the newspapers upon Esperanto. The worst comment, of course, is silence, to use an Irishism, and in this the whole of the educational journals persist; thus showing a contrast to France, in which country the chief propagators are the language professors. The reason given in England is that teachers must be patriotic, and that the international language of the future must be English. But the French teacher is also patriotic and claims that for many centuries French has been the universal language of diplomacy, and is still, but foreseeing that a key language is bound to come sooner or later, he acts more wisely than we do and, seizing upon Esperanto, will soon make it a French possession if we do not take care, for the language in expanding will demand new root-words, and hitherto they have come from French sources only, owing to our neglect.

THE NEW JOURNAL.

This has now become indispensable to English Esperantists. The *Lingva Internacia* and *L'Esperantiste* are invaluable, but more is needed, for a large staff of secretaries would find it difficult to keep up with the advance of the membership and the consolidation of new groups. All who know Mr. Mudie will thank him for accepting the post of Editor. Neither Mr. Rhodes, Mr. Motteau, nor Mr. O'Connor could find the time, though they will gladly aid him in the work. We must all, however, help with the sinews of war. The labour of Editor and contributors will be freely given, of course, but printing and paper cost much money, and the State demands a large tax in the shape of postage stamps.

MR. ELLIS explained that, although he was not accustomed to public speaking, he must express to the French sympathisers and friends his hearty thanks for their goodness to their foreign visitors. Naturally, he feared jokes about his want of experience in the use of the new language. The representatives were touched to the heart by their reception. He found it impossible to say more, and he desired to say no less.

The first issue will appear in October, and the proposed subscription is 3s. a year. The journal will probably be called *Esperanto*. Will those who wish well to the venture please write to Mr. Mudie, whose address is given below, and mention for how many copies they will subscribe. Advance orders for the year will of course greatly strengthen Mr. Mudie's hands, and heart too, by the way, for the task is an onerous one.

ESPERANTO FOR THE BLIND.

The small manual prepared by M. Cart, containing first lessons and exercises, has already been issued in three languages, and in Braille type for the French. An English Braille copy will be prepared so soon as the friends of the educated blind will help in the needed cost. Such should write to G. Hamilton, Esq., British and Foreign Blind Association, 206, Great Portland Street. A friend of Mr. Rhodes, who is herself blind, is helping in the preparation, and in Switzerland, France, and Sweden blind people are eagerly waiting until their English brothers and sisters are prepared to communicate with them. As Mr. Thilander, one of whose letters was given some time ago, writes: "Letters from foreign lands are doubly welcome to those who, by reason of their misfortune, are shut out from so much which is a matter of course to sighted folk."

Mr. Bicknell, the well-known Esperantist, who has done so much to help on the cause, has sent some verses, which shew the suitability of Esperanto for poetic expression. They ought to have been published during the King's visit; but better late than never.

Tra valetoj viaj, ho Irlando
Verdaj kaj malgajaj la valetoj
Vagas ĉiam la animo via
Vagas frenezule kun gemetoj.
De tre longe ho Irlando bela
Verda vin esprimis la doloro
La rabistoj fortaj, vin kaptinta
Vin forlasis, kun rompita koro.

NOTICES.

Friends in Newcastle and district are notified that a lecture will be given about the last week in September. It is hoped that all who can will attend, and that a strong group may be the result. The time and place are not yet settled, but Mr. Mudie will send it to enquirers.

All information about Esperanto groups and literature will be given by H. B. Mudie, Esq., 67, Kensington Gardens Square, London, and J. Ellis, Esq., Compton Buildings, Keighley.

The special books published at this office are O'Connor's "Complete Text-book," new and revised edition, 1s. 7d., post free; "Manual for the Blind" (Cart and Rhodes), 6½d., post free. Dictionaries are in the press, and will shortly be published.

Last month we referred to the fact that the Hammond Typewriters had been adapted to Esperanto. We are glad to hear that both the Remington and Yost machines have been similarly adapted.

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Learning Languages by Letter-Writing.

NO one now dreams of questioning the fact that fluency in a foreign language can be best acquired amidst a suitable environment; that is to say, where all the surroundings are, as it were, impregnated with its essence. But how to manage this must always be the difficulty for those not largely endowed with money. Go to school abroad? This is not only expensive, but it interrupts the normal school course; and is also open to the objection that the student will probably have, at least, one other schoolfellow of his own nationality. Who is not familiar with the school in France, advertised as being so suitable for English girls, wherein the girls chatter English amongst themselves, the more so for being absolutely forbidden, and where intercourse with the outside world is not permissible by the school rules, which are rigidly enforced in this case? The simplest solution is that which is now being so largely advocated—an exchange arrangement, by means of which an English boy can be sent to a French or German home, where there is also a son or daughter who is equally anxious to learn English. This is simple, but is it easy of arrangement? Not yet; in time it may be, and doubtless holiday visits will continue to help the idea to gain ground. We are an easy-going people, and though we admit the advantages of such and such a course, we are not at all ready to pay the price required. For example, if as regards an exchange of homes the chief object is the acquirement of a language, why expect a home exactly the same as our own and with exactly the same social surroundings? Suppose you have an intelligent boy of fourteen; he is pretty well up in French, can get through a French story, and is likely to find French an acquisition later on. You would like to arrange an exchange. Tell him so, discuss the plan with him; tell him that he will find the customs quite different: breakfast at mid-day—not such a change of knives and forks as we have usually; light wine or cider at a meal; no afternoon tea with jam and cake; Sunday afternoon a sort of English Saturday early-closing time, and so on. If he is going quite into the country the differences will even extend to the lack of carpets in the living-room, and more than that perhaps. Then explain that if he takes all these differences as part of the fun, that the change is only for a time, and that he is to remember that he represents his country, and should “behave as sich,” he will reap plenty of benefit, take no harm, and enjoy himself if he (or she) be the right kind of boy (or girl). The opposite of this is usually the case; each parent wants his child to go into exactly the same social surroundings, and this is neither possible nor desirable. The French boy needs to know more about his English *confrère*. Well, he must see him just as he is, and his home must be as usual, not made into an imitation French one; of course, this holds good with the English boy also. There are now three agencies at work, and, comparing notes, we all sing to the same tune. The French parents are afraid to send girls where there are boys. The terrible English climate and the huge joints are bugbears. This an Englishman cannot understand, any more than a Frenchman can realise that an English mother would not dream of letting her boy go into the home of a *café* proprietor. But the French are more in earnest about the study of language, so I give here a few examples of exchanges offered vainly to English parents, for the holidays are now almost over, and nothing can be done:—

Photographer, Paris; two boys, eighteen and ten; wants exchange for the elder boy.

Astronomer of the Paris Observatoire; exchange for son of sixteen; distinguished family.

The other boys are the sons of a chief engineer at Marseilles, of a professor at a Lycée in St. Etienne, and a clerk in a Norman seaport. The dwellers in Marseilles and St. Etienne are too far off for a Scotch boy—the only offer received; whilst the Norman boy wanted to be in London, and few London families are staying at home in August. Shall we give up the work because things don't fit? Hardly, because the exchanges which did take place were really successes, and next year we must all begin to try a little earlier.

IMITATION FRENCH AND GERMAN.

A writer in the *Practical Teacher* gives a delightfully comic account of his holiday journeys in France and Germany, starting without a knowledge of French and German, and advises those who know neither of the languages in question to do as he did. Leave number and gender alone, let your nouns and adjectives come how they will; be quite content to be thought a Swiss, because your accent is so bad; only remember that your foreign friend will understand what you mean to say as well as you do, and that he will quite expect grammatical inaccuracies. This is quite true; but I wonder at the uninterrupted success of the attempt, for though it is also true that you may speak in bad French and be asked what you mean in good English, yet, alas! even carefully imitating the French you hear spoken around you does not always answer. I remember having to walk eight miles after a tiring day, because in the morning I had gaily asked when the omnibus would leave, and had been misunderstood or failed to understand the answer; also the double fare I had to pay a cabman because I told him Chateaudun, and he said I told him Chateaudau. I swallow my pride and write places on paper now!

HOW TO INDUCE CONVERSATION.

Mr. Parry, in the *Modern Language Quarterly*, suggests that the class should sometimes take part in a question game. At first the teacher should choose a subject—Napoleon, for example. This must be questioned out of him—he only answering Yes or No to the questions. Later on the class may be divided in halves, and each in turn question. The questions would have to vary so much that there would be fine scope for getting used to French sounds. Vegetable? mineral? animal? Woman, child, man. Have you seen him? and so on. I sincerely hope some parents or teachers will try this plan and report to me about it. It stands to reason that the teacher must speak the language fluently. Of course the person to be questioned does not mention the subject of his thought.

There is a long and interesting article on the Berlitz method in the *Revue de l'Enseignement des Langues Vivantes* for August. The method is condemned, and one reason given is that conversation is not successfully arranged for, that it is intermittent and often becomes a long drawn out torture.

NOTICES.

The change in the organisation of the Scholars' International Correspondence will not affect in the least the adult correspondence. The name, age, and some idea of tastes should be given as a guide in searching, and one shilling contributed towards the cost of such search.

The *Practical Teacher* for September devotes a large amount of space to the subject of Modern Languages.

THE BOOK OF THE MONTH.

"MENE, MENE, TEKEL, UPHARSIN!"

REPORT OF THE ROYAL COMMISSION ON THE WAR.

AT last there is some hope that the British public will realise the gravity of the situation with which it has to deal. The matter is too serious for party recriminations. The fact that the Royal Commissioners appointed by the present Government to sit in judgment upon the war—or rather upon the preparations for the war—have unanimously returned a verdict which justifies, and more than justifies, every criticism which has been passed in these pages upon their imbecility, need not concern us now. What we have to face is an official admission, based upon indisputable first-hand evidence, that the elect of the nation, an Administration specially installed in office because of its supposed zeal for the unity and safety of the Empire, utterly failed in making indispensable provisions for a contingency which their own policy rendered inevitable. Nay, it is more than this. It is a public declaration that our picked men are unable, in the management of the Army, and in the direction of the foreign policy of the Empire, to display the elementary common sense which all sane creatures are credited with possessing.

AN EMPIRE WITHOUT A BRAIN.

We are face to face with what is little short of a decisive verdict against the patient in a case of *de lunatico inquirendo*. "John Bull has gone dotty" so far as war and the making of war is concerned. Whether we call it softening of the brain or give it some less alarming label, there is no doubt about the fact. The Royal Commissioners have discovered and certify to all the world that this Empire of ours is without a guiding, directing or governing brain. Our rulers have ceased to think things out. Over and over again the Report declares "Nothing was thought out." There is no co-ordination, not even apparently postal, let alone telephonic communication, between the different lobes of what by courtesy may be described as the administrative brain. The various departments function separately. They do not even seem to have a common nervous system. Colonial Ministers play for war, and the War Office is left to assume that the Empire is to remain at peace. The Intelligence Department prints reports and the Secretary of State for War never seems to read them until it is too late, and Mr. Balfour never seems to read them at all.

HOW GOVERNMENT PREPARED FOR WAR.

We have been saying this, or the substance of this, ever since the war began, and were abused for anti-patriotic bias for our pains. To be a patriot it was necessary to wink at this appalling system of maladministration and of official ignorance and ineptitude. But now let us see what the *Times*, that stout

advocate of the war and of its authors, has to tell us in its leading article summarising the finding of the Commission. It says (August 26th):—

The state of unpreparedness for the South African war, or, indeed, for any war whatever, revealed by the report can only be described as appalling. It was true we had a certain number of men with the colours and in the Reserve and a mobilisation scheme which worked satisfactorily when finally put into operation. But everything else was lacking. Though it had been known for years that khaki uniforms would be required for active service, there was no reserve of anything but scarlet and blue, and some 40,000 suits of drill too thin for the South African climate. After the war broke out it was discovered that the Lee-Enfield rifles, the manufacture of which had been going on for years, were wrongly sighted. The Mark IV. bullet, of which 66,000,000 rounds were in stock, was suddenly discovered to strip in the rifle and disable the men who fired it. The boots were bad, and the situation was saved only by drawing on the stores of the Indian army. There was practically no reserve of saddlery, very few horseshoes, no mule shoes whatsoever. The cavalry sword was the "very worst that could possibly be used," according to Sir J. French, and there were only eighty of these precious instruments in reserve. The two army corps for foreign service had neither transport nor transport animals, and, though it is impossible to maintain a complete supply of transport for every country and climate in which our Army may be called upon to wage war, not a penny of expenditure on the most essential preparations was sanctioned, in spite of the imminence of war, till September 22nd, three weeks before the Boer ultimatum. With regard to remounts, there was no system of obtaining in time of peace information as to horse supplies in foreign countries for the contingency of a serious war; nor had any system for the efficient working of the remount department in the field been thought of before the war. Similarly, there was no preparation for a state of war on the financial side. Our system of accounts, like our Army system all through, was—and is—based on the supposition of permanent peace. There was—and is—no provision for a sufficient supply of officers after mobilisation. There was—and is—no scheme for organising the services of Colonial and home Volunteers. The information which the Intelligence Department managed to collect, though terribly handicapped by lack of money, was "for all practical purposes neglected." There was no plan of campaign. The generals successively sent to command in South Africa received no definite instructions as to what was expected of them, and were not even informed of the existing local schemes of defence. The whole of the Staff arrangements had to be improvised after the war started, with disastrous results. "Nothing had been thought out," is the constantly recurring criticism of the Commissioners.

TWENTY-ONE MILLIONS A YEAR FOR THIS!

To this damning indictment of the way in which we were left unprepared for war, it is only necessary to add that Ministers received from the taxpayers in 1897 and in 1898, the two years before the war, no less a sum than £21,000,000 each year with which to prepare for war, not merely against a brace of petty Republics, but against the greatest military empires in the world.

Twenty-one millions sterling spent on the Army, and only this to show for it! The Germans in these years spent £24,000,000 only, and had an army

ready for action of 500,000 in peace, and 3,000,000 in time of war. The French for a similar sum had 600,000 men with the colours, and had stores and weapons for 2,500,000 in time of war. We spent £21,000,000, and what had we for it? Rifles wrongly sighted, bullets that stripped in the barrel, no uniforms, no remounts, no transport, no saddlery reserve, a regular army of 165,000 men, and an irregular, unorganised mob of 500,000 militiamen and volunteers without officers or *matériel*. If we took our men by conscription, and paid neither officer nor private for their services, we should save £5,000,000 per annum, so that we may deduct that sum from the twenty-one millions to make the comparison complete. But even then the German and the Frenchman get a real army for their money, thoroughly equipped for war, whereas we have only a phantom host of men more or less in uniform, who are neither equipped nor trained for war.

IF WE HAD GONE TO WAR WITH FRANCE?

We shudder at the mere idea of what would have become of us if, instead of having to deal with a handful of Boers in South Africa, we had been called upon to face the armed might of a really great military power. Suppose, for instance, that our Fashoda bluff had failed and we had gone to war with France in 1898? Our navy would probably have saved us. But the question recurs persistently, if the Royal Commission is right in its findings as to the state of the Army, wherein should we be worse off if we had no army at all? No one can pretend that such a force as that which is now gibbeted before the scoffing eyes of our rivals can possibly deter any great Power from meditating an attack upon us. The British Army to Germany and to France and to Russia is a mere scarecrow, out of which all the stuffing has been knocked by this Report on the Boer War. For we cannot lay the flattering unction to our souls that things are going to be any better in the future than they have been in the past. The Royal Commissioners unanimously "regret that we are not satisfied that enough is being done to place matters on a better footing, in the event of another emergency."

MEN WHO SHOULD BE IMPEACHED.

The Boer War was our Mexican Expedition. We seem likely to profit by its warnings as little as did the French Empire. How long shall we have to wait for our Sedan?

Ministers stand impeached by this Report of the most scandalous dereliction of duty. It is difficult to speak as strongly as we ought to speak of the conduct of such men as Lord Salisbury, Mr. Balfour, and Lord Lansdowne, who, being charged by the nation to see that the Empire was in a good posture of self-defence, allowed Lord Milner and Mr. Chamberlain to force them into a war for which they had made no preparations, and of the nature of which they had carefully neglected to inform themselves.

MR. CHAMBERLAIN'S RESPONSIBILITY.

But the chief criminal in this tragedy of Empire is unquestionably Mr. Chamberlain. The others were blind, ignorant, or absorbed in their own departments. He, at least, knew the danger. He had connived at the Jameson conspiracy which, in the opinion of the Commission, "made the eventual war inevitable." He, unlike Mr. Balfour, had read the Reports of the Intelligence Department as to the imminent danger of our Colonies from a Boer attack. Twice over, in 1897 and in 1898, he wrote to the War Office calling their attention to the formidable menace of the Boer armaments; so that he at least cannot claim protection on the plea of ignorance, wilful or otherwise. He knew the serious nature of the forces arrayed against him. He knew that nothing adequate had been done to provide against this danger. Yet, knowing this, he adopted a policy which precipitated war, conducted negotiations with a view to an ultimatum without seeing to it that his colleagues at the War Office were compelled, if need be by an appeal to the Cabinet, to take adequate measures to support his new diplomacy by men and guns. The responsibility lies heavier upon him than upon any other member of the Ministry. He ought not to have allowed Lord Milner to take one step towards war without seeing to it that our military forces were *pari passu* increased so as to cope with the crisis which he was forcing to a head. It was not enough to write a letter to Lord Lansdowne, and then to take no steps in Cabinet or out of it to see that the War Office gave effect to his recommendations. His two notes to the War Office rise up before him to condemn him. He ought to have seen that his remonstrances were attended to before he allowed Lord Milner to drag him into a course of policy the end of which was war. He did nothing of the kind. Mr. Moulton's *bon-mot* remains the word of the situation. The preparations for war were left in the hands of the Peace party in the Cabinet, and the negotiations for peace in the hands of the War party.

Even this might not have resulted in disaster if the two negotiators had deigned to keep the War Office informed of what they were about. That, however, was not the way of the new diplomacy. Mr. Chamberlain embarked upon a policy leading direct to war, without taking the least pains to inform his colleagues responsible for the Army as to the various steps by which he was striding towards ultimatum point. The story as told in the Report would be laughed at as too incredible for *opéra-bouffe*; but it is the sober narrative of what actually happened vouched for by the Royal Commissioners.

THE MILITARY METHODS OF THE NEW DIPLOMACY.

When Sir Redvers Buller was appointed to the chief command in South Africa, Lord Salisbury approached him privately to ask for his advice. Sir Redvers at once laid his finger upon the vital malady of the whole situation. "The War Office," he said,

"has no idea of how matters are proceeding . . . they do not know how fast diplomacy is moving"; and then the soldier added a word of counsel which the statesman ought not to have needed. "The situation is one in which the diplomatic authorities should consult the military authorities." Good advice this, although belated, but it does not appear to have been taken. Sir Redvers went at once to Lord Wolseley, then Commander-in-Chief, and told him how serious things were. Lord Wolseley then wrote to Lord Lansdowne the same day, saying:—"The first intimation I have had that our negotiations with the Transvaal Government have reached an acute stage has come to me from Sir R. Buller."

At that time, it will be remembered, the decks were being cleared for action in South Africa. War was in the air. The Boers regarded it as a foregone conclusion. But the Commander-in-Chief was the last man apparently to be informed of it, and he only came to hear of it through a private conversation between Lord Salisbury and General Buller. This is indeed a kind of blind-man's-buff diplomacy. To adopt a policy which might lead to war, and which as a matter of fact did lead to war, and carefully to refrain from letting your Commander-in-Chief know anything about it—this is a procedure more worthy of Bedlam than of Downing Street. Primarily, of course, Lord Salisbury as Prime Minister was responsible. But after Lord Salisbury, who does not appear to have taken any pains to keep his colleagues in touch with each other, the chief onus of responsibility lies upon Mr. Chamberlain, and after him upon Lord Lansdowne, who is roundly told by three of the Commissioners that he was either ignorant or guilty of neglect. Lord Salisbury has passed from amongst us. Mr. Chamberlain and Lord Lansdowne remain for judgment. Who can be surprised, with this Report awaiting him, that Mr. Chamberlain deemed it necessary to draw the Protectionist red herring across the trail?

THE COMMISSION AND ITS REPORT.

So much for the general effect of the Report. Now for some details.

The Report forms a Blue Book of 140 pages. It embodies the conclusions of the members of the Royal Commission after addressing 22,000 questions to 114 witnesses, who were fifty-five days in giving evidence. They began to take evidence in October, 1902. Lord Elgin was Chairman. The two most active and useful members of the Commission were Lord Esher and Sir Taubman Goldie. The other members were Sir Henry Norman, Field-Marshal Sir John Edge, Sir John Hopkins, Sir John Jackson, Lord Strathcona, and Sir Fred Darley. They took evidence with closed doors in order to induce the military witnesses to speak freely. They abstained from discussing questions of strategy, and practically confined themselves to the question as to the preparation or want of preparation for war and the supplies of men and material.

ITS FINDINGS AND ITS RECOMMENDATIONS.

The work of the Commission seems to have been very thoroughly performed. Their conclusions are very moderately expressed. It would have been quite logical if they had wound up by recommending that Mr. Chamberlain and Lord Lansdowne should be impeached for high treason. Certainly, all the so-called pro-Boer traitors put together inflicted less injury upon their country, even if the worst that is said against them were true, than these negligent preoccupied incompetents. The recommendations of the Commission are of less importance. The supreme service which they have rendered to the nation is that of enabling it to see how little value it gets for its war taxes, and with what plentiful lack of wisdom our Imperial policy is administered. When the electors realise what the policy of "muddling through" involves, they will, if there is still life left in the old dog, make a clean sweep of all those who are responsible for the lamentable tragi-comedy of blunderheaded incompetence.

LORD LANSDOWNE'S IGNORANCE.

The first thing that stands out very clearly is that the Intelligence Department did its duty in reporting as to the facts of the Boer armaments, which began after the Jameson Raid, but that the Minister most concerned did not read them or act upon them. The Report states:—

We were definitely informed by Lord Lansdowne that the papers of the Intelligence Division were never officially communicated to him as the basis of any proposals through the regular channel, *i.e.*, by order of the Commander-in-Chief. There arises therefore this somewhat extraordinary state of affairs, that the Secretary of State for War first had his attention specifically directed to important War Office papers by the Secretary of State for the Colonies, to whom they had been communicated in a sufficiently formal manner to enable him to use them officially, and to enable the Secretary of State for War to send an official reply.

Were Lord Wolseley and Lord Lansdowne not on speaking terms? It would almost seem so. But what can we think of a Secretary of State for War, who has been twice warned by the Colonial Secretary as to the grave peril of a British Colony, who never takes the trouble to read "important War Office papers," in which his own officers had embodied the result of their investigations?

The end of this kind of happy-go-lucky method of managing or mismanaging the affairs of the Empire was the war, with all its disasters.

The Bloemfontein Conference ended on June 5th, 1899. On July 7th Lord Wolseley, acting apparently on his own initiative, suggested that 10,000 men should be sent out. Ten days later, General Buller said he saw "no necessity for sending out any troops in advance of the Army Corps," which it was taken for granted would be sent. On August 18th Lord Wolseley again asked that 10,000 men should be sent out. And in September they were sent from India. War broke out early in October, and the

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troops thus tardily sent were just able to save Ladysmith.

A GOVERNMENT THAT DID NOT GOVERN.

But what of the conduct of the war? There was no plan of campaign. Generals were sent out without any instructions as to what the Government wanted them to do. The information carefully collected by the Intelligence Department was ignored. The Government, in fact, did not govern. It let things drift, and trusted to General Buller to pull them through. The Empire, in short, stands revealed as a huge amorphous conglomeration without any brain. As it foresaw nothing, thought out nothing, and did not even read the reports of its own Intelligence Department, so it prepared for nothing. They no sooner found themselves at war than they discovered that their arsenals were empty.

OUR EMPTY ARSENALS.

The Report says:—

These deficiencies in stores and *matériel* did not arise solely from the occurrence of a great and sudden emergency, but disclosed a condition of affairs justly described by Lord Lansdowne in his Minute of May 21st, 1900, as "full of peril to the Empire," inasmuch as "we were not sufficiently prepared even for the equipment of the comparatively small force which we had always contemplated might be employed beyond the limits of this country in the initial stages of a campaign." No facts of more serious import have come to light in the course of this inquiry than those which are summarised in the Minute just quoted.

Sir Henry Brackenbury's minute on our deficiencies in *matériel* of war was presented to the Cabinet on December 15th, Black Saturday, the day of Colenso. Even before that, in November, 1899, the Government had to cable Sir Redvers Buller that "there is only eight weeks' supply of Mark II. '303 in ball ammunition in the country, and all gun ammunition will be exhausted before eight weeks." Where should we have been if we had been involved by this Government, which thinks out nothing, in a war with a really formidable foe?

THE BUTCHER'S BILL OF THE WAR.

What happened we all know; but it is well to have the exact figures on official authority of the loss of life on our side resulting from the failure of the Government to give due consideration to the information in their hands as to the real danger of the war on which they so recklessly embarked. The Report states that the total number of officers and men employed in the South African War was 448,435. Of these forces, 256,340 belonged to the Regular Army, 109,048 came from the United Kingdom, as Militia, Yeomanry, or volunteers; 30,633 came from over-sea Colonies, including a few Volunteers from India, while an uncertain number, probably between 50,000 and 60,000, were raised in South Africa itself. Out of this total estimated force of 448,435 of all ranks, 5,774 officers and men had been killed up to May 31st, 1902, 22,829 had been wounded, and 16,168 had died of wounds or disease, or had been

accidentally killed in South Africa, and 75,430 left South Africa for England, sick or wounded, including those who died on the passage. Add to this that 347,007 horses and 53,339 mules and donkeys were "expended during the campaign." At the end of 1897, we maintained the paramountcy of the British flag in South Africa by a force of 9,500 men and 24 guns. When Lord Milner began to threaten the Transvaal with war we increased our garrison to 22,000 men with 60 guns. Before the war was over we lost in men killed outright on the field of battle, or in those who succumbed from wounds and sickness, 21,942, and 75,430 more had been invalidated home as sick or wounded. The Commission make no statement as to the Boers killed, nor do they mention the 20,000 children and 5,000 women who perished as the result of the policy of devastation and concentration.

A TAME AND ILLOGICAL CONCLUSION.

All this havoc in human life can be traced directly to the slovenly, indolent fashion in which our governing Ministers shirked the duty of reading the official reports of their own agents, and failed to take the trouble to ascertain the state of their own arsenals.

The Commissioners do not demand that anyone should be hanged for this, all that they can bring themselves to say concerning the incredible indifference of the Cabinet to the warnings of their own Intelligence Department is that "we are not prepared to say that in estimating the admitted risks of the policy which they adopted the Cabinet itself gave due consideration to this very essential point."

Imagine the effect of similar slovenly negligence in a really great war, and ask if this milk-and-water "not prepared to say . . . the Cabinet gave due consideration," is adequate to the occasion. The Cabinet gave the matter no consideration. Mr. Balfour did not even read the reports of his own officers; and Lord Salisbury publicly admitted his ignorance of the information which year after year his own agents had been pouring into the War Office. An Empire so "governed" is like a ship left to drift among the breakers by a drunken captain and a sleeping crew. Somebody ought to be court-martialled for such neglect of duty. But although we have in this Report what is equivalent to a verdict of manslaughter against our careless Ministers, there is no public prosecutor to bring the culprits to the bar.

HAVE WE PROFITED BY THE LESSON?

Neither is anything being done to profit by the lessons of this disastrous campaign. We have a reserve of military strength in the manhood of the homeland and the Colonies, but we do not know how to utilise it. In 1899, says the Report—

there was no preparation whatever for utilising these great resources. Nothing had been thought out either as to pay or organisation, as to conditions of service, or even as to arms. Even here in England it was to be "an experiment." The new force was not to be discouraged, but it was allowed to equip itself, and it was denied anything beyond the barest complement

of trained officers. We regret to say that we are not satisfied that enough is being done to place matters on a better footing in the event of another emergency. . . . But Volunteers and Yeomanry proved themselves of value in the late war under an organisation which was improvised for them in the face of the enemy. Where is that organisation now? So far as we can learn, nothing has been done to collect systematically the valuable experience of the officers who worked that organisation, certainly nothing to formulate that experience, to embody it in hand-books, or to create a framework which would be ready for prompt and effective action.

According to the same authority, "the true lesson of the war in our opinion is, that no military system will be satisfactory which does not contain powers of expansion outside the limit of the Regular forces of the Crown, whatever that limit may be." It would seem the "true lesson of the war" is very far from being taken to heart by the Government.

THE CHARACTER OF THE TROOPS.

Considerations of space forbid my entering into further detail as to contents of this most instructive, although most depressing, Report. It abounds in interesting statements as to the character of our troops, the virtues and defects of the First and Second Yeomanry, and the quality of our Colonial contingents. One witness, speaking of the Colonials, said: "If they were not so useful as British troops for a serious attack which had to be driven home, they, on the whole, were more akin to the Boer than to the Regular in individual resourcefulness, ability to look after themselves, 'instinct for country,' intelligence in scouting and dispatch riding, and so forth." They are half-soldiers by their upbringing, but they require training and discipline by trained officers. The South African Colonists, with the exception of some picked corps, were hardly worth their cost.

LORD ESHER'S RECOMMENDATIONS.

I have hardly the heart to discuss the changes which Lord Esher puts forward. What is wanted is not so much a change in the system as a change in the

character of our people, and a quickened sense of personal responsibility among our governing class. Lord Esher says:—

The main defects in the organisation of the War Office, elicited by the evidence, are, first, the want of co-ordination between the branches of that Department, and the consequent weakening of the influence of the Secretary of State with his colleagues in the Government; and, secondly, the absence of a proper system of inspection, ensuring that the military policy of the Secretary of State, sanctioned by the Cabinet and by the votes of Parliament, is carried into effect. When the Secretary of State has made unsuccessful attempts, from time to time, to obtain the assent of the Cabinet to expenditure necessary in the interests of the country, his efforts have been weakened by his failure to show a consensus of military opinion in favour, as the First Lord of the Admiralty continually does, of the policy which he recommends. The condition in 1899, as disclosed in Sir H. Brackenbury's memorandum of our armaments, of our fortresses, of the clothing department, of the transport of the Army Medical Corps, of the system of remounts, shows that either the Secretary of State was culpable of neglect, or that he was in ignorance of the facts.

Lord Esher, Sir Frederick Darley, and Sir John Edge agree with Sir G. Taubman-Goldie's suggestion that there should be compulsory military national education, and Lord Esher observes that it appears to be "the only practical alternative to conscription."

He proposes to abolish the office of Commander-in-Chief, and to appoint a General Officer commanding the Army, who should be outside the War Office altogether. This officer is to exercise the function of Inspector-General of the Army, and to certify annually in writing as to the actual efficiency and sufficiency of the *personnel* and *matériel* of whatever military organisation has been decreed by Parliament. In order to remedy these defects Lord Esher proposes, giving details of his scheme, the establishment of a Council as near as may be on the lines of the Board of Admiralty.

But what security have we, if we adopted conscription, that the incompetent *dilettantes* who mismanage 200,000 men would make a better job of an army of two millions?

MY HOLIDAY READING.

LAST month, having three weeks to spend at the seaside, I took with me half-a-dozen books, some three or four of which call for notice here.

First and foremost comes the delightful, inimitable study of the life of a dog, entitled "The Call of the Wild," which comes to us from an American writer whose identity is disguised under the pseudonym "Jack London," charmingly illustrated by more than one American artist. It is a marvellous analysis of what may be described as the spiritual history and psychological evolution of a splendid dog of the Klondyke. Fascinating as a mere boys' story, it is intensely suggestive and subtle. Since Kipling's "Jungle Stories"—the only work of Kipling that is likely to live—I have come across no animal story so irresistibly true, or any which enable us to live for a season inside the skin of a quadruped. It is a wonderfully subtle piece of imaginative psychology, which reads in parts like an unintentional parable of the progress of

a human soul. The hero of this unique story is a magnificent dog, a cross between a St. Bernard and a Scotch collie, who spends the first four years of his life in majesty and luxurious ease in his master's country house in the sunny land of California. His fall from this terrestrial paradise was due to no moral fault of his. He was kidnapped by a treacherous undergardener whom he trusted, and sold into bondage to spend the next years of his life under the curse of enforced labour. The story of the way in which the noble animal was broken in by "the man with the club" is horribly real. Buck, for that was the dog's name, is broken to harness and packed off to the Klondyke to serve in the dog teams which in the early days were the only means of conveying the mails. "Jack London" spent a year in the Klondyke some two or three years ago, and during that time appears to have lived the life and entered into the innermost experiences of the half-savage canine slaves

of the Klondyke pioneers. It is a new world into which we are introduced, a world of club and fang, a world of the sternest elemental verities of the struggle for life, in which the weakest go to the wall and the fittest prove their fitness by devouring those who fall by the way. I know no book that has ever been written by man which enables us to watch the play and interplay of man and beast. While boys read it with avidity as a prime dog-story, the older reader is tormented by discovering at every turn strange unexpected resemblances between the discipline of Buck and the buckies in the dog team and the experience of mortal men in their mortal pilgrimage. Buck becomes a kind of four-legged prototype of man cast out of paradise, driven to earn his bread by the sweat of his brow, disciplined by unremitting labour, developing under that discipline all manner of new faculties, some of which are atavistic revivals of the habits of his ancestors, the subject and the slave of beings of another order, whose purposes he but dimly discerns, but who reign over him with absolute sway.

As man is among the good and evil spirits which control his destiny, so is the team dog among the good and bad men who possess him in turn. The story of Buck's experiences is told with the pen of a master inspired by the intuitive genius of a woman's heart. There are chapters which can hardly be read aloud without tears. The splendid animal, hero of this epic of the North, becomes magnificently human with a valour and an affection transcending indeed the valour and affection of mere human heroes. Buck applies himself diligently to the duties imposed upon him, he becomes first dog of his team and the king dog of the Klondyke. But before he achieves this supreme position he nearly perishes from the brutal treatment of one of his many masters; but when almost ready to perish, he is rescued and redeemed by the love and devotion of a frontiersman, whose life he saves, and whose death at the end he avenges with the splendid fury of a Berserker. He acquires the vices of his environment, and side by side with his evolution manwards there is a constant tendency to revert to the savage instincts of his ancestors. In his dreams Buck sees visions of the men of the Stone Age who first tamed the wild wolf and made him the progenitor of the dog, as mortals in their dreams have visions of a long-forgotten past, whose deep-buried instincts stir within their souls. He hears "the Call of the Wild." His primeval instincts yearn for complete satisfaction in the wild freedom of the wolf pack. He is torn in twain between his passionate devotion to man, his deliverer, and the elemental longing for the liberty and license of the wild. The two processes, the ethic and the cosmic, are working in him all the time. At last the Indians slay his benefactor. Buck avenges his master, and then, surrendering himself to "The Call of the Wild," becomes the king of the wolf pack, as he had formerly been king of the dog team; and so this weird, entrancing tale ends with the apotheosis of the hero dog, achieved by means of his entire reversion to the ancestral type. It is a wonderful story, and one which will take its place as a classic alike of the school library and of the philosopher's study.

Another book which is also in a sense a call from the wild, is Victoria Cross's "Six Chapters of a Man's Life" (Scott Publishing Company). Victoria Cross is a woman of genius. Her "Anna Lombard" was a powerful and daring study of a problem which few writers would have ventured to discuss. In that story we had a wonderful picture of selfless love of man for woman, in which both were worthy, although one was weak, although not so

weak as not to be capable of being redeemed by the self-sacrificing love of the other. In this new book of hers we have as a companion picture a tragic tale of a love that was lust, a love that sought only the satisfaction of the senses, and a love which brought with it its own exceeding terrible retribution. The two tales are as diverse as Heaven and Hell. It is a painful book to read, and a difficult book to forget. It is a vision of lost souls mutually tempting and tempted, with no redeeming gleam from a higher and purer world. There are practically but two characters—a man and a woman. The man is dissolute, the woman emancipated from all the conventions, although until she meets him her emancipation had not led her to lose her maid's estate. After they meet they are mutually consumed by selfish passion. She flings herself at his head, gives up a fortune to travel with him disguised as a man in the East. He struggles for a moment against accepting the sacrifice, then yields, and the story goes swiftly to the inevitable *dénouement*. The concluding chapters are of unredeemed horror, both mental and physical.

"All for Love; or, the World Well Lost" is the title of an old play. Here we have the world itself bartered for selfish love, and in the end the man loses both love and the world. There will be much outcry against it, on the score of the subject and its treatment. But there is no mistaking the sombre earnestness of the morality which it enforces. It is a drama rather than a novel, and a sermon rather than a drama. It is a homily upon the old text, "The woman tempted me and I did eat"—with consequences which might be expected. Zola's "Nana" is not exactly a Sunday-school book, but few more lurid sermons were ever preached upon the old text, "He knoweth not that the dead are there and that her guests are in the depths of hell." Victoria Cross's heroine, Theodora, is not a *demi-mondaine* or courtesan. She is a highly educated, decadent, epicene young woman, who, with a practised voluptuary, set herself to obtain the maximum of enjoyment that two human beings can supply to each other, and succeeded in achieving the highest degree of pleasure for both. For a time—and then the crash came. It is a sombre and somewhat abhorrent contrast to, and complement of, "Anna Lombard." But studies of lost souls, making their damnation sure, are somewhat gruesome reading for the holidays.

If "Six Chapters of a Man's Life" recalls "Nana," "Juicy Joe" (Grant Richards) is still more suggestive of "La Terre." Mr. Bligh abstains from the use of the coarse language quoted by M. Zola from the lips of the French peasants. But his picture of life in the East Fen land is one of almost unrelieved gloom. Mr. Bligh has lived in that region, and he has come to the conclusion that his fellow countrymen in those parts are lower than brute beasts in habitual indulgence in the sins of the flesh. Adultery, fornication, and all manner of uncleanness, according to him, are the normal incidents of everyday life in the Marshes. Men, women, and children are all alike. Purity is unheard of. Chastity is a fairy tale. There is religious worship, but it is entirely disconnected from personal morality. The real faith of the people is in witchcraft, and the only reputable character in "Juicy Joe" is a "white witch." The heroine, a girl with a past, is attracted, like Theodora in Victoria Cross's book, by the physical charms of "Juicy Joe," who marries her believing that she has a fortune. For a picture of avarice, brutality, bestiality, and all manner of disgusting human failings, "Juicy Joe" would be hard to beat. Mr. Bligh is a writer of power. But he should

not paint exclusively in lamp-black and hell fire. The effect is too depressing, and without some light, even as of a rushlight, the darkness defeats the author's purpose.

The last of the story-books to be noticed among those I read this holiday time is Miss Selma Lagerlöf's "Jerusalem." It is a curious book, full of the same strange, sweet savour of the North land that charmed us in her

previous book, "From a Swedish Homestead." It is a tale of a colony of peasants who, under the leadership of an apostle of something very like Christian Science, went to Jerusalem to live—and many of them to die. It is a good book—in some things a great book—and it will confirm the estimate which places Miss Lagerlöf not far off from the great Scandinavian novelists whose fame is international.

SOME LEADING PUBLICATIONS OF THE MONTH.

ART AND POETRY.

Botsford, G. W., Ph.D. <i>The Story of Rome as Greeks and Romans Tell It</i>(Macmillan)	4/6
Bowles, F. G. <i>Northern Lyrics</i>(Unicorn Press) net	4/6
Castleton, M. Walter. <i>Verses</i>(Grant Richards) net	3/6
Caw, James L. <i>Scottish Portraits</i>(Jack) net	21/0
Cumont, Franz. <i>The Mystery of Mithra</i>(Kegan Paul) net	6/6
Dobbs, Henry Robert Conway. <i>Korah</i>(Grant Richards) net	3/6
Forster, R. H. <i>Idylls of the North</i>(J. Long) net	3/6
Hubert, J. <i>Art of Retouching</i>(Watson and Viney) net	1/0
May, Phil. <i>Sketches from "Punch"</i>(Punch Office) net	2/6
Plunket, Hon. Emmeline M. <i>Ancient Calendars and Constellations</i>(Murray) net	9/0

BIOGRAPHY, HISTORY, AND POLITICAL.

Armitage-Smith, G. <i>The Free Trade Movement and Its Results</i>(Blackie)	2/6
Belmore, Earl of. <i>The History of the Two Ulster Manors and of Their Owners</i>(Theobald)	5/0
<i>Calendar of the Patent Rolls Preserved in the Public Record Office. Edward II. Vol. iii. A.D. 1317-1321.</i>(Eyre and Spottiswoode)	15/0
Davids, T. W. Rhys, LL.D. <i>Buddhist India</i>(Unwin)	5/0
General Sir Henry Drury Harness, K.C.B. <i>The Royal Engineers' Institute</i>(Kelly, Sydney, N.S.W.)	9/0
Gizen-o-Tekel. <i>Colorphobia</i>(Putnam)	9/0
Passos, John R. Dos. <i>The Anglo-Saxon Century</i>(Putnam)	9/0
Smith, M. Campbell (Trans. by). <i>Perpetual Peace</i>(Sonnenschein)	2/6
Thomas, Jules. <i>Correspondance Inédite de Lafayette</i>(Paris: C. Delagrave)	

ECONOMICS AND EDUCATION.

Hirst, F. W. <i>Free Trade and other Fundamental Doctrines of the Manchester School</i>(Harper) net	5/0
Kirk, J. W. C. <i>Notes on the Somali Language</i>(Frowde) net	5/0
Macdonald, Ramsay. <i>The Zollverein and British Industry</i>(Grant Richards) net	2/6
<i>Old Age Pensions: are they Desirable and Practicable?</i>(Frederick Rogers & Co., Frederick Millar)	1/0
Pratt, E. A. <i>American Railways in Canada for 1902</i>(Macmillan) net	3/6
<i>The Statistical Year-Book of Canada for 1902</i>(Ottawa: Government Printing Bureau)	
Whitfield, E. E. <i>A Course of Commercial German, etc.</i>(Longmans) net	3/6

MISCELLANEOUS.

<i>Animal Life and the World of Nature. Vol. I.</i>(Hutchinson)	10/6
Bradley, A. G. <i>Highways and Byways in South Wales</i>(Macmillan)	6/0
Bradshaw's Dictionary of Mineral Waters, Climatic Health Resorts, Bathing Places.....(Kegan Paul)	2/6
Bramwell, J. Milne. <i>Hypnotism, its History, Practice and Theory</i>(Grant Richards) net	18/0
Collins, Wilkie. <i>A Rogue's Life</i>(Unit Library) net	0/8
Cox, J. Charles. <i>Derbyshire</i>(Methuen)	7/6
Galick, Sydney L. <i>Evolution of the Japanese</i>(Revell) net	21/0
Hodgson, G. B. <i>The Borough of South Shields</i>(Reid, Newcastle)	5/0
Hodson, W. H. <i>The Naturalist in La Plata</i>(Dent) net	5/0
Hulme, F. Edward. <i>Butterflies and Moths of the Country Side</i>(Hutchinson)	12/6
Hunt, Leigh. <i>The Town, its Memorable Characters and Events</i>(Unit Library) net	1/0
Hutchinson, H. G. (Edited by). <i>Shooting. Two Vols.</i>(Newnes)	25/0
Jameson, Anna B. <i>Legends of the Madonna</i>(Unit Library) net	2/3
Keble, John. <i>The Christian Year</i>(Unit Library) net	1/0
Knight, A. E., and Edward Step. <i>The Living Plant in Leaf and Flower and Fruit</i>(Hutchinson) net	0/7
Lester Garland, L. V. <i>A Flora of the Island of Jersey</i>(Newman)	6/0
Long, W. J. <i>Following the Deer</i>(Ginn) net	4/6
Palmer, W. T. <i>In Lakeland Dells and Fells</i>(Chatto and Windus)	6/0
Petrocokino, A. <i>Along the Andes</i>(Gay and Bird)	6/0
Pullen-Burby, B. <i>Jamaica as it is in 1903</i>(Unwin)	6/0
Sheridan's Plays.....(Unit Library) net	1/3
Stewart, J. D. D. <i>Dawn in the Dark Continent: or, Africa and its Missions</i>(Oliphant) net	6/0
Ward, H. W. <i>The Book of the Peach</i>(The Walter Scott Publishing Company)	2/6

FICTION.

Allen, James Lane. <i>The Mettle of the Pasture</i>(Macmillan)	6/0
Bachelor, Irving. <i>Darrel of the Blessed Isles</i>(Methuen)	6/0
Banks, Nancy Huston. <i>Round Anvil Rock</i>(Macmillan)	6/0
Bindloss, Harold. <i>The Master Purpose</i>(J. Long)	6/0
Cayley, Hugh. <i>A Matter of Morals</i>(Grant Richards)	3/6
Chambers, Robert R. <i>The Maids of Paradise</i>(Constable)	6/0
Cooper, E. H. <i>Sent to the Rescue</i>(Ward, Lock)	3/6
Crocker, B. M. <i>Johanna</i>(Methuen)	6/0
Crommelin, May. <i>Partners Three</i>(J. Long)	6/0
Cross, Victoria. <i>Six Chapters in a Man's Life</i>(Walter Scott)	5/0
Davey, Mrs. E. M. <i>Seven of Them</i>(Walter Scott)	6/0
Erier, Jean. <i>La Forêt</i>(Constable)	6/0
Fendall, Currie. <i>The Land of Regrets</i>(Dungarrie et Cie.)	50c.
Gould, S. Baring. <i>Chris of All-Sorts</i>(Methuen)	6/0
Hancock, Sardinus. <i>Tonford Manor</i>(Unwin) net	3/6
Hocking, Silas. <i>The Tempter's Power</i>(Warne)	3/6
Hough, Emerson. <i>The Mississippi Bubble</i>(Methuen)	6/0
Lee, Vernon. <i>Penelope Branding</i>(Unwin)	2/0
Lewis, Helen Prothero. <i>Thraldom</i>(Long)	6/0
London, Jack. <i>The Call of the Wild</i>(Heinemann)	6/0
MacGowan, Alice. <i>The Last Word</i>(Hutchinson)	6/0
Magnay, Sir William, Bart. <i>Count Zarka</i>(Ward, Lock)	6/0
Mariotti, C. <i>The House on the Sands</i>(Lane)	6/0
Marsh, Richard. <i>A Metamorphosis</i>(Methuen)	6/0
Merriman, Henry Seton. <i>Barlath of the Guard</i>(Smith, Elder)	6/0
Mitford, M. Bertram. <i>A Veldt Vendetta</i>(Ward, Lock)	6/0
Muddock, J. <i>Sweet "Doll" of Haddon Hall</i>(Long)	6/0
Oakley, John. <i>The Blackmaller</i>(Ward, Lock)	6/0
Oliver, Edwin. <i>A Rogue's Progress</i>(Treherne)	2/6
Page, Nelson. <i>Gordon Keith</i>(Heinemann)	6/0
Præd, Mrs. Campbell. <i>The Other Mrs. Jacobs</i>(Long)	6/0
Quex, William Le. <i>The Tickencote Treasure</i>(Newnes)	6/0
Ridge, W. Pett. <i>The Golden Rapids of High Life</i>(Methuen)	6/0
Savage, Col. R. H. <i>The Golden Rapids of High Life</i>(White)	6/0
<i>The MS. in a Red Box</i>(Lane)	6/0
<i>The Soul of Chivalry</i>(Sonnenschein)	6/0
Trowbridge, W. R. N. <i>The Situations of Lady Patricia</i>(Fisher Unwin)	6/0
Watson, H. B. Mariotti. <i>Alarums and Excursions</i>(Methuen)	6/0
White, Stewart Edward. <i>Conjuror's House</i>(Methuen)	6/0
White, Percy. <i>The Countess and the King's Diary</i>(Nash)	6/0
Williams, Marjory. <i>Spendthrift Summer</i>(Heinemann)	6/0
Young, F. E. <i>The Triumph of Jill</i>(J. Long)	6/0

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, PHILOSOPHY AND THEOLOGY.

Corelli, Marie. <i>The Plain Truth about the Stratford-on-Avon Controversy</i>(Methuen)	7/6
Devine, Rev. A. A. <i>Manual of Mystical Theology</i>(Washbourne) net	7/6
Ford, Simeon. <i>A Few Remarks</i>(Heinemann)	6/0
Griffith, George. <i>Sidelights on Convict Life</i>(Long)	6/0
Hammer, W. J. <i>Radium and Other Radio Active Substances</i>(Sampson Low) net	6/0
Jacobi, C. T. <i>Some Notes on Books and Printing</i>(The Chiswick Press) net	6/0
Lee, Sidney. <i>The Alleged Vandalism at Stratford-on-Avon</i>(Constable) net	1/0
Lewis, Caroline. <i>Lost in Blunderland</i>(Heinemann)	2/6
Nasmyth, James, and James Carpenter. <i>The Moon considered as a Planet, a World and a Satellite</i>(John Murray) net	5/0
Ramakrishna, T. Padmini.....(Sonnenschein)	3/6
Rogers, C. F. <i>Baptism and Christian Archaeology</i>(Frowde)	4/6
Schure, Edouard. <i>Jesus, the Last Great Initiate</i>(Wemyss)	2/0
Shaw, Bernard. <i>Man and Super-Man</i>(Constable)	6/0
Shaw, W. A. <i>A Bibliography of the Historical Works of Dr. Creighton, Dr. Stubbs, Dr. S. H. Gardiner, and the Late Lord Acton</i>(The Royal Historical Society)	2/0
Spencer, E. <i>The Flowing Bowl</i>(Grant Richards)	2/0
Stanton, Father. <i>Memories of a Sister of St. Saviour's</i>(Mowbray) net	3/6
Stead, W. T. <i>The Despoiled Sex</i>(Grant Richards)	2/6
Swynnerton, Rev. F. S. A. <i>Romantic Tales from the Punjab</i>(Constable) net	21/0
Verba Christi. <i>The Sayings of Jesus Christ. Temple Classics</i>(Dent) net	1/6

To be Continued in our Next.

(This story was begun in the January number of the REVIEW OF REVIEWS. Copies of any of the preceding issues can be sent by post for 8½d. each. The story will be continued month by month without end.)

CHAPTER XXXIII.—THE KEYS OF HEAVEN AND HELL.

THE Pontifical Marshal solemnly turned the ponderous key from without; the Camerlengo locked the door from within. All entrances save this had been carefully bricked up, the windows barricaded in the lower and shrouded in the upper part of the building. The Sacred College had entered the wing set apart for their deliberations, and were as completely shut off from the world as if they were on some desert island in an illimitable ocean. They were cut off, isolate and imprisoned, till a new Pontiff sat in the Fisherman's chair and held the keys of Heaven and Hell.

The Bishops took their stand beside the two small hatches by which the Cardinals' food was to enter, the Camerlengo walked at the head of the long and splendid procession, and turning at the end of the room, stood for an instant before pronouncing the benediction.

When the word was spoken the Cardinals retired each to his own among the row of little wooden cells which ran down the long perspective of stately rooms, transforming them for the time being into the semblance of some hastily improvised hospital. Tiny cells they were, furnished with a severe and monastic simplicity, with the bare essentials of comfort.

The morning sun saw them through the stained glass of the Sistine Chapel; each under his canopy, a possible Pope, brooding and silent, while the rich sensuous music of the mass ascended in heart-piercing strains to the fretted glory of the roof, and lingered among the carved saints and angels. The light streamed over the mosaic pavement in jewel flames of marvellous colour, striking assonant chords of sonorous purple and resonant red, and tracing deep lines and strange expressions on the meditative faces of the Princes of the Church, now met in conclave.

Great nobles, profound scholars, celebrated theologians, and men world-famous for piety and charity were there, and some who were famous also for that spirit which made the Catholic Church *anathema maranatha* to England what time she cast her forth. But most of the faces belonged to men who had passed the time when political intrigue seemed a necessary thing, they were old men, with whom—

The soul's dark casement, battered and decayed,
Let in new light, through chinks that time had made.

They were lost in prayer for direction—their eyes, weary of beholding much sorrow, downcast; their ears, full of the echo of human misery, shut to all save the matter which had brought them hither.

Down the long rows, in the shadow of the canopies,

each had retired within his own thoughts. All but one. He listened to the Mass, his powerful hands—hands that indicated long descent and a subtle brain—clasped loosely round his knees: Cardinal Rampolla, late Secretary of State, who occupied most minds within the Sistine Chapel that morning.

He formed a striking contrast to the faces next him; and, unlike them, he sat proudly forward, disdaining the shadow of his gorgeous canopy, with his head haughtily erect, his high narrow forehead crowned by a scarlet biretta: his eyes, deep, sombre, inscrutable, set wide apart below brows black as night, imperious and resolute; his nose long and aquiline, with nostrils delicate as some shell, and the long thin line of pale red lip firmly compressed, which ill prepared the mind for the stubborn squareness of the chin or the heavy determined jaw. This man would be troubled with no scruple in seizing that he would have, and once held, it would never be let go. The whole personality suggested a strange feeling, at once fascination and repulsion; admiration might be compounded in the mixture, but it would be an admiration in which fear had the greater part. He was a force, at once imminent and silent, as all great forces are; his eye was as quiet as the illimitable depths of the lower ocean, where no life is: it was power, far-reaching and indomitable. So might Caesar Borgia have looked had he aspired to be Pope; so also might Prince Machiavelli, that king of double-dealers and graspers after dominion, have gazed out from his place had he been one of the Cardinals that morning. He was the moving spirit of the Conclave; his influence made itself felt like a living thing among the men assembled there to elect a Pope. Somehow, none escaped it; even those who were his political enemies were made unreasonably conscious of the man's splendid fitness for the papal throne, of his immense intellectual powers, his subtle reasoning, his talent for intrigue and his settled determination to restore to Rome that Temporal power of which she had, to his mind, been most unjustifiably robbed.

To make Holy Church once more the Mistress of the World, to set her on the Seven Hills the Arbiter of Destinies, the refuge of the nations—that was his dream: and it was appallingly near fulfilment.

Beside him Cardinal Svampa, Archbishop of Bologna, "Bene natus, bene doctus, bene vestitus," on whom were fixed the hopes of many who desired peace in the land. A saintly face, a tender, sensitive mouth, and dreamy eyes showed more the scholar than the priest. Greatly loved was he, but untried and young for his great position: wisdom is the slowly ripened fruit of sorrowful years. Nearer the altar sat another,

man, quietly distinguished and with a suggestion of Rampolla in his fierce eyes and firmly closed lips. He was Cardinal Vannutelli, a force antagonistic and almost as formidable, a different expression of the old type which loved the battle of intellects and gloried in intrigue; but he stood in opposition to Rampolla, for Vannutelli would emancipate the Church and set it on a fresh foundation. It had been said of him that his first act, were he made Pope, would be to recall the "Non Expedit." His wide eye contained a humorous toleration, but his mouth, for all its firmness, drooped at the corners. The man who had been with Maximilian in Mexico at the tragic end, and given ghostly comfort to the ill-fated Comte de Chambord, would not carry his political convictions too far, nor find Liberalism a comfortable doctrine.

Beyond him sat Cardinal Gotti, the Carmelite, a man of holy life and great courage, hampered by his lowly birth and lack of political influence, but Rampolla's friend and admirer.

Among these four lay the chances for the Papacy, and Rampolla had the greatest and most imperative claim of them all. Instinctively, even those who were most prejudiced against him could not fail to recognise his strength. The tide during Mass set insistently towards him, silent, immobile, and dominant. The triple tiara already hovered over his narrow forehead, and troubled waters swirled before the Church.

Sitting opposite to Cardinal Rampolla was a man on whom his inscrutable eyes rested from time to time with a slight frown. He was perhaps offended that the peasant who had risen to be Patriarch of Venice should be one of that august assembly. Cardinal Sarto sat with head bowed and thrown a little to one side, so that the wandering lights showed its fine outline and benevolent, humorous mouth. The kindly eyes were hidden, but the whole face was one that commanded confidence, respect and love. He belonged to a type now almost obsolete in the Church of Rome, that type which considers that in the end nothing can matter but the soul, which lives wholly with a view to its salvation, which knows no ambitions beyond the happiness of his flock, and is ignorant of all intrigue save those innocent ones that reconcile enemies or re-unite parted friends or lovers: holy, simple, unlettered, such a man as the Master might have called from the shore of Galilee, and said "Follow me!" He sat beneath the splendid canopy with a sense of discomfort, and let a cheap, brown rosary fall through his fingers as his thoughts rose, pious and humble, and his aspirations for knowledge of the right.

"O Agnus Dei!" sang the choir in soaring sweetness, while the great organ rolled out thunderous harmonies, and the lights flickered to and fro on the marble pavement between the stalls. How much depended on the choice to be made! Peace for Italy, for the Church, or trouble and discord among the nations, unquiet and heartburnings, and possibly shedding of blood! The chances now hung wavering

in the balances. The Pope was infallible. Who could question his right, be it to peace or conflict?

Cardinal Angelo Pietro dropped his head in his hands. Cardinal Ferrari with one hand on the arm of his chair, and the other supporting his chin, looked across at Rampolla, his brows set in a frown. The Archbishop of Capua struck a note of energy among the rows of time-weary men; he, perhaps, was weighing the pros and cons more effectually than the rest.

The Mass ended, and the Cardinals advanced to take their voting papers, returned to their places, filled them up, and having placed them in the golden chalice which stood on a small table in front of the high altar, stood facing the Tabernacle, and made solemn oath that they had voted according to their conscience. One by one the red and purple clad figures passed back and were absorbed into the shadow of the overhanging canopies. What would be the issue of their voting? Into the silence fell the strident voice of the Scrutineer:—

"Rampolla twenty-four!"

"Gotti seventeen!"

"Vannutelli four!"

The long, powerful fingers, now clasped over the lion's paws, relaxed their grip; a curious light sprang into Rampolla's eyes and died out instantly; the mask was never raised. The assembly rose and retired to their cells, returning in the evening for the second ballot. Once again the ballot was for Rampolla, and he was nearer the triple tiara by five more votes. He sat with his long eyes cast down lest they should betray him. Opposite him Cardinal Sarto was troubled in soul because of the ten votes given to him. His heart sank before the possibility of more, but was comforted by the thought that the morning would see his neighbour seated on the Papal throne and him on the way back to Venice to his flock.

The strange force which had forcibly taken possession of the Sacred College, and which had presented to them unconsciously the idea of a boundless supremacy and illimitable authority, had been powerless to affect his mind, which was perhaps too simple and healthy to fall beneath such subtle pressure. He was dimly aware that the atmosphere of the Conclave oppressed him, strange thoughts half formed vexed his mind, there were too many warring elements; the air was electric with potentialities of strife.

On Sunday morning there was a most strange trend of feeling among the assembly, a new and unknown element had entered into their deliberations; what it was none of them could rightly tell, but it set the current in a new direction, and away from the inscrutable figure so near the high altar. And this new influence made itself most keenly felt to Cardinal Sarto, thrilling him with a curious sense of great peace. To Cardinal Rampolla it brought intense mental disquiet, he had met with a something wholly unexpected and inexplicable. His mind sought out the cause in vain. Whence came the strange thoughts that were adrift in the Sistine Chapel that Sunday

morning? Who was it walked down the mosaic pavement, invisible and all powerful, and set men's minds on holy things? Cardinal Rampolla could not tell. His mind had been trained for the understanding of worldly things. Still, withal, he led. He headed the poll for the third time.

There was a breathless silence following on the cry of the Scrutineer. The light wandered softly to and fro, now crimson, now scarlet, and now purple. That Presence which had come with the Mass and blotted out all worldly aggrandisement and contention, and shown them a better way than strife, had seemingly come too late; Rampolla would be Pope, and the nations would be set against each other. His eyes met those of Sarto, filled with a divine compassion and regret. There was a hurried movement, and Cardinal Kopp rose in his place, his chin thrust aggressively out.

"I am authorised," he said slowly, "to make known my master's objection to Cardinal Rampolla."

The words acted like an electric shock. A loud murmur ran down the lines of gorgeously-clad Cardinals. "Did the German Emperor possess the right of veto?"

Almost reluctantly Cardinal Gruscha came to his feet, and in a tremulous voice added the veto of Austria. Austria would have none of him!

The outcry that rose suddenly went echoing among the carved arches to the high roof, and sank again into silence as Cardinal Rampolla, deadly pale, stately and dignified, rose, steadying himself by one hand, and spoke in a voice tense with feeling, which penetrated to every corner of the great building.

"This," he cried, "is a menace to the liberty of the Senate!" He faltered, and his eye met that of Sarto, limpid with sympathy for his humiliation. "I have no ambition to assume the burden of the Papacy," he said quietly. "Nor would I—nor would I have accepted it." His voice swelled out proudly, and he resumed his seat.

He was splendid, contemptuous and regal till the last. With the shadow of the triple crown upon his brows, it had gone from him. Yet there was a chance, his words might move the Senate to ignore an attempt to interfere with its choice. It remained to be seen!

Another figure rose silently, and every eye was fixed on the strong, sensible countenance which looked out on the Conclave.

"We do not want a political Pope," cried this Cardinal, "but a religious. The Church needs peace within her boundaries. Let us ask for the Divine Spirit, which ignores all save the good."

Cardinal Rampolla's eyes sank, and he fell back beneath his canopy. The Patriarch of Venice regarded him with compassionate benevolence. He had spoken no word during the brief clang of battle; but he was suddenly conscious that the current had set away from the powerful Cardinal and was tending he knew not whither.

The situation did not seem to have presented itself

to him, but it was fully realised by Gotti and Vannutelli, who glanced at each other in astonishment. The veto had disqualified Rampolla, and dissolved Gotti's chances, as being Rampolla's creature, but left the peasant Sarto at the head of the poll.

In some unaccountable way every man's thoughts were centred on that simple, unworldly figure; his humility, his cheerful spirit, and his saintly character presented themselves before each and all as the epitome of the Christian ideal. The voting brought him still nearer the Papal throne, and filled his mind with a troubled sense of his unfitness for the high office; he returned to his cell burdened with the memory that he stood at the head of the poll, with none near him. Tuesday morning dawned full of the bright Italian sun, and caressed by that balmy wind which blows through the early morning hours. The Mass was sung, and once again, and for the last time, the Cardinals sat in Conclave; passed up to the High Altar and made oath that they had done according to their conscience. There was a noticeable exultation in each voice as it made the declaration. This would be the final voting!

Rampolla's hopes had gone. He waited in acute apprehension for the name which would pronounce his fate. He had been defeated by something incomprehensible and mysterious. He had felt it himself. Serene, calm and ineffably removed from all his ambitions and desires, it had pervaded the minds of the assembly. It was useless to fight against the unknown, and it led the Cardinals to their choice. Sarto was Pope!—Sarto the peasant, the unlettered man, the friend and comforter of the poor, who had been familiar with poverty and suffering, and that bitter want which is the heritage of the Italian peasant.

There was a sharp, decisive cry "Electus!" and all the canopies rattled down. The joint sovereignty was at an end. Sarto was Pope.

The Camerlengo approached him, and put the question in sonorous Latin.

"Do you accept your election to be Supreme Pontiff?"

The Patriarch put out two tremulous hands, and his eyes overflowed. "I am not worthy!" he cried; "I am not worthy!"

The Camerlengo repeated the question, while the senior Cardinals crowded around waiting to do homage. In vain Sarto pleaded his peasant blood, his lack of scholarship, his want of diplomacy: What was there in him that fitted him to be Christ's Vicar?

A voice called out from the Altar, "But thou art most worthy, Joseph Sarto, for in thee we see the mind of Christ most clearly reflected!"

The Patriarch bent his head devoutly and crossed himself. "If God ordains it!" he said quietly, "His will be done."

And thus it was that the Sacred College went to the Conclave, determined to place upon the Papal throne a man who would have plunged all Christendom into warfare, and who in some mysterious manner were

impelled to set upon that throne just such another as that Fisherman whom the Master turned back upon the Appian Way, to suffer and die for his sake.

"Deposuit potentes de sede, et exaltavit humiles!"

CHAPTER XXXIV.—AN AUSTRALIAN GARDEN PARTY.

BRILLIANT winter sunshine, sparkling on the blue waters of Farm Cove. There almost alongside the British men-of-war lay the trim, smart vessels of our Japanese allies and visitors. The gardens of Government House, Sydney, looked their best this afternoon at the garden party given by the Governor-General, Lord Tennyson, in honour of Admiral Kanimura and the officers of the Japanese Squadron visiting Australian waters. Smartly-dressed women moved across the lawns, the keen westerly wind making furs and winter-wraps comfortable as well as becoming, the gleam of the blue and gold of naval uniforms breaking the monotony of the civilians' silk hats and frock-coats, laughter and chatter echoing everywhere, and the excellent band of the Royal Australian Artillery discoursing selections from "Three Little Maids."

Maisie Gordon stood by her father's side, enjoying the life and movement around her as only twenty-one can enjoy.

She and her father were a handsome pair. "Old Alec Gordon," as his friends called him, M.H.R. for New South Wales in the Federal Parliament, wealthy squatter, or owner of sheep stations in both the Mother Colony and Victoria, was one of a type now fast dying out. A pioneer, he had in the early days faced drought and famine, hostile blacks and bush-rangers, with unflinching courage and determination. Later on he had entered the New South Wales Parliament, and his indomitable pluck had stood him in good stead in many a hard-won fight under the banner of Free Trade. Now he fought for the same principles in the Commonwealth House of Representatives, under the leadership of Sir George Reid. Spare and sinewy, with the bronzed face of one who has spent his life in the open air, carrying his sixty years as lightly as he carried most of his troubles, he was as handsome as his beautiful daughter, as they stood side by side in the long stone verandah outside the drawing-room of Government House, looking down at the gay scene.

"See, Maisie, there's Brian Desmond—what good fortune has brought him to Sydney?"

A man of thirty, with a keen, clever face, was coming in their direction. He caught sight of the Gordons and hastened towards them. Did his grey blue eyes, with dark lashes—his Irish heritage—see the blush deepen in Maisie's cheek as her hand met his firm clasp? or was it only the pleasure of meeting his friend and neighbour, Alec Gordon, that suddenly transformed a somewhat dull social function into a most delightful party?

"Well, Desmond, what has brought you to town?"

"The same that has brought most of us unfortunately from the Bush—a hope of wringing the necessary sinews of war out of the Bank to tide over the effects of the drought."

Gordon sighed. The drought, long and severe, and only just partially broken, had hit him, wealthy man though he was, and he knew that Desmond, who had, with characteristic recklessness, sunk nearly all his available capital in a station in the Riverina, about a hundred miles from Deniliquin, must have lost heavily.

But Brian had turned to Maisie, loss and over-drafts and flinty-hearted bank managers forgotten in the rapture of meeting her. As her beautiful eyes looked into his, Brian knew that, whatever befell, here was a treasure beyond all other to be won and held for ever.

Outwardly he said, "A lovely day, Maisie, almost like spring," and, glancing at a group of Japanese naval officers, "Smart little fellows, aren't they? Might be Britishers if they weren't so small!"

Maisie laughed. "That's paying them the highest possible compliment, I suppose?"

"Of course," broke in her father; then turning to Desmond—"Lord Tennyson seems to have proved pretty conclusively that £10,000 a year is sufficient to maintain the proper state and dignity of the Governor-General, in spite of all Lord Hopetoun said to the contrary."

"Indeed, yes," rejoined Desmond somewhat absently, casting about in his mind how to secure Maisie for a few moments alone—much as he liked and admired her father.

Deliverance came in the shape of a fellow politician in the State Parliament, who was burning to hear the latest Federal news from his old friend Gordon.

"Here's Matheson, Maisie, wanting a yarn with me, I'll be bound. Desmond, would you mind giving my little girl some tea? Once Matheson buttonholes me I never know how long he'll keep me."

Nothing loth, the young people strolled away, though not in the direction of "tea," but down to where the gardens met the blue waters of the harbour, and here Desmond found a sheltered seat and gave himself up to the happiness of the hour.

The girl's face was very grave. She was no mere social butterfly—though possessing to the full that "*joie de vivre*" that seems the birthright of Australia's daughters—but an intelligent, warm-hearted woman, entering keenly into the burning questions of the day, as befitted Alec Gordon's only daughter and chief companion. Her mother dying when she was scarce out of babyhood, her father, mourning his wife passionately, had devoted himself to the training of his only child. He taught her to ride or drive any horse that had at least worn harness, to shoot straight, to love a horse and a dog for their individual sakes, and not for the amount of work to be got out of them; and, finally, when she returned home, "finished in all ladylike accomplishments," from a fashionable school

in Darling Point, finding that she had a mind that the usual social trivialities failed to satisfy, he imbued her with a taste for politics. Her strong common sense and sweet wholesome nature saved her from becoming a "*has bleu*," and only intimate friends knew the depth and soundness of her "views." Desmond was one of these, so her words, as she looked at the beautiful scene, did not surprise him.

"Haven't you noticed the emptiness of the harbour to what it was four or five years ago?"

He looked round. "Well, you know, thanks to the drought, we've had little or no wool—and that would account for no 'wool fleet.'"

"Yes, I know, but look over there"—pointing in the direction of Neutral Bay. "Four or five years ago you might have seen any number of 'tramps' waiting to discharge or load cargo. Now, hardly ever do you see more than one or two. They take their trade elsewhere, where duties are not so high, and Sydney sees her harbour blank, once thronged with ships of all nations—and for this we must thank Sir 'Toby' Barton and Co."

"But if Chamberlain's proposals are accepted?"

"They must never be," she flashed out. "All that will be decided at the General Elections in December next; and whatever the state of parties may be now, there will be a factor in those elections which hitherto has not had to be reckoned with."

Desmond smiled. "You mean Women's Suffrage."

"Yes," she answered. "Oh, you needn't smile in that superior way, Brian. The day has gone by since it was 'the thing' to look down on women voters. Why, it is to them the Free Trade party must look for support."

"Petticoat government!" ejaculated Desmond mischievously, for he delighted in seeing pretty Maisie mounted on what he termed her "pet hobby."

She turned on him in sudden anger; then, catching the twinkle in his eyes, relapsed into as sudden laughter—for she was a creature of many moods, and sunshine was part of her nature.

"No—not petticoat government—heaven forbid! But, Brian, there's hardly a thinking woman in the length and breadth of Australia who is not a Free Trader at heart. I don't speak of the girls of my class," she went on contemptuously, "who abuse the tariff because French shoes and silk and gloves are taxed; but ask any woman whose life is one weary struggle to make both ends meet—ask her, and she will tell you how much heavier the burden has been since we have had the honour of being governed by Barton and his Protectionist Ministry. Ask the 'cocky's' wives and daughters up the country what they thought of Protection when they saw their stock die of starvation, and all the time good fodder from New Zealand and the Argentine ready at their doors—only made impossible for poor folk on account of

the heavy import duties. Oh, believe me, Australian women are strong Free Traders!"

"But do you think many of them will vote?"

"Of course they will," she replied promptly; "they know their own political value."

"But *revenons à nos moutons*," said he; "don't you see, if Chamberlain's proposals are accepted all English goods get preferential treatment?"

"On the other hand," she answered, "all foreign goods are taxed higher, so the cost still comes out of our pockets. Look at the amount we import from America alone—machinery, timber, and a host of other things. They're taxed heavily enough now, and anything more—why it just comes round to my starting-point—more import-taxation, less shipping in the harbour!"

It was serious conversation for two good-looking young people at a gay social gathering, but neither saw the incongruity of it. To Maisie, Brian Desmond was the one man, except her father, to whom she could talk unreservedly. She had known him since she was nine, and he a young student ten years her senior, studying at the Sydney University for the Bar—a profession which he had promptly thrown over as soon as a lucky legacy made the open-air life of his boyhood possible to him. And he had been in love with Maisie from the first time he had seen her—a dark-eyed little maid, with a wealth of brown hair tumbling over her eyes—as she rode furiously across the "Home Paddock" at her father's station "Tarkeela," to meet the "Dad," just arrived from Sydney. Only recently, however, had she come to find that balls and picnics, races and dinners, owed their interest to the mere fact that Brian was present.

There was a silence after Maisie's outburst, and the strains of a dreamy waltz came to them mellowed by distance. They rose reluctantly, Maisie casting a wistful look of admiration at the beautiful panorama of sea and land stretching before them.

"So the Commissioners have chosen Tumut as the site of the Federal City," she said. "I think it's a pity Sydney is barred out by the Constitution—don't you?"

"A thousand pities!" Brian answered. "Besides, a new Federal City is a needless expense in these days of enforced economy. There is no need to build a costly Federal City which will only be used for six months in the year, when Sydney or Melbourne have all the advantages to hand, without incurring one-fourth of the expense. Of course, I have always thought that Sydney should be the Federal City, for, apart from her sentimental claim as the Mother City, she is the head of all business in Australia. After all, the great firms and banks have their headquarters here."

Maisie beamed on him. She had all a New South Wales girl's love and pride in the "Queen City of the South," and to hear mocking Brian, who always laughed at her rhapsodies on the charm and beauty of Sydney, speak in such a strain, gratified her beyond measure.

* Small farmers.

"Why, Brian, I didn't know you cared for Sydney. I thought most of your sympathies lay with Melbourne."

He laughed. "We fellows in the Bush see a few things, though we are so far away. I was thinking of the economy. Remember some of the costly undertakings to which the Government is pledged this session—£200,000 as our contribution to the Navy. Not that we grudge that," he added, glancing proudly in the direction of the British warships, "but there's the Judiciary Bill involving Heaven knows what expense—and a few other costly trifles, such as that railway to Perth—and all this after a severe drought, when everywhere is heard the cry of 'reduction and curtailment of expenses.'"

They had almost rejoined the crowd, and somehow the light chatter and the clink of cups and saucers from the refreshment marquee sounded unreal to them. Not a word had passed between them that could not have been shouted on the housetops, yet Brian felt in some subtle way he had grown nearer to this girl with her high ideals and practical common sense than a half hour's idle talk would have brought him.

"Brian——" she said, then hesitated in a way unusual with her.

He turned expectantly, the mocking light in his eyes vanished. "What is it, Maisie?"

"I am going to ask a favour of you."

"Yes!"

"Will you stand for New South Wales in the next elections in December?"

The suddenness of the proposal startled him, and he glanced sharply at her, not quite sure that she was in earnest.

"What use my trying? I don't think I'd have a chance."

"Yes, you would—only you must fight for Free Trade—follow Sir William McMillan, the most consistent Free Trader amongst us. I'll help you all I can—and you know you can count on father."

Desmond paused. "I can't answer you at once. I must think it over. But I'm not disinterested, I shall claim a reward."

"Of course; you know as well as I do all members are paid."

He looked at her. "Ah, my reward would not be a paltry four hundred pounds a year!" And once more the beautiful dark face crimsoned.

"Hullo, you truants!" cried a voice. "Discussing the chances of my 'Tarkeela' colt for the Sydney Derby, or still admiring our miniature allies?"

"Neither, sir," quietly answered Desmond. "Maisie has been trying to enter me for the 'Federal Election Stakes' next December."

Alec Gordon smiled. "Has she succeeded?"

"I don't know; it depends on whether I can gain the prize." And Gordon, catching a glimpse of his daughter's face, smiled again, though this time a trifle sadly, as he thought that in all probability the prize was already almost gained.

CHAPTER XXXV.—REVOLTING DAUGHTERS.

"WHY are they revolting? What's revolting about 'em?" asked Lord Charlie.

This was by way of reply to a question just put to him by Lady Augusta: What did he think of this question of revolting daughters now agitating the community.

"Oh, it isn't that," said Lady Augusta. "It's a revolt that they are said to be indulging in against their mothers. The mothers and daughters are airing their grievances in the *Daily Mail*. Each has its own point of view. There have suddenly turned up an array of mothers who declare their daughters are most unsatisfactory products, inconsiderate, self-absorbed, hard, rude, and independent. Then, on the other side, is the case of the daughters, who urge in extenuation that home life and domestic duties are too trying and narrow for bright, glad youth; that the change from their lively schooldays and school friends to doing the flowers and sitting out their mothers' "At Homes," where married people talk in a married way about other married people, or people who ought to be married, or people who want to be married, or people who will never be married, is too great a change for youth to endure. Ghastly, isn't it?"

"Awful," agreed Lord Charles, his æsthetic senses sympathetically rising at the suggestion of suburbia hidden under Lady Augusta's description of the Revolt.

They were in the country spending a week with William at his Park in Sussex. All the week it had rained, but to-day summer had appeared suddenly, the sky was a fleckless turquoise, the birds had broken into song again, the fine green shade cast by the beeches on the lawn was gladly sought by some of the house-party wandering about in the great Park precincts.

A little group was gathered there now, in the precious hour that embraces afternoon tea. They were an idle, languid, happy, summer-stricken group, clad in muslins and flannels, and big white hats, and chiffon sunshades: Augusta, Lord William, Charlie, Mrs. Talbot-Craye and her two pretty daughters, the famous Mr. Brantwood, the poet and philosopher, and two or three well-known and well-looking men and women such as are always to be found in an English house-party.

Lady Augusta had a habit of introducing "subjects" into idle hours. It may be that she feared, on physical grounds as well as psychic ones, too much indolence and ease. To "loaf and invite her soul" was rigorously eschewed by Lady Augusta. She had a horror of growing fatter, therefore she invariably roused herself from a pleasant dreaminess and pricked herself and her companions wide awake with some topic of the day. Sometimes her companions groaned.

It was not given to them all to understand why

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dear, plump Lady Augusta should be always agitating herself over something or other.

But Lord Charlie knew. Was there anything he did not know? He perfectly understood that Augusta dared not remain placid too long, that the sweetness of lotus-eating held a dull anxiety for her, and that where Augusta was there never must be peace—or never much of it.

He threw himself into the discussion now, not out of good nature—that was not his way—but because he also didn't want to be quiet. An unpleasant reflection persisted with him when he allowed himself to think. It was that pigeon shooting was as bad for man as for bird, and much more expensive for the former.

"Yes, yes," he said, "I suppose there are plenty of girls who would like to rule the roast, and put their mothers in the background?"

"The question is," said Lady Augusta, "has the mother the greater claim to independence or the girl?"

A slight cough broke in on the conversation. It came from the thin aristocratic-looking lady in grey crêpe-de-chine—Mrs. Talbot-Craye. She was the mother of two pretty girls in white muslin, one of whom was so very lively, the other so very silent.

"Surely," said she, "the mother is the one to decide. If a mother may not rule her daughters, who is she to rule?"

"Her husband," suggested William lazily.

"Her cook," hazarded Lord Charlie.

"Herself," put in the lively daughter.

Everyone felt a little shocked. Mrs. Talbot-Craye herself had a slight deepening of the much-massaged wrinkles about her sad eyes, but her mouth remained smiling, for the smile there was fixed.

"I expected you to say that, Millicent," she said.

"That's all right then, mother," replied Millicent airily, carrying off the offensive text of her speech by the delicious quality of her voice.

Suddenly it dawned on everyone that dear Augusta's latest topic was unpleasantly *mal à propos*.

Here was a mother who was perpetually at variance with her daughters. Here was an illustration, in undeniable flesh and blood, of the sad state of things that English mothers and daughters were crying about in the daily papers.

Now Millicent, the younger of the Talbot-Crayes, was a girl of great natural charm and vivacity, a little boisterous from her perfect health perhaps, but in the right setting, and under conditions that suited her, she could shine mightily. She had a pretty wit, a lively imagination, and a nature socially inclined, that demanded men and women about her, and the brighter and better they were, the happier was she.

That was Millicent as she really was, or was intended to be. But this was Millicent as she appeared under her mother's régime:—a girl who said what she chose, daringly venturesome, often barely proper; a girl who always did conspicuous things—talked too

loudly, laughed too much, devoted herself to one person noticeably, flounced and flaunted, contradicted her mother, was bent only on her own pleasure, and never for a moment sympathised with her mother's desire that she should grow into an elegant English gentlewoman, cut after the best pattern known in England.

The other daughter, Gladys, was as quiet and melancholy as Millicent was lively and argumentative.

Nobody had ever succeeded in making Gladys interested. Nobody had ever succeeded in finding that she could be interesting. She was tall and formally pretty, with rich brown hair, a beautiful complexion, and a slender graceful figure, but oh, how dull, how dull!

Mrs. Talbot-Craye had spent her youth in the atmosphere of a narrow county. Her father was a county doctor, and her bringing-up had been excellent in every way except one—nothing had been done to promote the freedom of her ego. And then she had married dashing Talbot-Craye.

And from him, the dead father, her daughters inherited the ideas and emotions that her middle age tried to combat and destroy.

There was no evil in them. They were simply the expression of a longing for a freer, broader life than that offered by a mother's drawing room and a county circle.

So much for the Talbot-Crayes.

Tea came along, and things brightened up. Millicent grew very lively. She laughed a good deal, and began a pretty battle of wit with her cousin William and the advanced Mr. Brantwood. Her eyes glowed, her cheeks sparkled. It was evident that she was happy, that her mind found delight in this mental thrust and parry stimulated by sex.

But her mother sat and listened with a face and figure expressive of extreme unrest, even of pain. There was no delight in her eyes, no joy in her daughter's joy.

Lord Charlie tried to cheer her with some light malicious gossip. She discerned his motive and grew more restless and unhappy.

Yet all the while she smiled that half-sad, half-vacuous smile, the smile of habit, the smile her mother had worn through years of a faintly snubbing intimacy with the county people, the smile she would cling to through every trial, every shame, to the end, when the smile of Death should give her poor tired lips release at last.

"I adore Kreissler," said Millicent.

"His playing, Millicent dear," put in Mrs. Talbot-Craye.

Millicent immediately became several degrees more extravagant. And there, for ever hovering about her, clouding her brightness, aiming itself at her, wherever she was, whatever she did, was that pained smile. It had begun to haunt her. A little wildness showed in her manner whenever her mother came near.

"And Magda," she was heard saying presently, "what a fine speech that is of hers, 'I am what I am.' So am I! Oh, if they'd only let me do something! That's what I want. It's the deadliness of doing nothing that's so hard to bear."

"Have you no home duties?" asked Mr. Brantwood.

The mother was talking to Augusta now.

"Yes, the flowers. And mother doesn't like the way I do them. Too *nouveau arty*. She comes and crams in pieces of green where I hadn't meant green to be, and the effect is spoiled."

"But have you no hobby?"

"I have no time—my day is all mapped out by mother."

"But a day that is all mapped out must be full?"

"Oh full! Full enough. But of what? Calling, and being called on. Buying frocks and hats. Going to the dentist. Being tried on. Doing inane fancy work for bazaars. Having vapid afternoon-teas. In town, being torn from one party to another, so that you enjoy none of them. At home, having the curate to dinner on Sunday—and always put next to me, to tone me down."

"But you travel?"

"Travel? Never—we never move. We seem to go to Switzerland, and Paris, and Norway, but it's all a delusion, we don't really. We stay at home all the time. Wherever we go we take our county life with us. We never assimilate, never let go. I'm twenty, but I'm not allowed to go and see a sunset without a chaperon. At home we're a respectable county family. Abroad, we're a respectable county family. Oh, always—always we're a respectable county family. And oh, it's so dull, when you want a world, and they offer you a county."

Augusta raised her voice a little. But in vain. The mother was listening to the daughter again.

"Will you come with me and see the deer, and let us discuss the categorical imperative?" said Mr. Brantwood presently.

"Oh, I should love to," said Millicent.

She was moving happily away when a thin voice arrested her.

"Millicent dear, those notes! They are to be replied to."

Over Millicent's face fell a shadow.

"Later on will do," said she impatiently.

"They ought to be answered to-night," persisted the mother.

And while Millicent paused to argue a moment Mr. Brantwood moved on with Lady Augusta. He shrank from causing unpleasantness between mother and daughter, and so slipped quietly away. And the categorical imperative was never discussed between them.

Gladys, who had been waiting near, interrupted, "I'm going to be down before dinner," and moved away.

"He has gone," said Millicent. "I've lost my talk, and he leaves before breakfast. Oh, how dared you interrupt me with those stupid notes!"

"Pray remember you are speaking to your mother."

"Because you're my mother, I'm never to think for myself or act for myself," cried Millicent. "I am twenty, and Gladys is twenty-five, and you expect us to obey you as though we were little children. And we can't, we can't. You forget that we are our father's children as well as yours. You make no allowances for our tastes and likings. Everything must be done your way. I can't stand it. I can't—I won't." And she turned tempestuously and rushed away.

At the same hour in the rose garden Gladys was plucking a red rose for her hair. A tall soldierly man was beside her, Colonel Egerton, husband of the much-talked-of Lady Amy Egerton. They murmured together. She looked up, he looked down. She put the flower into his hand.

At that moment she was not Gladys—she was another woman, radiantly beautiful, radiantly happy.

In the morning neither Gladys nor Millicent came to breakfast. Mrs. Talbot-Craye sent to inquire. Both rooms were empty.

In Gladys' room a note was found.

"I have had enough of it all," she wrote, "I am going away with someone who will teach me life as it is. I am twenty-five and tired of myself, and tired of looking at things from the outside, as mother looks at things and wishes us to look. Mother, girls are getting past all that. They look round and see other girls advancing, and all the better for it. It is five years since I left school, and in that five years I have been choked, and restrained, and driven and repressed, till I've turned into a dummy for the sake of peace . . ."

Colonel Egerton was missing also.

And Millicent. What of Millicent? There was no note from Millicent.

But down in the lower meadows a little stream ran merrily. And by-and-by, from the stream's clear waters, a white and silent form was carried, borne in strong men's arms upwards to the house, the shuttered house all set about with mourning now.

"A girl of twenty to drown herself for nothing. How shocking!" everyone said. "Unheard-of perversity."

And truly, so it was. But oh, the pity of it! For at twenty one is all feeling and no reason. The strange sadness of youth, with its dreams and visions, and its thoughts that are "long, long thoughts," prevail, and urge the young, longing, aspiring spirit to deeper things.

"Gladness and brightness and hope—that's what we middle-aged people must learn to give to youth," said Lady Augusta sadly when it was all over.

[For acknowledgment of subscriptions to the "Piggie" Fund, see page 296.]

Wake Up! John Bull.

No. 27.]

Issued as an integral part of the REVIEW OF REVIEWS of September, 1903.

Is John Bull Really Waking Up?

TO this there are various answers. For my own part, I think he is slowly pulling himself together, yawning and stretching, and is about to come out of his slumbers with a jump, after which he will make other people wake up in a pretty vigorous fashion. There are those, however, who maintain that John Bull is absolutely impervious to all the nudgings and proddings and halloaings that have been bestowed upon him for the last three years, and that he will sleep till his doom overtakes him. It must be admitted, in support of those who hold the latter opinion, that if John Bull goes on sleeping after having had the heavy volumes of the evidence of the Royal Commission on the War hurled at his head, not even the trump of doom will rouse him. For that report contains, in a form as compact as is possible with its voluminous detail, the most merciless exposure of the disastrous results which follow from attempting to administer an Empire in your sleep. You may get along fairly well without any serious disaster until you attempt to go to war, and then the consequences of sleepy-headedness make themselves visible with appalling vividness. The more the evidence in that damning report is examined the more clearly will it appear that the word of the situation is sleepy-headedness. It is not that Ministers are wicked; it is not that they are stupid; it is simply that in dealing with the affairs of the Empire, and in making preparations for war, they go about things like people who are half-awake, and are so comfortable in bed that they refuse to turn out, although the house is on fire below. The refusal of Mr. Balfour to believe in the possibility of the Free State joining the Transvaal, in face of repeated urgent warnings to that effect from the officers of the Intelligence Department, is exactly equivalent to the incredulity of a man who has been told something before he was soundly awake, the words of which have never really penetrated to his mind, which he will not believe, when once he is up, he has ever heard anything about. So all this miserable fumbling and mismanagement proceeds from the same cause. There was no alertness of mind in the administrators of the Empire. Some of them were half asleep, and some of them were asleep altogether; and they fumbled and blundered and mismanaged things just as might be expected from men whose eyes were heavy with slumber. If John Bull does not wake up after this revelation of the consequences of taking forty winks when he ought to be wide awake and as keen as mustard, nothing will wake him up much in this world, and we must just be content to see him perish between the blankets of incorrigible self-complacency and indolence. John Bull, of course, may answer that he has not got a chance to say what he is thinking of these sleepy-headed gentlemen at Downing Street, and that so far as he has been afforded a chance in by-elections he has given a very unmistakable manifestation of his determination to make a clean sweep of the somnambulists. The Argyllshire election certainly points in that direction. I have no doubt about it myself, but it ought to be regarded as the first duty of every true patriot at the coming election to turn the somnambulists out, and to wake up John Bull by for ever banishing from the administration of the Empire Mr. Chamberlain and Lord Lansdowne, whose conduct ought to be solemnly impeached by the Opposition on the re-assembling of Parliament. Never have any two Ministers been shown to have failed so utterly in the qualities that are indispensable to those who would be regarded as statesmen of the Empire. If a humble sentry is court-martialled and shot when he is found asleep at his post in time of war, what punishment would be sufficiently severe to mark the heinousness of the guilt of the Colonial Secretary and the War Minister, who are both shown to have been sound asleep when they were supposed to be guiding the Colonial Policy and the Military Department of the Empire? Lord Lansdowne, it may be said, was sound asleep and did nothing. That was bad enough, but much more mischievous was the somnambulist activity of Mr. Chamberlain, who, while not less oblivious than the soundest of the Seven Sleepers to the facts of the situation, rushed the Empire into war.

It is not only, however, in the evidence of by-elections that there are signs of England's waking up. The increased attention that is being paid to the social and industrial activity of Europe and the Continent is a very good sign. Mr. Mosely's education commission, on which, by a great blunder, no woman was appointed, is one sign of this tendency; and another which may be mentioned, of a very different kind, is nevertheless quite as significant in its way—the very interesting visit paid by a representative party of working men and women from the Browning Settlement to Holland, an account of which appears in the following pages. The more these opportunities of international study increase and multiply, the less danger is there that John Bull will ever again sink down into deep-seated torpor.

A Pilgrimage of Labour to the Holy Land of Peace.



Dr. H. W. Hovy.

IT was a Pilgrimage of Labour. For most of our party were weekly wage-earners, and all of us came from one of the national centres of organised Labour. It was also a Pilgrimage of Grace. For it was only made possible by a most gracious act of international courtesy. And it owed its chief charm to the atmosphere of kindness which enveloped our tour.

The Travel Club of the Browning Settlement was begun with the idea of enabling dwellers in the most crowded division of London to see more of the world than had previously come within their reach. A shilling a week for a year, or more generally for two-thirds of a year, sufficed, under the magic of co-operation, to transport a Walworth working man, or his wife or daughter, for a few crowded days, into a totally new life. The great world-shows formed the first points of attraction. Twenty-six working men and women went to the Paris Exhibition in 1900, forty-eight to the Glasgow Exhibition in 1901, and seventy-four to the Exhibition at Düsseldorf in 1902. The hearty fellowship of life between the many grades represented in the travel party and the unstinted friendliness shown by the people among whom we went, came in time to make the Travel Club a real organ of social and international goodwill.

A SHUTTLE OF INTERNATIONAL FRIENDSHIP.

We went to Paris on the morrow of the Dreyfus trial, when the French were said to be full of hatred to England. We went to Düsseldorf at the close of the South African war, when Germans were declared to be breathing out threatenings and slaughter against the countrymen of Mr. Chamberlain. Our nationality bewrayed itself wherever we went; but we found none of the things which journalistic mischief-makers had led us to expect. We found instead the utmost cordiality and an atmosphere of spontaneous hospitality, which kindled thoughts of universal brotherhood.

TO THE HAGUE!

Having thus tasted the delights of international brotherliness, the Travel Club this year naturally turned its eyes towards the recognised centre of pacific internationalism. The Hague Conference alike in inception and in retrospect has been hailed at Browning Hall as the beginning of the end of war—as the inauguration of the political union of mankind. So, though the English Lake District was the rival alternative, it was to the Hague that the club decided to go.

But at first the course of our pilgrimage did not

run smooth. After long waiting we were advised by journalistic friends to abandon the idea as impracticable. We were informed that we could hope for no Dutch friend to act as proxenos (or honorary host to arrange matters for us). For, first, we were English; the bitter memories of the South African War, sedulously fostered by the Dutch Press, made our reception more than doubtful. And second, we were "Labour"; after the recent miseries of the Dutch railway strike, "the better class of people will not do anything for workmen." We were exhorted to look elsewhere for our August camp.

INTERVENTION OF THE DUTCH PREMIER.

We could not consent, however, to our hopes being thus baffled. So I took the somewhat extraordinary step of writing direct to the Dutch Prime Minister. I told him we were a party of working people from the middle of London who wished to visit the scene of the Hague Conference and of the first universally recognised international tribunal. I told him also of our earlier trips, and asked if, by the kindly indication of his interest in our project, we might be put on the way to realise it. The letter went without any mediation or mention of mutual friend. Under such circumstances, and amid the endless pressure of a Prime Minister's correspondence, the request might be supposed to have little chance of receiving attention. But in a few days an answer came. And the answer was all that we could have desired. Mr. H. W. Hovy, Doctor of Law, formerly private secretary to the Premier, and now Mayor of Loosduinen, a seaside suburb of the Hague, wrote to say that at Dr. Kuyper's request, and also out of his own warm interest in social movements, he was willing to plan out our stay for us and to arrange for us. With this pure act of grace, from the First Minister of the Dutch Crown to a company of weekly wage-earners in one of the poorest parts of London, "Walworth in Holland" began to be. Under the unwearied kindness and thoughtfulness of Dr. Hovy it grew to be a week of much wider travel and far richer interest than we had ever dared to hope. We had expected seven days in the neighbourhood of the Hague. Dr. Hovy arranged for us a series of excursions, first from Amsterdam and next from the Hague, which covered most of the principal objects of attraction in Holland.

RAILWAY FACILITIES FOR SOCIAL TRAVEL.

We left Blackwall Pier on Saturday afternoon, August 1st, a party of twenty-three women and twenty-eight men. We sailed by the Batavier Line, an old company which is renewing its youth, and by an enlarged fleet of well-appointed steamers running every night is winning its way to well-deserved success. We reached Rotterdam early next morning, and hurried across town to the train for Amsterdam. At the Bourse Station we had our first experience of

the facilities which Dutch railways offer to popular travel. The ordinary third-class fare to Amsterdam (52½ miles) is 2s. 9d., or 1s. 5½d. less than our English "Parliamentary fare." But by purchasing "books of ten" we were able to travel at the rate of 1s. 3d. a head! Similarly, on returning from the Hague to Rotterdam (14½ miles, ordinary fare, 1s. 3d.) we took a collective ticket for fifty which worked out at 6½d. a head. For these reduced fares no notice was required nor favour asked.

IN HIGH QUARTERS AT AMSTERDAM.

In Amsterdam Dr. Hovy's provident care had found quarters for us at the People's Coffee-house called "De Hoop," which stands tall and solitary on the Ruyterkade, the northernmost quay of the city, the starting-point of most of the passenger steamers, and close to the central railway station. We were lodged in cubicles on the two topmost floors of this Dutch sky-scraper, which commanded a superb view. At "De Hoop" we were welcomed by the first of our honorary guides, the Rev. B. J. Esser, who is a cousin of Dr. Hovy, and is now completing his studies at the Calvinistic University of Amsterdam, previous to becoming a teacher of theology. Mr. Esser bears a name noted in the annals of Dutch evangelism. His father was a Governor in the Dutch East Indies, who began missionary work among the natives at a time when Governments, British and Dutch alike, viewed such operations with intense disfavour. On his return home the ex-Governor started mission services amid the haunts of vice in the Hague and its suburbs, and being unable to find a suitable room, took to preaching in the streets—a thing then unheard of in Holland. The son of this missionary hero attended to the wants of our party with inexhaustible patience, considerateness, and vivacity.

A NORTHERN VENICE.

Escorted by him, we made our first acquaintance with the Venetian picturesqueness of Amsterdam. We perceived something of that passion for colour which pervades Dutch life, and which we were presently to see at its zenith on the glowing canvas of Rembrandt. Compared with most cities of its size that we have known, Amsterdam is a city without smoke. The factory chimneys are few, and the general use of oil for cooking leaves the domestic chimney for most of the summer day entirely unused. Certain clearances, effected for building operations, enabled us to see the piles driven into the swamp on which the city is built. At the Rijks Museum we had our first sight on Dutch soil of masterpieces of Dutch art. We saw also the hull of the *Royal Charles*, and a goodly number of captured British flags—a salutary reminder to English pride that "the command of the sea" had once been Dutch.

Next morning, under the guidance of Mr. Esser, we set off by train to Hilversum. From Hilversum we strolled on for several miles through undulatory forest land, and lunched at Vuursche, a quaint hamlet in the

shaggy wilds that groups itself round a *hunnengrab* or huge glacial boulder. Here we met a brother of our guide, Dr. Esser, of Kampen, and a medical student from South Africa, both of whom it was a delight to know.

AN ECHO OF ANOTHER KIND OF CAMP.

Continuing our walk after lunch, and now in brilliant sunshine, we came upon a tramp woman and child. At our request the child was asked to sing to us. All unaware of what land we came from, the little girl sang a wailing ditty about the woes of South Africa, of women and children done to death in concentration camps. It was a gruesome hint, all the more painful because so entirely artless and unintended. "Methods of barbarism," that have become roadside songs in Europe, may make sterner music for us in days to come. In pleasant contrast to these painful forebodings was the surprise awaiting us at the end of the walk. Sunday had been the Queen-mother's birthday, but in pursuance of the premier's settled policy of keeping the Lord's Day clear from secular celebrations, the Royal birthday was kept on the Monday. Queen Wilhelmina had gone to stay with the Queen-mother at her palace at Baarn. And our guides were leading us to Baarn.

THE TWO QUEENS.

Half of our party had the supreme felicity of arriving in time to see the Queen and Queen-mother drive out. The cheers of the crowd which had assembled for the spectacle were loud and enthusiastic; but the prolonged cheering of the Walworth folk, with their English "three-times-three," attracted her young Majesty's attention, and received from her a specially gracious acknowledgment.

Tuesday was fixed for the famous circular tour by boat to the Island of Marken, to Monnikendam and Broek. The charm of the trip was, of course, the quaint and many-coloured costumes of the fisherfolk. Marken is a striking witness to the people's instinct and appetite for colour.

AT THE HUT OF THE TSAR CARPENTER.

On Wednesday morning we despatched our luggage to the Hague and bade farewell to Amsterdam. The brothers Esser had arranged a very full day for us, and shared it with us. First we crossed over to Zaandam, following the course of the great North Sea Canal which cuts right across Holland and connects Amsterdam with the North Sea. The silting up of the Zuyder Zee makes this the only sea-gate for ships of heavy burthen to the old Dutch capital. At Zaandam we visited the hut where Peter the Great lodged while working as carpenter in the local dockyard. The larger portion of the old domicile which was occupied by the Tsar's landlord has now been removed; the residue has been covered in with a brick exterior by the Russian Government. Among the many souvenirs of visitors the most noticeable was the remark of Napoleon:—"Nothing is too small for a great man." Thence we walked northward by the side of the Zaan, passing several specimens of the Dutch industrial

village, until we reached the picturesque Vormers-weer.

PICTURESQUE VARIETY OF DUTCH SCENERY.

There we took train to Velsen; and then had a charming walk for several miles through quite a different type of rural scenery, the landscape becoming more and more undulatory as we neared the dunes. At Velserend we lunched in the open air, under a Gothic nave of lofty overarching trees. Lunch over, we inspected the ruined castle of Brederode, which was close at hand, and then mounted one of the nearest dunes. These Alps of sand give the most effective refutation to the common prejudice that Holland is simply one monotonous plain, a huge green flat cut up with ditches. Around us rolled and rose and fell a most varied landscape of heath and forest and field. We next followed the well-wooded, villa-skirted road which leads through Sandpoort to Bloemendal, whence the train brought us to Haarlem and dinner.

A PORTENT OF REUNION AND PEACE.

The dark memories of the place where some of the foulest horrors of Spanish cruelty were perpetrated upon the heroic Dutch set in pleasing contrast the religious neighbourliness of our trip. For our headquarters at the Hague, as arranged at the instance of the Calvinistic Prime Minister, were fixed at the Roman Catholic Club, Nieuwe Molstraat. It is a pretty coincidence that just as we were preparing to leave Amsterdam for this Catholic club, Mr. Esser came in to tell us of the result of the election of the new Pope. We were glad to associate the advent of Pius X. with our own happy experience of blended Catholic and Calvinistic hospitality, and to see in it an omen of the opening reign. The upper rooms of our Club were ordinarily used for technical school purposes, but were now transformed into dormitories for us. There we found another augury for the twentieth century. These beautiful white beds had been cleaned, stuffed with straw, provided with sheets and blankets, and loaned to us—a company of foreigners—by the Dutch War Office. A fitting suggestion, in the world's metropolis of peace, of the time when swords shall be beaten into ploughshares, and War Offices become agencies of international hospitality!

We had barely had time to look round our new premises when our proxenos, Dr. Hovy, arrived to bid us welcome. He bore a message from the Prime Minister. Dr. Kuyper regretted that absence in Austria prevented his coming to welcome us in person, but hoped that we would, under Dr. Hovy's guidance, have none the less a pleasant time at the Hague. This gracious message so kindly conveyed made the party from Walworth feel that verily they had arrived at the city of universal brotherhood.

PROBABLE SITE OF THE PEACE TRIBUNAL.

One of the first to greet us on our coming was the Dutch correspondent of the *New York Herald*, Mr.

August Kiehl; and it was under his genial and well-informed leadership that we saw the principal sights of the city. He showed us the place which it is rumoured will be chosen as the seat of the International Court of Arbitration. It was a palace of the Queen-mother's. It is called "Buitenrust," or "Rest Without." It is situated on the north-west of the city, just at the commencement of that wonderful avenue, or rather arcade of fairy foliage which runs straight as an arrow for three kilometres to the sea at Scheveningen, and is known as "the Old Way." That modest building will, it is thought probable, be purchased and endowed by Mr. Carnegie's munificence. It is now certainly "beautiful for situation"; and, if the scene of the super-session of War by Law, will indeed become "the joy of the whole earth."

WITH THE OLD MASTERS.

Mr. Kiehl next took us along some of the fairest streets in this fair city to the House of Commons. Our democratic sympathies were stirred by finding that the Throne stood in the Lower and not in the Upper Chamber. Then for several hours we revelled in the treasures of Dutch Art stored in the Mauritshuis. At lunch every member of our party was asked what picture had, on first thoughts, impressed him or her most. Most of the party mentioned Corn. Cornelissen's "Massacre of the Innocents." Rembrandt's "School of Anatomy" came next, and then Paul Potter's "Bull."

The afternoon began with a visit to the Gevangen-pfoort, the old city gaol, stored with all manner of means of torture. The rest of the day was spent at Scheveningen—that glorious stretch of beach and dune which it is a poor compliment to call the Brighton of Holland.

OUR GOAL.

Friday morning saw us, again under Mr. Kiehl's most kindly guidance, approaching the goal of our pilgrimage; the scene of the world's first Parliament of Man, the birthplace of law-ordered and law-guarded universal peace. It was a brilliant day; the palace in the woods, its rooms and grounds were seen to full advantage; and the place so often described need not be here again described. Suffice it to say we all felt the strange sense of home which seemed to pervade the palace; and none of our party will ever forget the thrilling shock of sensation, retrospect and hope which burst upon one at the first view of the great reception hall where the Conference met.

A stroll through the Royal Woods, so fresh, so cool, so beautiful, brought the memorable morning to a close. The arrangement for the afternoon was "go as you please"; but we all "pleased" to go again to the fascinating sands of Scheveningen. On Saturday morning we went out to Loosduinen, saw the town hall, where our proxenos presides as mayor, were photographed upon the dunes by the most gracious kindness of Madame van Gogh-Waldeck,

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and were welcomed as free guests with exceeding courtesy by Mr. and Mrs. van den Bergh at the international shooting competition with rifle and revolver, which, it is hoped, will make Loosduinen a Dutch Bisley. The fusillade reminded us with reiterated concussion on our tympana that the dreams of yesterday were still far from fact.

HOMEWARD.

Then, with rousing cheers prolonged, and vociferous singing of "He's a jolly good fellow," we bade our noble proxenos, Dr. Hovy, farewell, whirled back with steam tram to, our lunch, our club, our baggage, and our train; and, after a hot walk across Rotterdam, found ourselves just in time on board *Batavier II*, as she glided from her moorings down the Maas. A silver sunset soon yielded to the calm splendour which rose with the full moon.

An evening of social song and merriment had as counterpart next morning a service on deck, in which many took part. The welcome announcement was made that we had paid our way, and had a few pounds over: the two guineas a head had more than covered all our expenses: nothing purchasable had been given us: we had paid for all fares, board, lodging, printing, etc., etc. Even with the extra levies for extra outings, the total cost per head did not reach 50s. We landed early on Sunday afternoon with ample store of grateful memories.

A LAND OF THE UNEXPECTED.

We had had a tour filled with delightful surprises. We had expected to find Holland physically monotonous. We found it full of endless variety. We had been led to fear hostile demonstrations against our name and nation. We met only universal kindness, shown with such warm-heartedness as made us thoroughly ashamed of our fears. We heard nowhere so much as a whisper of ill-will. We had gone with a hazy notion that Holland was the home of negative thought, of destructive criticism, of faith-killing Rationalism. We found the Dutch people heaving and stirring under the influence of a religious revival which may best be described as Neo-Calvinism. We found the leader of this movement to be none other than our most gracious patron Dr. Kuyper, the Prime Minister.

DR. KUYPER.

As the average Briton knows little of the statesman to whose kindly mediation we owe the beginning of peace in war-wasted South Africa, I may be allowed to recall some facts of his career. He is *au fond* a theologian, bent on restoring his countrymen to the Calvinistic faith in the absolute sovereignty of God which inspired their forefathers, and created the civilisation of Switzerland, Holland, Great Britain, and the United States. He was once a pastor, but left the pastoral office to enter Parliament. As lay presbyter, however, he was the Dr. Chalmers of a sort of Disruption movement within the Reformed

Church, insisting on purity of Church membership, and on adhesion to the Confession. Ejected by the Courts of his old Church, he has seen new and purer churches spring into being all over Holland; and the strength of the forces which he has evoked is attested by his present position as First Minister of the Crown.

A PARADOX IN POLITICS.

Fresh from the anti-sacerdotalist effervescence in our own land, we naturally supposed that between Catholic and Calvinist, new or old, there could only be deadly and unceasing hostility. We found to our surprise Calvinist and Catholic united in close political alliance and together solving the religious difficulty in Dutch education! The reason for this paradox soon appears. Dr. Kuyper discovers the mortal antithesis to Calvin's supreme idea of the sovereignty of God in the negative principles of the French Revolution, with its cry of "No God, no Master!" In his polemic against these negations he finds himself, though employing very different weapons, fighting side by side with the Roman Catholics. He calls his party "the Anti-Revolutionary." That is a label which covers both Calvinist and Papist.

"CHRISTIAN PARTIES" IN POWER.

The coalition is also known as the "Christian Party"; and the Liberals and Social Democrats are classed together as the Anti-Christian Party. It is evident that Christianity has assumed a much more definite and even defiant tone in Dutch than in English politics. I was told, for example, that there are three "Christian Labour parties" in the popular Chamber: one distinctively so called, with an ex-pastor as leader; another comprising the Catholic Labour men: both these supporting Dr. Kuyper and the anti-Revolutionary ministry; and a third group known as the Christian Socialists. As may readily be inferred, Dr. Kuyper has a strong Labour policy. He has just passed a Workmen's Compensation Act. He is now engaged in drafting an Old Age Pensions Bill. And he is vigorously inquiring into the grievances which led the railway men to strike last spring.

A MANIFOLD COINCIDENCE: ITS MEANING.

Students of coincidences will not overlook these combinations of fact:—The twentieth century opens with the first world-tribunal established at the Hague; at the same time Holland—the seat of this tribunal—is under the rule of a "Christian Party"; this party combines Calvinists and Catholics; and while this coalition is dominant at the Hague, a peasant Pope is chosen at Rome. Papal and Calvinist forces unite not merely to oppose the destructive tenets of the Revolution, but to carry out a strong social policy, and are supported by "Christian Labour" men, Catholic and Protestant, in Parliament. What do these things portend for the United States of the World now coming to birth at the Hague?

F. HERBERT STEAD.

LIST OF THE LEADING CONTENTS OF CURRENT PERIODICALS.

N.B.—The Editor of the REVIEW OF REVIEWS regrets that owing to the exigencies of space the Contents of Periodicals received after date can no longer be inserted in these columns. The following Table includes only the leading articles of the Periodicals published in England for the current month received before going to press and those of the Foreign Periodicals for the past month.

BRITISH AND AMERICAN.

Ainslee's Magazine.—156, FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK. 15 cts. Sept.

The American Husband. Gertrude Atherton.

Antiquary.—ELLIOT STOCK. 15. Sept.

Tumult on the Wolds. East Riding. Rev. E. Maule Cole.

Salmonstone Grange. Illus. Dom H. Philibert Feasey.

Cairo to Assiout. J. Ward.

The Law of Treasure Trove. Concl. W. Martin.

Architectural Record.—14, VESEY STREET, NEW YORK. 25 cts. August.

How a Rich Man may live in Paris. Illus. M. Guillemot.

A Forgotten Colonial Church at Rockingham, Vermont. Illus. H. W. Desmond.

Improvement of the Chandelir for Gas and Electric Lighting. Illus. A. Hallard.

The Furniture Exhibition in Paris. Illus. A. Hutton.

Architectural Review.—3, EAST HARDING STREET. 6d. Sept.

London Shop Fronts. Illus. Howard Ince.

The Palace of Knossos, Crete. Illus. Contd. R. Phené Spiers.

Architectural Education. Contd. Symposium.

The Westminster Improvement Scheme. Illus. E. P. Warren.

Lombard Street Signs. Illus. H. Falkner.

Arena.—GAY AND BIRD. 25 cts. August.

The Evolution of the Constitution. John Brooks Leavitt.

The Kishineff Massacre—Causes and Effects. Dr. Alexander Rovinsky.

The Kishineff "Pogrom." A Russian.

President Roosevelt and Mayor Johnson as Typical Representatives of Opposing Political Idals. Joseph Dana Miller.

A Defence of the Declaration of Independence. Judge Samuel C. Parks.

Co-operative Undertakings in Europe and America. Prof. Frank Parsons.

The Remedy for Bribery. L. F. C. Garvin.

Treason; the Law's Highest Crime. Capt. William P. Kent.

Science and a Future Life. B. O. Flower.

Art Journal.—H. VIRTUE. 15. 6d. September.

Etching:—"Shylock" after Sir John Gilbert.

The European Armour and Arms of the Wallace Collection. Contd. Illus. G. F. Laking.

J. A. McN. Whistler. Illus. D. C. Thomson.

The Rutland Monuments in Bottesford Church. Illus. Lady Victoria Manners.

Recent Decorations by W. Reynolds-Stephens. Illus. A. L. Baldry.

Picture Sales of the Season. Illus.

Atlantic Monthly.—GAY AND BIRD. 15. August.

The Concentration of the Banking Interests in the United States. Charles J. Bullock.

Émile Zola. Henry James.

Lawn Tennis. Arthur Stanwood Pier.

Consecrated to Crime. Agnes Repplier.

Birds from a City Roof. Dallas Lore Sharp.

Our Public Education in Music. Louis C. Elson.

A Letter from the Philippines. Arthur Stanley Riggs.

Badminton Magazine.—EYRE AND SPOTTISWOODE. 15. Sept.

Holkham. Illus. A. Acland-Hood.

More Hints to Modest Motorists. Major C. G. Matson.

The Leaping Tuna. Illus. C. F. Holder.

The Hunting Outlook: Prospects and Changes. A. W. Coaten.

In and About Kingsclere. Illus. J. Porter.

Sport in Roumania. Illus. Hon. V. Russell.

The Racing World and Its Inhabitants: Owners and Owning. An Ownr.

Wild Turkey and Partridge Shooting in Virginia. Illus. W. B. Chilton.

Bankers' Magazine.—WATERLOW. 15. 6d. Sept.

Bankers and Forged Transfers.

Free Coinage: is it Advisable?

Blackwood's Magazine.—BLACKWOOD. 25. 6d. Sept.

Personalia: Political, Social, and Various. Contd. Sigma.

Three Weeks' Captivity with the Moorish Rebels. Walter B. Harris.

The Wooling of Nigel Seaton. Wymond Carey.

The River's Mouth. Hugh Warrand.

Scolopaxiana: Some Haunts of the Snipe.

Lapchak. R. L. Kennion.

Musings without Method. Contd.

The Session.

The Food Question in 1903.

Bookman.—HODDER AND STOUGHTON. 6d. August 15.

Seumas MacManus and the New Irish Novels. Illus.

Henrik Ibsen. Illus. Jessie Bröchner.

Bookman.—(America.) DODD, MEAD AND CO., NEW YORK. 25 cts. August.

The History of the Nineteenth Century in Caricature. Contd. Illus. F. T. Cooper and A. B. Maurice.

The Real Margaret Fuller. Anne Nathan Meyer.

Arthur Conan Doyle. J. E. Hodder Williams.

Book and Magazine Illustrations. Henry M. Baldwin.

Canadian Magazine.—ONTARIO PUBLISHING CO., TORONTO. 25 cts. August.

Imperialists of Yesterday and To-Morrow. With Portraits. John A. Cooper.

William Stevens Fielding. With Portrait. H. F. Gadsby.

Why Business Colleges succeed. P. D. McIntosh.

Automobiles in Canada. Illus. A. Grant Brown.

The Photography of Birds' Nests. Illus. O. J. Stevenson.

Birds of the North Woods. Illus. C. W. Nash.

The War of 1812. Contd. James Hannay.

Cassell's Magazine.—CASSELL. 6d. Sept.

The King's Country Visits. Illus. A. Wallis Myers.

Witches in 1903. Illus. J. Blyth.

Atlantic City: the World's Greatest Playground. Illus. D. A. Willey.

Mr. Ben Greer's Enterprises. Illus. R. Blathwayt.

A Thames Sailing Barge Match. Illus. R. A. Freeman.

From Clare Island to Connemara. Illus. T. Hopkins.

Cassier's Magazine.—33, BEDFORD STREET, STRAND. 15. August 15.

Water for the Gold Fields of Western Australia. Illus. D. M. Bates.

Modern American Launch Motors. Illus. W. P. Stephens.

Natural Sources of Energy. Illus. Dr. Louis Bell.

The Auxiliary Machinery of Steam Vessels. Contd. Illus. Jasper P. Cooper.

Feed-Water Heaters. Illus. William W. Christie.

Natural Gas in England. Illus. Inverness Watts.

The United States Steel Corporation. George E. Walsh.

The National Harbour at Dover. Illus. Archibald S. Hurd.

Catholic World.—22, PATERNOSTER ROW. 15. August.

Leo XIII.: the Great Leader. Rev. A. P. Doyle.

The Papacy never dies.

Prayers, Old and New. Rev. L. Johnston.

Louis Veuillot. Illus. Rev. E. Myers.

An American Girl's Visit to Valparaiso. Illus. M. McMahon.

Eastern Churches in Communion with Rome. Illus. Lorenzo O'Rourke.

The Historical Revival in Siamese Treasures. Illus. Contd. F. W. Parsons.

Century Magazine.—MACMILLAN. 15. 4d. Sept.

The Great Northwest: the Day of the Run. Illus. R. S. Baker.

The First Ascent of Mount Assiniboine. Illus. J. Outram.

The Horse in America. Illus. John Gilmer Speed.

The Berlin Bourse. Illus. W. C. Dreher.

Noteworthy Results of the Twelfth United States Census. With Diagrams. W. R. Merriam.

Heroes in Black Skins. Illus. Booker T. Washington.

A Wonderful Change in Pelée. Illus. E. O. Hovey.

Chapters from My Diplomatic Life. Contd. Andrew D. White.

Leo XIII. With Portrait. Cardinal Gibbons.

Chambers's Journal.—47, PATERNOSTER ROW. 8d. Sept.

Mormon Brides. Mary Stuart Boyd.

Latin-American Trade.

The Bayeux Tapestry.

Roman Remains in North Britain.

Women's Work and Wages. M. I. Gray.

Chautauquan.—CHAUTAUQUA PRESS, CLEVELAND, OHIO. 20 cts. Aug.

For a More Beautiful St. Louis. Illus. L. E. Van Norman.

Making Chautauqua a Model. Illus.

The American Municipal Art Movement. Illus. W. T. Larned.

The Louisville Summer Playgrounds. Illus. M. Eleanor Tarrant.

The Most Important Event in Civic Improvement: Symposium.

Church Missionary Intelligencer.—CHURCH MISSIONARY SOCIETY. 6d. Sept.

Educational Missions. Rev. H. B. Durrant.

Commonwealth.—44, VICTORIA STREET. 3d. Sept.

Open Air Theatres. J. G. Leigh.

Free Thought. Contd. G. K. Chesterton.

Connoisseur.—75, TEMPLE CHAMBERS, 15. Sept.

Supplements: "The Golfers" after L. F. Abbott; "Lady Tyrconnel" after Reynolds; "Nature" after Romney, etc., etc.
The Pictures at Belvoir Castle. Illus. Contd. Lady Victoria Manners.
Fans. Illus. B. Kendall.
Lustre Ware and the Godman Collection. Illus. Mrs. F. D. Godman
A Ceramic Library. Contd. Illus. L. Solon.
Lady Di's Scrapbook. Illus. Mrs. Stewart Erskine.
Thomas Chippendale. Contd. Illus. R. S. Clouston.
Collecting as an Investment. W. Roberts.

Contemporary Review.—HORACE MARSHALL. 25. 6d. Sept.

To Unionists and Imperialists. Prof. Dicey.
Recollections of M. Thiers. Emily Crawford.
The Real Carlyle. Sir Charles Gavan Duffy.
The French Peasant Before the Revolution. Madame Mary Duclaux.
The Inner Meaning of Protectionism. J. A. Hobson.
Play as an Education. Woods Hutchinson.
France, England, and the Anarchy of Europe. Jean Finot.
Pius X. and the Conclave. Emilio Elbano.
The Indian Missionary. Prof. Armitage.
Finis Macedonia? Dr. E. J. Dillon.

Cornhill Magazine.—SMITH, ELDER. 25. Sept.

In Guipúzcoa. Mrs. Woods.
The Century Club. Frederic Harrison.
Gaston Paris. Prof. Louis Brandin.
New Stars. Frank Watson Dyson.
Rural Techniques. George Bourne.
The Tragedy of Robert Emmet. Michael MacDonagh.
Chipping Campden and the Cotswold Games. Rev. W. H. Hutton.
William Ernest Henley. Sidney Low.

Cosmopolitan.—INTERNATIONAL NEWS CO. 6d. August.

Dramatic Schools and the Profession of Acting. Illus. David Balaszo.
A Pound of Meat. Illus. J. P. Grabfield.
A Great Public Service in New York. Illus. Frank Moss.
The Way to win a Woman. Lavinia Hart.
Captains of Industry. Contd. Illus. E. Lefèvre and C. F. Spence.
Mankind in the Making. Contd. H. G. Wells.
Shakespeare in Modern Settings. Illus. F. C. Drake.
Romances of Klondike. Illus. S. E. Moffett.
Crafting as a Profession. W. J. Wilgas.

Railroadman.—207, SOUTH STATE STREET, SYRACUSE, NEW YORK. 25 cts. August.

An Urban House. Illus. H. Ellis.
Some Pottery and Their Products. Illus. Irene Sargent.
The Sleeping Beauty. C. F. Bragdon.
Korin and the Decorative Art of Japan. Illus. Dr. S. M. Burnett.

Critic.—PUTNAM, NEW YORK. 25 cts. August.

The Pope's Life in the Vatican. Illus. R. Simboli.
Charles and Mary Lamb. Illus. W. Archer.
Ernest Haskell. Illus. Christian Brinton.
A Summer Visit to Concord. Illus. Katharine M. Abbott.
Literary Landmarks of New York. Illus. Contd. Charles Hemstreet.
Maurice Hewlett as a Poet. M. Bronner.
Paul Verlaine. Illus. Francis Grierson.

East and West.—21, PATERNOSTER SQUARE. 1 rupee. August 15.

Egyptian Hellenism and the Excavations at Antinoë. M. Gayet.
The Village Commune and the Law in India. G. Adams.
Conceptions of Beauty, Greek and Indian. H. P. Ghose.
The White Plague. S. M. Edwardes.
What Free Trade has done for England and for India. G. Subramani Iyer.
Booker T. Washington and His Work. M. Rolland.
Educational Experiments. K. Basak.
Proposed Amendment of the Law of Restitution of Conjugal Rights.
Contd. Rustam Barjori.
Some Personal Ideals of American University Life. Rev. C. Cuthbert Hall.

Educational Times.—83, FARRINGTON ROAD. 6d. Sept.

Mathematical Nomenclature. J. H. H.
The Criticism Lesson. J. W. Adamson.

Empire Review.—MACMILLAN. 15. Sept.

The Free Trade Faith. C. de Thierry.
Economic Needs of Canada. Hon. Maud Pouncefoot.
The Depression in Agriculture. W. Dalziel Mackenzie.
Workmen's Insurance and National Prosperity. Alfred Hillier.
A Voyage to Australia in 1800. F. G. Aflalo.
Among the Lepers in Northern Nigeria. Contd. With Maps. T. J. Tonkin.
The Indian Village Money-Lender. Rev. Eric Lewis.
About Dominica. H. A. Alford Nicholls.

Engineering Magazine.—222, STRAND. 15. Sept.

The Metallurgy of Iron and Steel. Illus. H. M. Howe.
Great Electric Installations of Italy. Illus. E. Bignami.
The Modern Racing Yacht; an Engineering Proposition. Illus. W. P. Stephens.
The Tools and Methods of a Swiss Locomotive Works. Illus. E. R. King.
Electric Power in the Mines of Europe. Illus. E. Guarini.
Aluminium for Electric Transmission Lines. A. D. Adams.
A Project for a Capitalised Labour Organisation. C. L. Redfield.

Engineering Times.—P. S. KING. 6d. August 15.

Refrigerating Machinery and Appliances as fitted on Board Ship. Illus. Robert Balfour.
Power-Gas and Its Recent Development in Great Britain. Illus. Contd.
The Principles of Steam Engines. Contd. J. H. Dales.
Roofing Existing Shops while Work is proceeding. Illus. R. L. Fowler.
English Illustrated Magazine.—HUTCHINSON. 6d. Sept.
Francis Boucher. Illus. E. Staley.
The Alps; Between the Hills. Illus. H. Lee.
St Germain-en-Laye. Illus. Rosamond Chaplin.
Plant Life; By Hook or by Crook. Illus. P. Collins.
Fire-Fighting in Bygone Days. Illus. Rotha Mary Clay.

Expository Times.—SIMPKIN, MARSHALL. 6d. Sept.

Problems in the Gospels. Rev. C. A. Briggs.
The Descent into Hell. Rev. A. E. Burn.

Feldens' Magazine.—104, HIGH HOLBORN. 6d. August 15.

The Sand-Blast Cleaning of Structural Steel. Illus.
A New Integrating Planimeter. Illus.
King Edward VII. Bridge at Kew. Illus.

Fortnightly Review.—CHAPMAN AND HALL. 25. 6d. Sept.

The Wreck of the Unionist Administration. Sigma.
Man's Place in the Universe. Dr. Alfred R. Wallace.
Free Trade and Its Fruits. J. A. Spender.
The Eve of the Campaign. Calchas.
The Macedonian Revolt. H. N. Brailsford.
Emile Olivier and Heroic Truth. Augustin Filon.
Sir Horace Plunkett and His Work. Katharine Tynan.
An American View of Mr. Chamberlain's Proposals. Robert Ellis Thompson.
Canada's Second Thought on a Preference. Prof. Davidson.
Did Things go better before our Time? G. J. Holyoake.
Crete, Free and Autonomous. D. G. Hogarth.
Robert Louis Stevenson. H. B. Marriott Watson.
The American Husband. Gertrude Atherton.
Mankind in the Making. Contd. H. G. Wells.

Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly.—141, FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK. 25 cts. August.

The Great American Lobby. With Portraits. The Editors.

Genealogical Magazine.—ELLIOT STOCK. 15. Sept.

Heraldic Marks of Illegitimacy. A. C. Fox-Davies.
The Procedure at Rome on the Death of a Pope.
The Heraldic Cinquefoil. A. C. Fox-Davies.
Lord Sackville.

Gentleman's Magazine.—CHATTO AND WINDUS. 15. Sept.

The Decadence of the Art of "Cob-Walling." I. G. Sieveking.
Hein in London. Jaye Garry.
The Duke of Be-wick. Alison Buckler.
Some Gossip Consequent on Signs. Etta Courtney.
Amwell in Hertfordshire. H. W. Tompkins.
A New Light on Anne Askew. Philip Sidney.
The Centenary of the Immortal Scottish Itinerary. G. W. Murdoch.
An Elizabethan Play House. Maude Prower.

Geographical Journal.—EDW. STANFORD. 25. August 15.

Earth Movements in the Bay of Naples. Illus. and Maps. R. T. Günther.
Geographical Distribution of Vegetation in Yorkshire. Illus. and Maps.
Dr. W. G. Smith and W. M. Rankin.
Through the Barren Ground of North-Eastern Canada to the Arctic Coast.
Illus. and Map. D. T. Hanbury.
The Terminology and Nomenclature of the Forms of Sub-Oceanic Relief.

Girl's Own Paper.—4, BOUVERIE STREET. 6d. Sept.

Swimming and Life-Saving for Girls. Illus. T. C. Collings.

Girl's Realm.—10, NORFOLK STREET, STRAND. 6d. Sept.

A Bird Doctor and Her Work. Illus. Lena Shepstone.
Girls Gloucestershire is proud of. Illus. M. Harmer.

Good Words.—ISBISTER. 6d. Sept.

The Letters of Mrs. Waddington. Illus. J. E. Vincent.
Rural London. Illus. H. B. Philpott.
The Tailor in Ireland. Seumas MacManus.
Ruskin's Handwriting. Illus. W. G. Collingwood.
Poor Poe's Loves. Clara E. Laughlin.

Great Thoughts.—4, ST. BRIDE STREET. 6d. Sept.

The Characteristics of Jane Austen. Illus. W. J. Dawson.
Miniature Painting; Interview with Alfred Fraga. Illus. E. D'Albae.
Hospital Reform; Interview with Sir Henry Burdett. Illus. P. Blathwayt.
An Imperial Scheme; Interview with Sir Gilbert Parker. Illus. Raymond Blathwayt.

Harmsworth Magazine.—HARMSWORTH. 3d. August 15.

The Story of the America Cup. Illus. W. J. Wintle.
Lloyd's Weekly Newspaper. Illus.
Treasure-Trove from beneath the Waves. Illus. F. T. Conway.
Coming Men in the Commons. Illus. Contd. H. W. Lucy.
Sailors' Lasts. Illus. P. Astor.

Harper's Monthly Magazine.—45, ALBEMARLE STREET. 15. Sept.

Charles Lamb's One Romance. J. Hollingshead.
A Paris School Colony. Illus. S. Dewey.
Some Successful Plants. Illus. A. J. Grouet.
The Standard of Pronunciation in English. Contd. Prof. T. R. Lounsbury.
Italian Fantasies. Illus. Contd. I. Zangwill.
The Effects of Low Temperatures upon Organic Life. Dr. A. Macfadven.
Kotimipitwa; an American-Indian Composer. Natali Curtis.

Homiletic Review.—44, FLEET STREET. 15. August.
Public Prayer. Prof. E. J. Wolf.
Hints to Preachers by Gregory the Great. Cunningham Geikie.
Austin Phelps of Andover. President J. E. Rankin.
Who was the Greatest Preacher of the Nineteenth Century? Rev. G. L. White.

House.—2, FINSBURY SQUARE. 6d. September.
The Lace-Collection at Nottingham Dublin. Illus.

Irish Monthly.—M. H. GILL, Dublin. 6d. September.
Leo XIII.
Sir Charles Gavan Duffy.
Nature Notes in Tennyson's Poetry.

Journal of the Royal United Service Institution.—J. J. KELIMER.
25. August 15.
On the Raising and Training of Irregular Mounted Troops. 1. Lieut.-Col. G. Kemp. 2. Major J. E. B. Seely.
Infantry Equipment. Col. J. J. Barrington.
The Pope's Military Household. Lieut.-Gen. F. H. Tyrrell.
The Comparative Mortality of the French and German Armies, 1888-8, and 1890-1900. Dr. A. Villaret.
Tactical Lecture on a Catechetical System. Major-Gen. H. M. Bengough.

Knowledge.—326, HIGH HOLBORN. 6d. Sept.
Heaths and Gentians. Illus. R. Lloyd Praeger.
Tidal Friction as an Agent in Cosmogony. Agnes M. Clerke.
Cycles of Eclipses. Illus. A. C. D. Crommelin.

Lady's Realm.—HUTCHINSON. 6d. Sept.
Some Society Amateurs. Illus. H. Wyndham.
The Pleasure Crafts of Potentates. Illus. H. Macfarlane.
Aristocratic Twins. Illus. G. A. Wade.
Curious Ways of arranging the Hair. Illus. R. Hodder.

Law Magazine and Review.—37, ESSEX STREET. 5s. August 15.
A General School of Law. Montague H. Crackanthorpe.
Specific Performance. W. Donaldson Rawlins.
Crimes and Punishments. Appellant.
Should the Two Branches of the Legal Profession be amalgamated? H. J. Randall, jun.
The Marriage Laws of Scotland. Émile Stooquart.
Some Decisions under the Companies Acts, 1862-1900. N. W. Sibley.

Leisure Hour.—4, BOUVERIE STREET. 6d. Sept.
The British Antarctic Expedition. Map and Illus. Prof. R. A. Gregory.
Mr. F. A. Atkins. Illus. D. Williamson.
The Nurseries of Some of our Sea-Birds. Illus. T. Carreras.
The Killed and Wounded in Industry. W. J. Gordon.
The True Story of Seth Bode and Dinah Morris. Illus. W. Mottram.
Cipher-Writing. Illus. J. M. Bacon.
In a Bend of the Seine. Illus. F. Hastings.
A Chat on a Cable Car. Illus. Rev. J. P. Hobson.
The Tent-Dwellers of Turkey. Illus. Miss S. M. J. Garnet.

Library World.—181, QUEEN VICTORIA STREET. 6d. August 15.
The Great Fiction Question.
Mr. Baker's "Descriptive Guide." L. Stanley Jast.

Lippincott's Monthly Magazine.—PHILADELPHIA. 15. August.
Father Kneipp and His Cure. Maud Howe.

Longman's Magazine.—LONGMANS. 6d. Sept.
Canada in the Sixties. Contd. P. Fountain.
The Stricken Field of Newbury. G. A. B. Dewar.
Badgers and Their Ways. H. A. Bryden.

McClure's Magazine.—10, NORFOLK STREET, STRAND. 10 cts. August.

Jacob A. Riis. Illus. L. Steffins.
A Sidelight on the Sioux. Illus. D. Robinson.

Macmillan's Magazine.—MACMILLAN. 15. Sept.
The Fiscal Question; History's Argument. C. B. Roylance Kent.
The Cloud in the Far East.
Old Days in a Wessex Village. A. Montefiore-Brice.
The Progress of Temperance. R. E. Macnaghten.

Magazine of Art.—CASSELL. 15. Sept.
Frontispiece:—"Henry V." after Gerald Moira.
Gerald Moira. Illus. F. Lynn Jenkins.
Frank Short, Etcher. Illus.
Electric Light Fittings. Illus. F. Hamilton Jackson.
The Art of the Sculptor. Illus. Alfred Gilbert.
Art Forgeries and Counterfeits. Contd. Illus. M. H. Spielmann.
Venice as a Painting Ground. Illus. Reginald Barratt.
Tempera-Painting. Illus. J. Kerr-Lawson.
Stamp Work. Illus. George Benson.
Engravings in a Single Spiral Line. Illus.

Magazine of Commerce.—75, COLEMAN STREET. 15. Sept.
The History of the Policy for Preferential Trade. J. Van Sommer.
Our Fiscal Policy: Interviews in the West Riding.
The Wool Industry of South Africa. Illus. J. Cassidy.
The Calendar gone mad. T. F. Manning.
The Cotton Trade. T. Crook.
Belfast; Ireland's Commercial Capital. Illus. A. S. Moore.
The Art Jewellery of Birmingham. Illus.
Anglo-Russian Commerce. C. A. Baker.
The Signs of Old London. Illus. J. K. Colford.

Missionary Review.—44, FLEET STREET. 15. August.
Dr. Andrew Murray and "The Key to the Missionary Problem." Dr. A. T. Pierson.
The McAll Mission in France. Illus. Mrs. L. S. Houghton.
Preaching the Gospel in France. Louis Dupin de Saint André.
Missionary Problems in Central Africa. Illus. Rev. De Witt C. Snyder.

Monthly Review.—MURRAY. 25. 6d. Sept.
Naval Intelligence and the Russian Programme.
A View of the Fiscal Controversy. Sir Michael Hicks-Beach.
The Royal Visit to Ireland. Goldwin Smith.
The Blaze in the Balkans. M. Edith Durham.
The Tipster and His Trade. Lieut.-Col. D. C. Pedder.
The Poetry of W. E. Henley. John C. Bailey.
The American Excavations at Nippur. Illus. H. Valentine Geere.
The New Creation. Rev. C. R. Shaw-Stewart.
Walter Pater. Edward H. Hutton.
A Critical Paper in Education. Robert F. Cholmeley.

Munsey's Magazine.—HORACE MARSHALL. 6d. Sept.
The Motor Race of the Four Nations. Illus. E. E. Hawkes.
The Harrison Dynasty in Chicago. Illus. W. J. Abbott.
The War against the Mosquito. Illus. A. Sutherland.
The Clerics of the Common Life. Illus. Rev. J. T. Smith.
The Jocky. Illus. J. F. Marsten.

National Review.—EDWARD ARNOLD. 25. 6d. Sept.
Are We Consuming our Capital? R. H. Inglis Palgrave.
Pan-Germanism in Hungary. Ferenc Herczeg.
Will Mr. Carnegie Corrupt Scotland? Glasgow.
A Few Observations on Modern Tragedy. Miss Jane H. Findlater.
The Problem of the Village Sunday. H. F. Abell.
American Affairs. A. Maurice Low.
The Crusade against the Classics. T. Rice Holmes.
The Influence of the West upon the East. Edwyn R. Bevan.
The Desired of the People in Ireland. A Looker-on.
Some Early Impressions. Sir Leslie Stephen, K.C.B.
The Economics of Empire. Assistant Editor.

New England Magazine.—5, PARK SQUARE, BOSTON. 25 cts. August.

Beacon Hill. Illus. A. E. Brown.
The Legend of Ge-nun-de-wah. Illus. J. M. Clarke.
Our War with One Gun in Japanese Waters, 1864. Illus. W. E. Griffiths.
John Kyrle; a Good Citizen. Illus. Mary E. Mitchell.
Historic Flags. Illus. R. L. Geare.
Turnpike Roads of Middlesex County, Mass. Francis H. Kendall.
Mount Kinoo. Illus. H. Packard.
Coins and Coinage in the New England Colonies. Illus. F. A. Ogg.

New Ireland Review.—BURNS AND OATES. 6d. Sept.
Election of a Pope. Contd. Laurence Ginnell.
Banking Prosperity and National Prosperity. Saltoun.
Preface to the Fourth Part of the Instauratio Magna. Rev. W. A. Sutton.
The Atlantic Liner of To-day. Robert McDonnell.
Report of the Intermediate Education Board. M. J. Buckley.

Nineteenth Century.—SAMPSON LOW. 25. 6d. Sept.

The Great Fiscal Problem.
(1) Lord Avebury.
(2) Lionel Phillips.
(3) W. H. Mallock.
The Resources of South Africa. General Sir Edward Brabant.
The Native Labour Question. Edgar P. Rathbone.
The Alien and the Empire. H. Hamilton Fyfe.
The Small Family and American Society. Miss Frances A. Doughty.
Joan of Arc. Hon. Mrs. Maxwell-Scott.
The Story of Gray's Inn. Edward Dicey.
The Ballads of the People. Michael MacDonagh.
The Growth of the Japanese Navy. Joseph N. Longford.
Lion-Hunters and Lady Carlisle. Miss Ida Taylor.
The Canadian Ice Carnival. Bradley Martin, Jun.
Beast Imagery and the Bestiary. Mrs. W. Kemp-Welch.

North American Review.—HEINEMANN. 25. 6d. August.

The Proposed British Zollverein:
A Crushing Burden to the British People. Sir J. E. Gorst.
A Policy That would conserve the Empire. A. R. Colquhoun.
Its Effect on United States Trade. H. Loomis Nelson.
Results of the German Elections. W. von Schierbrand.
Anglo-American Friendship. Brig.-Gen. W. H. Carter.
Aggressive Forest Reservation. James P. Kimball.
Russia's Fleet. A. S. Hurd.
Federated Labour as a New Power in British Politics. J. Keir Hardie.
Woman's Inferior Position in a Republic. Mrs. Kate T. Woolsey.
Economic Relations of America and Italy. L. Luzzatti.
Lord North. Contd. Lord North.
The Militia Law of 1903. Lieut.-Col. James Parker.
The National Guard: America's Second Line. John J. Esch.

Open Court.—KEGAN PAUL. 6d. August.
The Philosophy of a Memphis Priest. Prof. J. H. Breasted.
Orpheus: a Study in Comparative Religion. Illus. Dr. P. Carus.
The Mysteries of Isis and Osiris. Concl. H. R. Evans.

Overland Monthly.—SAN FRANCISCO. 10 cts. August.

The Egyptian Excavations of the University of California. Illus. J. Leslie Dobbins.
Pre-Historic Rock Paintings. Illus. Newton H. Chittenden.
Fourth of July at Klamath Reservation. Julia F. A. Prather.
The Peopling of the Plains. R. W. McAdam.
The Little Mothers' Training School. Illus. Anna M. Reed.

Oxford Point of View.—SIMPSON MARSHALL. 1s. August 15.

The Humility and the Pride of Life. R. H. Stephen.
W. Chillingworth; a Famous Oxford Controversialist. R. O. Winstedt.
On the Supernormal. R. Jacoby-Windfall.

Page's Magazine.—CLUN HOUSE, SURREY STREET. 1s. Sept.

The Reconstruction of the Spanish Navy. Illus. Lieut.-Col. L. Cubillo.
The Laying-Out of Engineers' Workshops. Contd. Illus. Joseph Horner.
The Equipment of the Robinson Mine, Johannesburg. Contd. Illus. Edgar Smart.

Large Power Gas Engines. Illus. Edward Butler.
The St. Louis World's Fair. Illus. Our Chicago Correspondent.
A New Ropeway at Dorking. Illus.
The New 16-inch United States Coast Defence Gun. Illus. Herbert C. Fyfe.
Some Foundry Practice at Sotterville Locomotive Works. With Diagrams. Charles R. King.

Pall Mall Magazine.—13, CHARING CROSS ROAD. 1s. Sept.

The Pilgrims' Way. Illus. A. Henry.
Cave-Dwellers of Mount Elgon. Illus. Major Powell-Cotton.
The Austrian Emperor and His Family. Illus. Count de Soissons.
Pierre Loti; the Man and His Books. Illus. F. Lees.
The Conclave: How the Pope is elected. Illus. S. Cortesi.
Winston Churchill. Illus. H. Begbie.
The County of R. L. Stevenson. Illus. W. Sharp.
W. E. Henley. Illus. W. Archer.

Pearson's Magazine.—C. A. PEARSON. 6d. Sept.

A Sheaf of Dog Stories. Illus. M. Woodward.
How Modern Gamblers play. Illus. Lieut.-Col. Newnham Davis.
The King as a Traveller. Illus. Privileged Subject.
Hassall—Humourist. Illus. Lenore Van der Veer.
Nature's Fight with Railways. Illus. G. Besant.
Celebrities and Their Ears and Chins. Illus. Harry Furniss.

Physical Review.—MACMILLAN. 50 cts. August.

A Spectrophotometric Study of the Luminous Radiation from the Quernat Lamp Glower under Varying Current Density. L. W. Hartman.
The Pressure due to Radiation. Contd. Nichols and Hull.
The Specific Heat of Solutions. W. F. Magie.

Positivist Review.—WM. REEVES. 3d. Sept.

Mr. Haggard's Manual of Positivism. Contd. F. Harrison.
French Nationalists. Prof. Beesly.
News from South Africa. Mrs. F. Harrison.
Sociology. J. H. Bridges.
A Workman's View of Protection. H. Tompkins.

Practical Teacher.—33, PATERNOSTER ROW. 6d. Sept.

The Long-Distance School Journey. G. G. Lewis.

Quiver.—CASSELL. 6d. Sept.

The King's Churches. Illus. Miss Gertrude Bacon.
The Returning Hebrews. Illus. D. L. Woolmer.
Animal Life in Poor Streets. Illus. P. W. and D. C. Roose.

Railway Magazine.—30, FETTER LANE. 6d. Sept.

Wellington Station, Leeds. Illus. J. T. Lawrance.
How the Midland Railway reached London. Cont. Illus. G. W. Tripp.
Railway Permanent Way and Its Maintenance. Illus. A Permanent-Way Engineer.
The Gradients of the Great Central Railway. Cont. Illus. W. J. Scott.
British Locomotive Practice and Performance. Cont. Illus. Chas. Roumarten.
Steam and Electric Traction. Illus. D. N. Dunlop.
Royal Trains of the Irish Railways. Illus.
The Invergarry and Fort Augustus Railway. Illus. Brunel Redivivus.

Reader.—LAMLEY. 25 cts. Aug.

Reminiscences of an Interviewer. Contd.

Review of Reviews.—13, ASTOR PLACE, NEW YORK. 25 cts. Sept.

A Great Traction Motor. Illus.
The New Movement for Religious Education. Prof. F. R. Sanders.
Plus X. Illus. W. T. Stead.
The Conclave and the Pope. T. Williams.
The Cotton Crop of 1904. R. H. Edmonds.
The Race Problem in the United States. Lyman Abbott.
The Negro Problem in South Africa. Illus. A. Hawkes.
The Renomination of President Diaz. Prof. L. S. Rowe.
The Rural School Library Experiment in North Carolina. C. E. Poz.

Review of Reviews.—MELBOURNE. 9d. July.

One-Legged Democracy. A Tired Australian.
The New Cricket Campaign. Illus.
Leopold, Emperor of the Congo. Illus. W. T. Stead.

St. Nicholas.—MACMILLAN. 1s. Sept.

Robert Browning. Illus. Klyda Richardson Steele.

Scottish Geographical Magazine.—STANFORD. 1s. 6d. August 15.

The Relations of Geology. Prof. C. Lapworth.
Botanical Survey in Yorkshire.
The Terminology and Nomenclature of the Forms of Sub-Oceanic Relief.

Scribner's Magazine.—SAMPSON LOW. 1s. Sept.

The Wyoming Game Stronghold. Illus. Frederic Ireland.
Work and Play of the American Military Attachés. Illus. Capt. T. Bentley Mott.
Some Famous Judges. George F. Hoar.
A Possible Art Library. Russell Sturgis.

Strand Magazine.—NEWNES. 6d. Sept.

A Stock Exchange Transaction. Illus. E. S. Valentine.
The Greatest of Sand Sculptors. Illus. E. James.
Curious Photographs; Life's Little Comedies. Illus.
Dining around the World. Illus. G. Lynch.
The Finest View in London. Illus.
The Sovereigns of Serbia. Illus. Hélène Vacaresco.

Sunday at Home.—4, BOUVERIE STREET. 6d. Sept.

The Religious Census of London. Illus. F. A. McKenzie.
Mrs. Bramwell Booth. Illus. David Williamson.
Mrs. Cousin and Her Hymns. Illus. Rev. H. Smith.
Spain and Its Religious Life. London City Missionary.

Sunday Magazine.—ISBISTER. 6d. Sept.

The Bible and Science. Concluded. Rev. J. Urquhart.
Charles Haddon Spurgeon. Illus. Contd. C. Ray.

Sunday Strand.—NEWNES. 6d. Sept.

Sermons in the Sea. Illus. G. Clarke.
Woman's Work in China. Illus. E. M. Lee.
Rev. G. H. R. Garcia. Illus. W. L. Williams.
Crippled Waifs and Strays. Illus. Charity Commissioners.
The Harvest Festival. Illus. Lydia Chatterton.

Temple Bar.—MACMILLAN. 1s. Sept.

Cardinals in Conclave. Frances McLaughlin.
In the Provincia di Roma. Katharine Wyld.
Cardinal Vaughan. Olive R. Parr.
A Walk up Etna. W. F. Shannon.
Orme's History of the Indostan; a Neglected Classic. H. B. Henderson.
Wilkie Collins. L. Melville.

Temple Magazine.—3, BOLT COURT, FLEET STREET. 6d. Sept.

The Fire-Walkers of Fiji. Illus. W. Burke.
The Continental Express. Illus.
The Mecca Road to Paradise. Illus. J. H. Heaton.

Theosophical Review.—3, LANGHAM PLACE. 1s. August 15.

The Christian and the Theosophic "Path." Clericus.
Earthquakes and Violent Storms. W. Gorn Old.
Walt Whitman; a Prophet of the Coming Race. F. L. Woodward.
Charity and Duty to One's Neighbour. G. R. S. Mead.
Will, Desire, and Emotion. Contd. Mrs. Annie Besant.

Treasury.—G. J. PALMER, PORTUGAL STREET. 6d. Sept.

Some Personal Recollections. Illus. Canon Benham.
Our Parish Churches: What They are and What They teach. Illus.
Contd. E. Hermitage Day.
The Letters of Jane Austen. Ina May White.
A Memory of Robert Dolling. Illus.
Roger Crab; One of Cromwell's Soldiers. Illus. F. Rogers.
Among the Scottish Lakes. Illus. May E. M. Donaldson.
The College of the Resurrection, Mirfield. Illus.
Buildwas Abbey. Illus. H. G. Archer.

Westminster Review.—R. BRIMLEY JOHNSON. 2s. 6d. Sept.

A Free Trading Imperial Zollverein. Leonard M. Burrell.
Ecclesiasticism and Imperialism. J. G. Godard.
The Present Relations of the Self-Governing Colonies to the Empire. Dr. R. H. Bakewell.
The Papacy and New Italy. Karl Blind.
Ghosts and Telepathy. G. G. Greenwood.
Slebos and St. Pierre. C. B. Wheeler.
The Last Prop of the Church. Frances Swiney.
The Royal Commission on Physical Training (Scotland, 1902). H. Rippon-Seymour.
Some Recent Experiments in Co-Education. Edward S. Tylee.
The Physique of Scottish Children. J. H. Vines.
Notes on Philology. Kinsley D. Doyle.
Joys and Sorrows of a Penny-a-Liner. F. C. Ormsby-Johnson.
The Irish Priest as Novelist. P. A. Sillard.

Wide World Magazine.—NEWNES. 6d. Sept.

With the British to Sokoto. Illus. Contd. Capt. C. Foulkes.
A Trump in Spain. Illus. Contd. Bart Kennedy.
Among the South Sea Cannibals. Illus. Contd. Capt. A. Cayley Webster.
A Night in a God-House. Illus. J. E. Patterson.
The Tragedy of the Maria and My Part in It. Illus. Mrs. S. Lewis.
Two Thousand Miles in a Trawler. Illus. A. E. Johnson.

Windsor Magazine.—WARD, LOCK. 6d. Sept.

Baron Shibusawa of Japan. Illus. W. T. Stead.
The Game of Stické. Illus. Capt. Hon. M. R. C. Ward and Lieut.-Col. O. E. Ruck.
Beaver Ways. Illus. F. H. Risteen.
The Fiscal Policy of the Empire. Illus. J. Holt Schooling.
Coalport Porcelain. Illus. H. G. Archer.

Woman at Home.—HODDER AND STOUGHTON. 6d. Sept.
Beautiful Miniatures. Illus. Marie A. Belloc.
How to make Good Use of One's Camera. Illus. C. Holland.

World's Work.—HEINEMANN. 1s. Sept.
The Atlantic Agreements: a New Departure in British Policy.
The Food Tax: How It would affect Eggs and Poultry. E. Brown.
Is Municipal Credit Good? J. E. Woolcott.
P. C. Hewitt's Inventions; a Great Electrical Discovery. Illus. Kathleen Schlesinger.
The Buried Stones on the Chilterns. Illus. W. Bovill.
Building a Balloon. Illus. E. Charles.
Exploring the Air. Illus. W. Napier Shaw.
Tammany Hall: Its Boss, Its Methods, and Its Meaning. A. Maurice Low.
Mortimer Menpes; an Artist and His Home. Illus.
The New Diplomacy. C. Roberts.
What the British Association does. E. S. Grew.
Thirty Years of Italian Progress.
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Kunstgewerbeblatt.—E. A. SEEMANN, LEIPZIG. 1 Mk. August 11.
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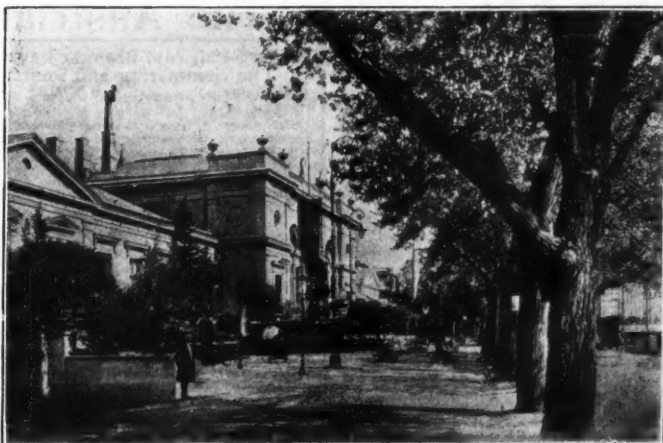
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... Contents ...

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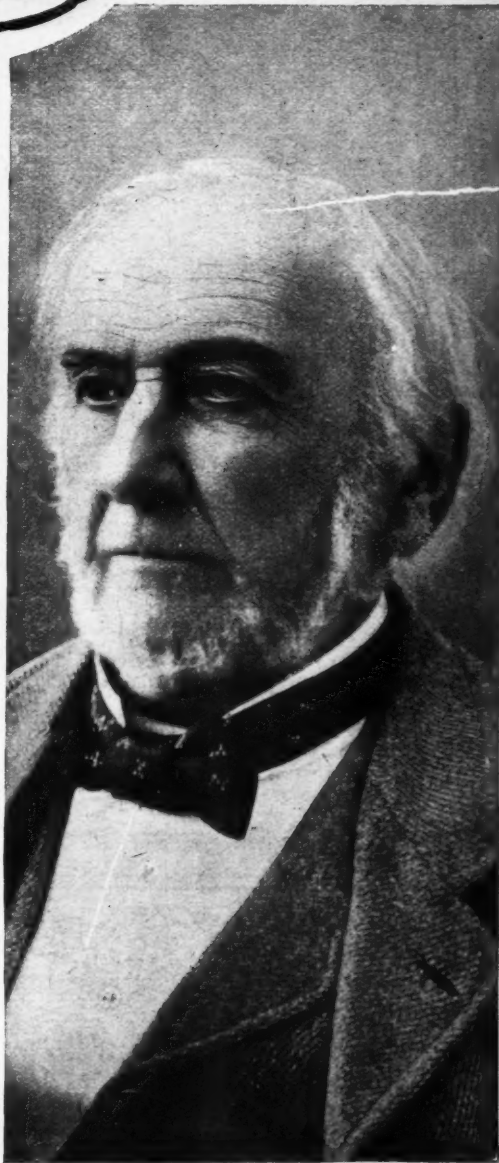


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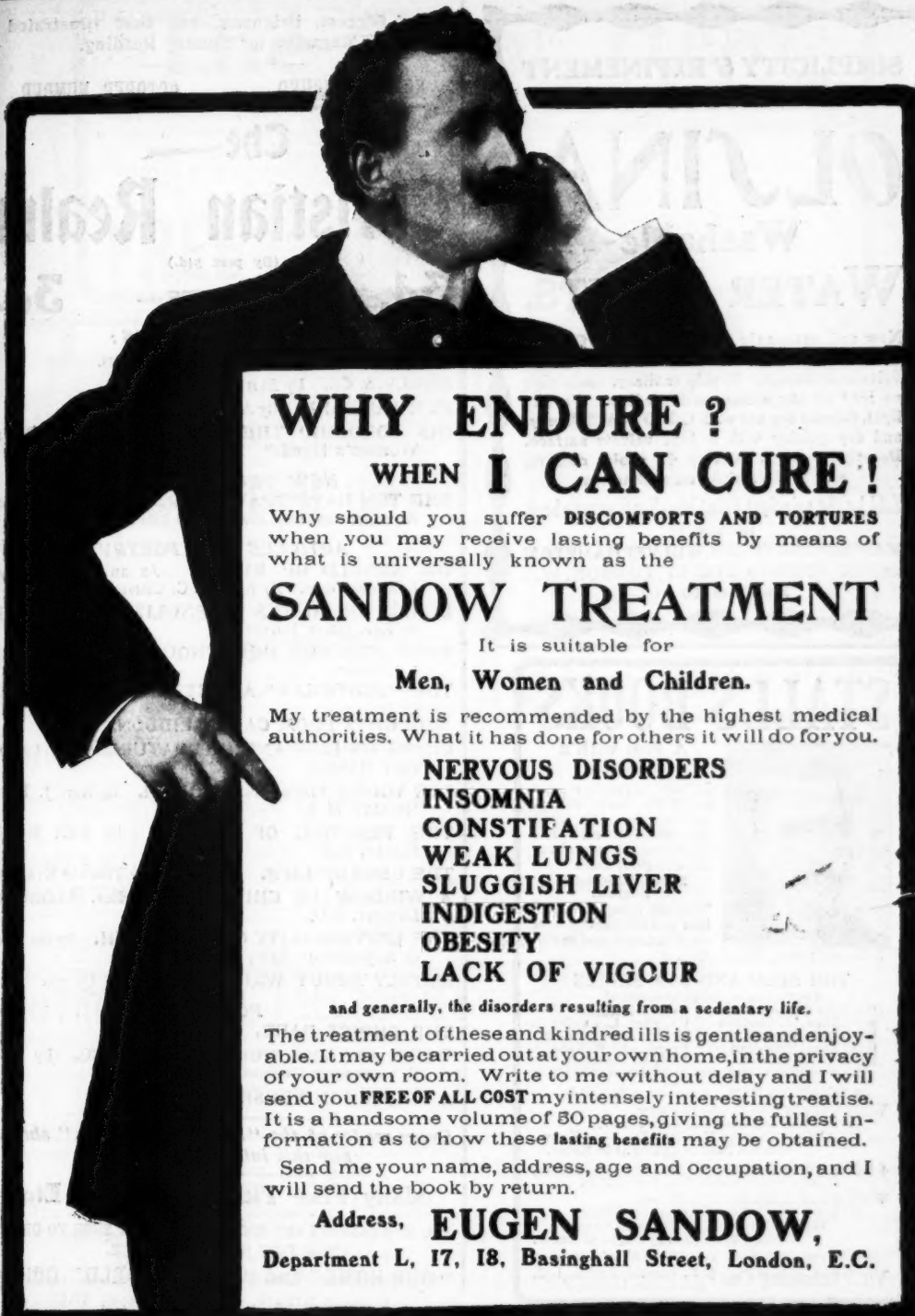
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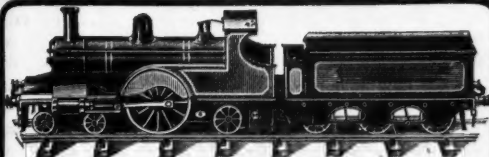
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INDEX TO ADVERTISERS.

	PAGE
Alcohol's Excess ...	xxiv
Atkinson's Truss ...	2 d Cover
Aural Optical Co. ...	Contents page
Beecham's Pills ...	i
BLICKENSDECKER TYPEWRITER ...	Back Cover
Bovril ...	xix
Brown & Polson ...	xxii
Cadbury's Cocoa ...	Over Contents
Callard & Bowser ...	Back Cover
Cancer (H. Kelway-Bamber) ...	v
Century Thermal Bath Cabinet, Ltd. ...	xxii
Christian Realm ...	iv
Clarke's Blood Mixture ...	vii
Columbia Phonograph Co. ...	ii
Congreve's Elixir ...	i
"Daily News" ...	xxi
Deaf Hear (Murray Co.) ...	v
DICHROIC INK ...	2nd Cover
Dunlop Tyres ...	Back Cover
Engineering Press ...	xx
Florodora (Grossmith) ...	Front Cover
Foots' Bath Cabinet ...	xix
"Oil Heater" ...	ii
Fry's Cocoa ...	Back Cover
Gem Supplies Co., Ltd. ...	xix
Globe Wernicke Bookcase ...	xv
Gracie, Eugene ...	xv
Gouin School of Languages ...	xxii
Graves, J. G. ...	viii & xi
Homeseads, Ltd. ...	i
HUGHES' LANTERNS ...	ii
Hughes' Telescopes ...	v
Keating's Cough Lozenges ...	2nd Cover
Langley & Sons ...	2nd Cover
Lemco ...	i
Masterpiece Library of Poets ...	3rd Cover
Olson ...	iv
Page-Davis ...	v
Peiman ...	xii
PLAYER'S NAVY MIXTURE ...	xxii
Psychic Research Co. ...	xii
Red, White, and Blue Coffee ...	Back Cover
"Review of Reviews" Publications ...	viii, xx
Richards, Grant ...	xx
Rippingill's Oil Stoves ...	v
Ross, Ltd. ...	Contents Page
Rowland's Macassar Oil ...	xv
Rowntree's Cocoa ...	xv
Samuels, J. & S. ...	v
Sandow, Eugen ...	xiii
Seigel's Syrup ...	xvii
SMITH PREMIER TYPEWRITER ...	vi
Sloan-Duployan ...	viii
SWAN FOUNTAIN PEN ...	xxiv
Taylor's Typewriters ...	xxii
TRISCUIT ...	xxiv
Van Houten's Cocoa ...	xi
Vir Publishing Co. ...	iv
Vitadatio ...	xii
"West African Mail" ...	xv
Wiles' Bazaar ...	v
Yost Typewriter Co. ...	2nd Cover
Zebra Grate Polish ...	Back Cover
Zuccato & Wolff (Typograph Duplicator) ...	2nd Cover

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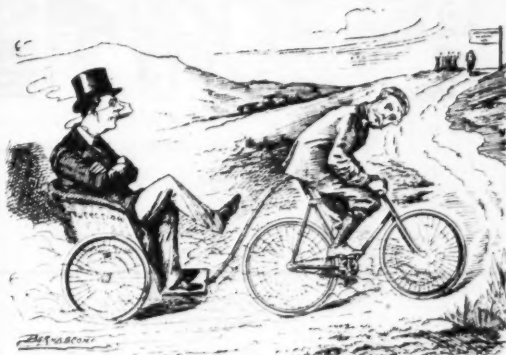
Bulletin.

Et Tu, Brute!

[June 27.]

Chamberlain's proposals and Mr. Reid in Australia.

[Chamberlain has abandoned the Free Trade idea and declared for an Imperial Protective Tariff.]



Toten Crier.

Handicapped!

[Sept. 4.]

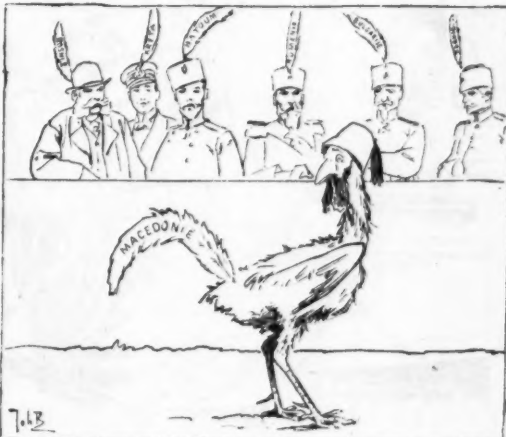


Kladderadatsch.

Who shall Begin?

[Sept. 20.]

THE TURK: "Begin!"
THE BULGARIAN: "No! You begin!"



Amsterdammer.

The Plucked Sultan and the Powers.

SULTAN (sadly): "They have had all the other feathers, and they look as if they mean to have this one also."



Fischietto.]

The Artists at the Vatican ; or, the Life of a Model Pope.

[Turin.



Judge.]

The Clever German Emperor.

"God bless America!"—An effect of the visit of the German Fleet to Kiel.



Fladderudatsch.]

[Sept. 27.

In Herr Bebel's Circus.

The Social Democrat leader and his Performing Animals.

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The worship of the Golden Dollar in St. Louis.



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Wahre Jacob.

America draining the Strength of Europe.

CHORUS OF POWERS: "The rascal is drinking up all our soup."

[Aug. 25.]

*Minneapolis Journal.*

[August 23.]

Looking Forward—in 1950.

UNCLE SAM: "You'll keep right on coming, won't you, Sir Thomas? We're getting so used to your visits now, we couldn't get on without you."

*Ohio State Journal.***Sir Thomas Lipton and the Cup.**

JOHN BULL: "They're all very nice, Thomas, but 'aven't you forgotten something?"

*Minneapolis Journal.*

[Sept. 10.]

Brain Power.

JOHN BULL: "No wonder the bloomin' Americans get ahead; look at the power plant."

*Minneapolis Journal.*

[August 31.]

The Under Study.

ATLAS: "Yes, William, I think you are ready for this now, all right, and I will take a little needed rest."

For INDEX TO ADVERTISERS, see page vi; and GENERAL CONTENTS INDEX, page xxiii.

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Minneapolis Journal.

The Open Door.

Viewed from within. Why it is closed.

[July 23.]



Amsterdammer.

[Sept. 13.]

King Leopold goes to France to defend himself.

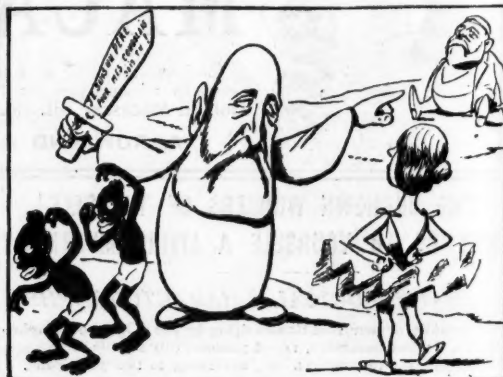
LEOPOLD (to Loubet): "What do you think? John Bull swears that I have killed and destroyed much more than he..."
LOUBET: "No, your Majesty, that is impossible."



Minneapolis Daily Times.

[Aug. 19.]

Waiting to hear the Hinges creak!



Le Grelot.

[Sept. 13.]

King Leopold and the English Note on the Congo.

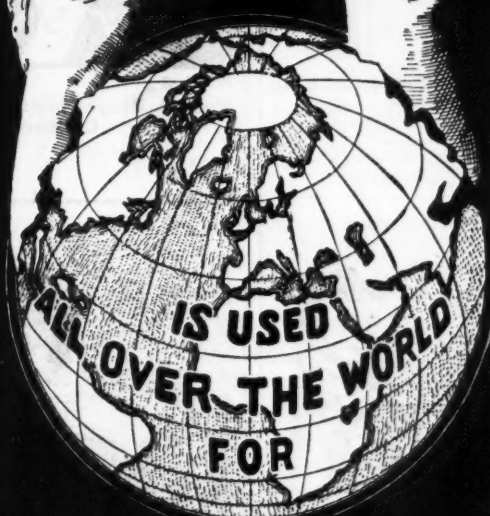
"Go and tell that great John Bull to look after his Kaffirs."

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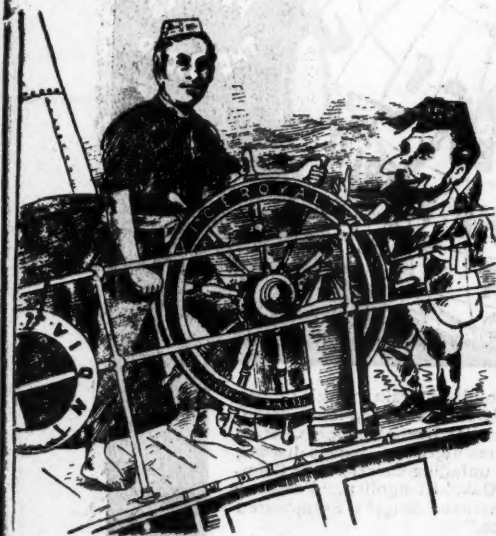
King Peter I. of Serbia proceeds quite of his own free will to nominate his Court Marshal.



Pasquino.

[Turin

Macedonia comes brusquely and disturbs the Peace Conference at Vienna.



Hindi Punch.

[Aug. 9.

The Man at the Wheel.

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[H. E. the Viceroy announced in the Indian Legislative Council, held at Simla on Wednesday, the 4th August, that the Home Government have offered and that he has accepted an extension of office as Viceroy with permission to take an interim vacation in England should he desire it next year.]



Fischietto.

The Alleged Supplying of English Munitions of War to the Mullah—An Italian View.

For INDEX TO ADVERTISERS, see page vii; and GENERAL CONTENTS INDEX, page xxiii.

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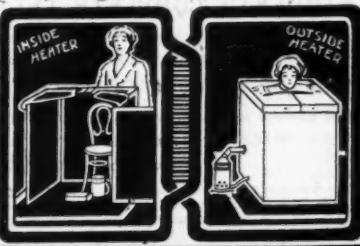
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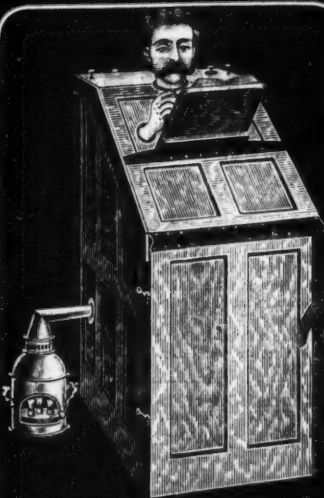
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CONTENTS.

	PAGE
Frontispiece: Viscount Milner	330
Progress of the World	331
Diary for September	341
Current History in Caricature	344
Character Sketch: The Fallen Prime Minister	347
A Defence of Russia's Policy in Finland. By M. de Plehve	354
M. Plehve's Admission. A Comment by W. T. Stead	357
Leading Articles in the Reviews:	
The Macedonian Inferno	359
The National Trust	360
Proposed Fiscal Changes	361
The Liberals and the Education Act	366
The Late Lord Salisbury	367
Vegetable Oils	367
Russia in Manchuria	368
The Fall of M. Witte	368
The Kaiser of Kaisers	369
The King as Sportsman	370
A Royal Courtship and Marriage	370
A "Modern Royal Couple": The King and Queen of Italy	371
A Princely Corps	371
An Impressionist Study of General Booth	372
Obiter Gesta of Famous Men	373
The House of Victor Hugo	373
The Character of the New Pope	373
Van Dyck and Pierre Lombart	374
The Greatest Shipbuilder in the World	374
The Sahara	375
England and Russia in Persia	375
Frenchmen on Arbitration with England	375
French Wives and Mothers	376
French Popular Fiction	376
Art Forgeries and Counterfeits	377
Napoleon's Portrait by an Eye-witness	377

Leading Articles in the Reviews—continued.

Cabs and Omnibuses in Paris	378
Emile Zola	379
The New Diplomacy	379
Stories from the Magazines	380
Studies in Bird-Song	381
The Religious Census Amended	381

The Reviews Reviewed:

The American Monthly Review of Reviews	382
The Australasian Review of Reviews	382
The Independent Review	382
The National Review	383
The Fortnightly Review	384
The Contemporary Review	385
The Nineteenth Century	386
The New Liberal Review	386
The North American Review	387
The Empire Review	387
The World's Work	388
French Magazines	388
Engineering Magazine	389
German Magazines	389
The Revue de Paris	390
The Nouvelle Revue	390
Italian and Dutch Magazines	391

Esperanto: The International Key Language ... 392

Learning Languages by Letter-Writing ... 393

The Book of the Month:

Mr. Morley's "Life of Mr. Gladstone" ... 394

Some Notable Books ... 410

Some Leading Publications of the Month ... 413

To be Continued in our Next:—

Chapter XXXVI. The Crash in the Cabinet ... 414

" XXXVII. The Tanchester Election ... 416

" XXXVIII. Bonds of Steel ... 419

"Wake up! John Bull" ... 422

The Story of the Smith-Premier Typewriter ... 423

Leading Contents of Current Periodicals ... 427

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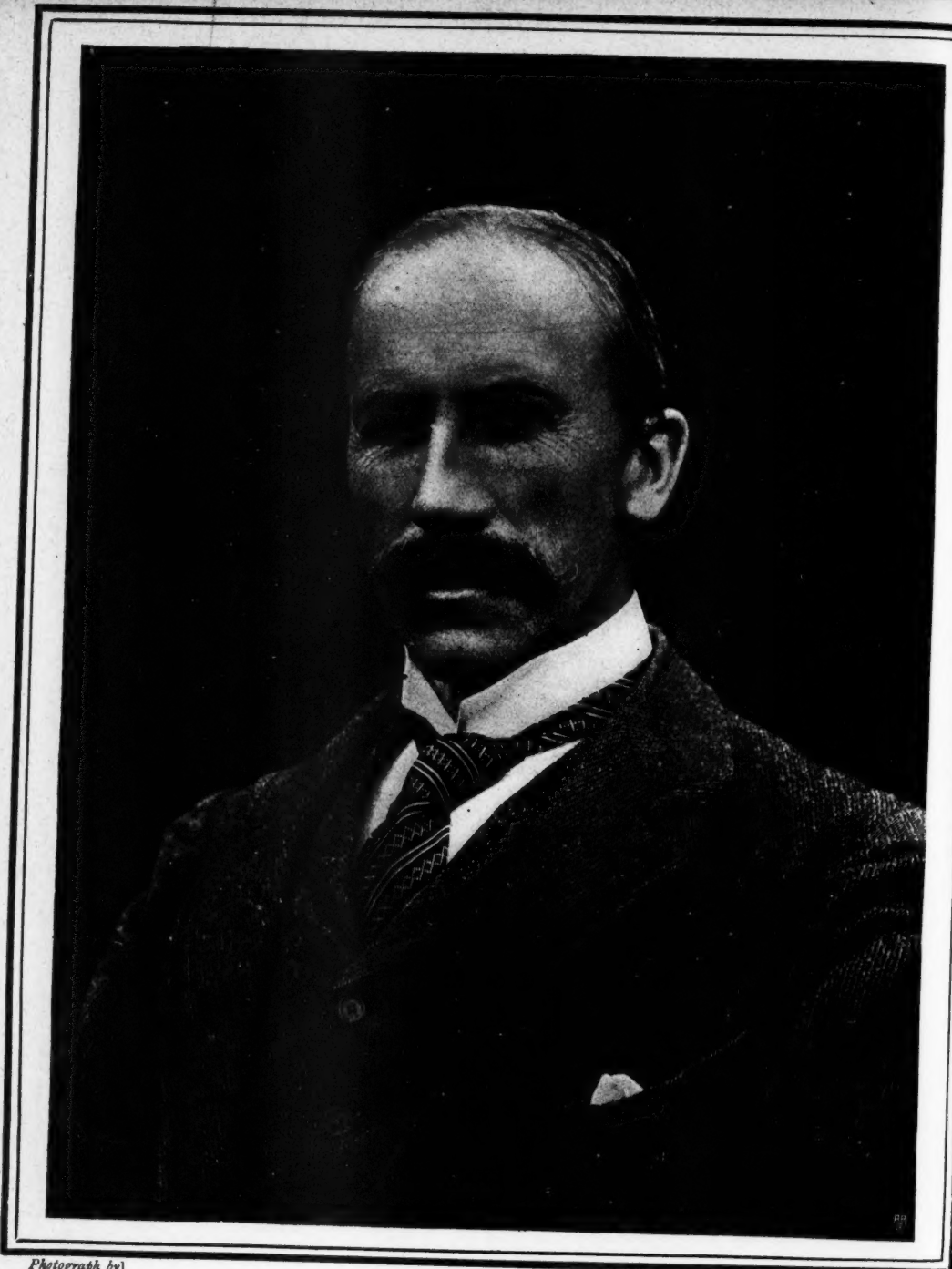
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